

High Flying Bird

Toploader

the high flying bird flies above
you cannot see him from the earth
he sees as he flies
and knows as he sees
the masses below
there's trouble below

this high flying bird has no sense of time
for a thousand years he's climbing the skies
his brothers have burned
flown too close to the sun
but higher and higher
this white bird flies
this white bird flies

i feel you in my sleep
when the suns down
and the world sleeps below
you call across endless oceans
i hear you and want to fly too

there's no turning back as blue becomes black
the air becomes thin this flight begins
but the bird can still breathe
brighter than before
on celestial wing
this bird can now sing
this bird can now sing

i feel you in my sleep
when the suns down
and the world sleeps below
you call across endless oceans
i hear you and want to fly to