

Pretty Bird

Rita Springer

Pretty bird
You didn't use a pretty bird
To feed a man you led with a word
To a brook in the desert

I'm looking up
I'm searching the sky and I'm looking up
For the wings of an eagle or holy dove
Would be enough

Why do you never choose easy roads
It's never fast, it's always slow
Why is it narrower the further I go
It's my choice to lean my head on hope

It's your wings I'm under
And you'll be my shelter
Hidden and covered
From the lightning and the thunder
And I've seen and I've heard
My days are numbered
I'm not forsaken
When I'm fed by ravens

Pretty bird
You don't need a song from a pretty bird
You want what I have and it's unrehearsed
Even at my worst you listen

So I'm looking up
Oh, I'm searching the sky and looking up
Whatever you bring whenever it comes
It will be enough, It's always enough

Oh, it's your wings I'm under
And you'll be my shelter
I'm hidden and covered
From the lightning and the thunder
I've seen and I've heard
My days are numbered
I'm not forsaken
If I'm fed by ravens

I won't despise the things you provide
The way that you lead me to the other side
I don't regret one second of it
You wound to heal it's how you bless
I won't despise the things you provide
The way that you lead me to the other side
I don't regret one second of it
You wound to heal it's how you bless
I won't despise the things you provide
The way that you lead me to the other side
I don't regret one second of it
Your love heals, it's how you bless
How you bless, how you bless

It's your wings I'm under
And you'll be my shelter
I'm hidden and I'm covered
From the lightning and the thunder
I've seen and I've heard
My days are numbered
I'm not forsaken
If I'm fed by ravens