

Anna Coddington

"Bird In Hand"

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Bird in the garden, bird in hand
Clip its wings to make it land
I want you for my own delight
It breaks my heart when you take flight
To watch you rise, it hurts me

Bird in the treetops, bird in the sky
Clip its wings before the night
I want you here in my dreams
So I can figure out just what it means
To watch you fly, it hurts me

Why can't I
Be the one with my face to the sun

[Instrumental]

Bird in the world, bird in my head
Clip its wings before it's fled
Never let you out of sight again
Never sleep alone at night again
To watch you fly, it hurts me

Why can't I
Be the one with my face to the sun
Be the one with my face to the sun

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