

## Plan Three

### "The Bird Man"

Visit "[The Bird Man](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(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 celing 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

