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## Highwaymen "The Bird Man"

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(Narrative by Burt Lancaster): I sit in my cell and I stare at the floor The walls, the ceiling, the bars on the door

(Highwaymen):

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And at times he can hear far away, far away The song from a bird from an old yesterday A bird that he found unable to fly Alone in the cold almost ready to die

(Narrative by Burt Lancaster): I'm a man who once killed A man who must dwell for the rest of my life All alone in this cell

(Highwaymen): A poor little bird he took back to his cell And held it and nourished it until it was well

(Narrative by Burt Lancaster): For the rest of my life there'll be six iron bars Six iron bars between me and the stars

(Highwaymen):

But the poor little bird didn't know it could fly And much too afraid, too fearful to try Then the bird grew strength from a man who was strona And soon spread it's wings and it burst into song

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(Highwaymen):

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