

Perry Farrell "Song Yet To Be Sung"

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Let me tell you

You're at the Jubilee or you're all alone
Because the more, the merrier is how
Friends all tell me so
The birds wake up the grass

And they tell everybody
Say it's time to grow
The sun, whispers to the birds
Oh, the song yet to be sung

Song yet to be sung
(Song yet to be sung)
The song yet to be sung

[Incomprehensible]

You're at the Jubilee or you're all alone
Because the more, the merrier is how
My friends everybody, they all tell us so
From the heights, from the heights of Zion

I hear, it's whispered in your ear
We get to play on, play on, wild designery!
A little bitty song, a song yet to be sung!

Song yet to be sung
(Song yet to be sung)
Song yet to be sung

Song yet to be sung
(Song yet to be sung)
Song yet to be sung

Song yet
Song yet
Song yet

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