

Bird On The Wire

Rita Coolidge

Like a bird on a wire
Like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my own way to be free

Like a worm on a hook
Like a knight from one old fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons just for you

And if I have been unkind
I hope that you will let it go by
And if I have been untrue
I hope you know it was not to you

Like a baby, stillborn
Like a beast with his horns
I have torn everyone
Who reached out for me

But I swear by this own song

By all, all I have done wrong
I won make it, make it all up to you

I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch
And he said to me, "You must not ask for so much."
And a pretty woman leaning in her darkened door
She cry out to me "Why not ask for more?"

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Like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my own way to be free

I have tried in my own way to be free
To be free