

# Ben Christophers, Leaving My Sorrow Behind

Birds flying down  
Come the morning  
Wakes you up under the sky  
Leave my sorrow behind  
It only weighs me down  
I feel so bad inside

Birds flying home  
Come the morning  
Raise you up under the sky  
Leave my sorrow behind  
It only weighs me down  
I feel so bad inside

Tell me why Lord  
I must learn how to cry  
Before I can see where I'm going  
Lord why does my sorrow make me feel so good

A new day dawns  
Loneliness has been silent enough 'round here  
Sunlight blinds our eyes  
Everything is coming home to stay for good this time

Tell me why Lord  
I must learn how to cry  
Before I can see where I'm going  
Lord why does my sorrow make me feel so good

Birds flying home  
And I'm leaving my sorrow behind