

fly little bird fly

*have you seen all them people's empty face?
a lot of chatter - but nothing what it says
sometimes you can hear it
when streets are empty and quiet
lonely weeping blows softly through the night*

*she wears her locks shaggy and untrimmed
colorful thoughts, not a leaf in the wind
whatever she says
her words are sharp and clear
no use for regrets and for fear*

*she wanna break through the wall
she wants to fly high
'cause life is much too short
to be dead before you die*

*she wears her locks shaggy and untrimmed
colorful thoughts, not a leaf in the wind
whatever she says
her words are sharp and clear
more than that they echo in my ear*

*she wanna break through the wall
she wants to fly high
'cause life is much too short
to be dead before you die*

so fly little bird, fly