

Eric Burdon, Bird On The Beach

(Eric Burdon / Canter / Dietz / Gartig / Kravetz / Noya / Ray Passman)

'Stood with my kid on the lonely windswept beach
The winter sun was on the horizon
And we were both out of reach
She ran ahead of me looking for the next surprise
Our souls were wet, yes Lord
From the incoming tide

She stopped and turned and looked at me
Lord, tears in her eyes
It's only a dead bird
And its soul has gone to the sky, yeah, yeah

Don't you know he's free
Not like you and me
That bird is free
Not like you and me

I never ever thought you would be so out of reach
And the lonely times have been like poison, child
I wish I could practise what I preach

Then I can release these feelings that I've been
Holding deep inside
I been missing you so much, baby
We only hear, there can be time
By then you will have forgotten
The little dead bird on the beach
But please don't forget your father, child
Because he's out of reach

I got a dream, baby
And my dream is
To be free
Freedom for you and me
I'm talking about freedom
Freedom for you and me

You hear my music in the wind
Heartbeat like the rolling tide
One thing you can be sure of my love
Wherever you go, I'll hold your love inside

And I told her, look baby
Even if he was living
And you could hold him in your hands
You'd still have to open up one of these days
And let that bird fly, free

She stopped and turned and looked at me,
Lord, with tears in her eyes
It's only a dead bird and its soul has gone to the sky
Don't you know he's free
Freedom for you and me
I'm talking about freedom, freedom
Freedom for you and me
To be free
It's all I need baby
It's all I dream about baby
To be free