

I Were the Bird

Rose Cousins

Seabird soaring weightless above the sea
Wings wide for the wind to rush underneath
Open arms and everything to see
I wish I were the bird and it were me

High white waves as the ocean churns
Rushing the shoreline under the bird
Nothing is settled, everything is stirred
She is like me and I'm like her

Seabird soaring high looks so free
Baring its heart to the world it would seem
Flying alone all day does it dream
That I were the bird and it were me