

Abbey Lincoln

"Bird Alone"

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Bird alone, flying high
Flying through a clouded sky
Sending mournful soulful sounds
Soaring over troubled grounds

Bird alone with no mate
Turning corners tempting fate
Flying circles in the air
Are you on your way somewhere?

Gliding, soaring on the wind
You're a sight of glory
Flying way up there so high
Wonder what's your story

Bird alone, flying low
Over where the grasses grow
Swingin' low, then out of sight
You'll be singing in the night

Gliding, soaring on the wind
You're a sight of glory
Flying way up there so high
Wonder what's your story

Bird alone, flying low
Over where the grasses grow
Swingin' low, then out of sight
You'll be singing in the night

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