

Carole King, Nightingale

Like some night bird, homeward wingin'
He seeks the sheltered nest
Like the sailor's lost horizon
He needs some place to rest
The songs that he's been singin'
No longer make much sense
And those strangers' cold perceptions
They've killed his confidence

Nightingale
She sails away upon a sea of song
Nightingale
She serenades his lonely, lonely life along
When his tired voice is broken
His golden hope is gone
She makes a lost soul's simple longing
Somehow not so wrong
Nightingale
Nightingale

He was strong, but he was taken
By the thought of his success
Those spotlight shadows, how they lured him
And took him like all the rest
But that old dream don't look good now
No, it don't seem quite the same
He needs to hear a tender word
Won't you sing him home again

Nightingale
She sails away upon a sea of song
Nightingale
She serenades his lonely, lonely life along
When his strength is slowly goin'
His pride is all but gone
She makes a foolish dreamer listen
To one last song
Nightingale
Nightingale