

## **K.D. Lang**

# **"Bird On A Wire"**

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Like a bird on the wire,  
Like a drunk in a midnight choir  
I have tried in my way to be free.  
Like a worm on a hook,  
Like a knight from some old fashioned book  
I have saved all my ribbons for thee.  
If I, if I have been unkind,  
I hope that you can just let it go by.  
If I, if I have been untrue  
I hope you know it was never to you.  
Like a baby, stillborn,  
Like a beast with his horn  
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.  
But I swear by this song  
And by all that I have done wrong  
I will make it all up to thee.  
I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch,  
He said to me, "You must not ask for so much."  
And a pretty woman leaning in her darkened door,  
She cried to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"  
Oh like a bird on the wire,  
Like a drunk in a midnight choir  
I have tried in my way to be free.

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