

Wild Bird

Michael Martin Murphey

Wild bird, I have mended your wing
Now I'm wondering if my cold white hands can let go
Just hold on to your fluttering heart
I know you're anxious to make a new start
And when you call me from the down winds
Rise and fall back to the ground again
You belong in the mountains
Wild bird
Wild bird, you have mended my soul
But I still don't know
If my songs can sore like your wings
But I will sing tonight
This hymn to a life and flight
And when you call me from the down winds
Rise and fall back to the ground again
You belong in the mountains
Wild bird
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