

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):

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 strong
And soon spread it's wings and it burst into song

(Narrative by Burt Lancaster):

I sit in my cell & I stare at the floor
The walls, the ceiling and the bars on the door

(Highwaymen):

And at times he can hear far away far away
The song from a bird from an old yesterday
And at times he can hear far away far away
The song from a bird from an old yesterday

