

## Honest Bird, Simple Bird

Roger Waters

Honest bird, simple bird  
Just longing to be spreading the word  
Feeling the rain, feeling the sun  
But your time has not come  
Your song is not heard  
Honest bird

Singing is forbidden in the fig tree  
Singing is forbidden in the olive tree  
Singing is forbidden in the pear tree  
No singing in the olive or the fig or the pear tree

No more singing in the fig tree  
No more singing in the pear tree  
Someone's hanging in the olive  
There's someone hanging in the olive tree  
Singing in the fig tree, that's forbidden  
Singing in the pear tree, that's forbidden  
Singing in the olive, that's forbidden  
Someone's hanging in the olive tree  
Someone's hanging in the olive tree

You come to earth, you have no choice  
Could be a seamstress or serving girl  
Or butcher's boy  
Could be a dead beat  
Or one of the elite  
Maybe the bird will find his voice  
And make a choice  
From all the wheat and all the chaff  
It's the knowledge that you glean  
Makes you what you'll be  
And the knowledge that you lack  
A rod for your own back  
Leaves you in purgatory  
Honest bird, simple bird