Blackbird Tune

Steve Forbert

Blackbird, singing in the afternoon
Blackbird, singing like he won't quite soon
Blackbird, just another Yorkshire tune
For blackbird tune

I leave my motel and I'm walking around
Out on my own in this here chimney top town
I hear your song, bird, and I'm searching to sing
What kinda bird might such a song singer be?

Blackbird, singing in the afternoon
Blackbird, whoa, singing like he won't quit soon
Blackbird, just another Yorkshire tune
For blackbird tune

You see the cars parked from your chimney top perch
You see the wedding crowd come out from the church
A good luck handshake read the chimney sweep's sign
A good luck handshake, man, I wished he shook mine

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I let my feet go where they want me to be
They took me here to hear your sweet melody
The songs of man sound louder day after day
I hope your blackbird song will not fade away

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