

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?

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Blackbird, whoa, singing like he won't quit soon
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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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