

## Stina Nordenstam

### "Bird On The 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 have been unkind,  
Please just let it go by.  
If I have been untrue  
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.

It was never to you

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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