

Sinead Oconnor

"The Singing Bird"

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I've seen the lark soar high at noon
Heard his song up in the blue
I've heard the songbird pipe his note
The thrush and the linnet too

But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you, oh, oh
My singing bird as you

If I could lure my singing bird
From his own cozy nest
If I could catch my singing bird
I would warm him on my breast

For there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you, oh, oh
My singing bird as you, oh, oh
My singing bird as you

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