

Barclay James Harvest "Brother Thrush"

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Brother Thrush, how you fly so high
Way up in the clouds
The trees resound with open arms
For one so rare
Brother Man just can't compare
When we're sitting on the banks
of the sunshine
We hear your song
High above the living
Brother gull, see him soar the sky
He's so pleased to be
Buoyant and triumphant
On the raging sea
Backing nature, feeling free
Loving nature, rest your head
Hear the message, man is dead
See the cities fall
While Brother Bird still.... flies!
Brother Lark, see him wake the day
See him fly on by
Above the streets now empty
To his mournful cry
Brother Man just heaves a sigh
When we're sitting on the banks
of the sunshine
We hear your song
High above the living
Yes, we hear your song...

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