

Poor Little Robin

Michael Johnson

Poor little robin, down with the blues
She could make a grown man cry
Dirty old city's got me on my knees
Reaching for a clear blue sky

Thoughts of mine, standing in line
Waiting for a matinee
Box kite hanging on my bedroom wall
Waiting for a windy day

Dear friends, please understand
Something's got a hold on me
Springtime, she leaves you behind
But she never really lets you be

Well, the day is done, your work's all done
You're looking for a place to be
Day is done and you reach for the sun
You've already begun to feel lonely, oh lonely

Poor little robin, tears in her eyes
Singing like it hurt so bad
She's got the way of making you feel
Like you're the only friend she's had

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