

# Madeleine Peyroux, Back In Your Own Backyard

(by Billie Holiday)

That bird with feathers of blue  
Is waiting for you  
Back in your own backyard

You'll see your castles in Spain  
Through your window pane  
Back in your own backyard

Oh you can go to the East  
Go to the West  
Someday you'll come  
Weary at heart  
Back where you started from

You'll find your happiness lies  
Right under your eyes  
Back in your own backyard

That bird with feathers of blue  
Is waiting for you  
Back in your own backyard

You'll see your castles in Spain  
Through your window pane  
Back in your own backyard

You can go to the East  
Go to the West  
Someday you'll come  
Weary at heart  
Back where you started from

You'll find your happiness lies  
Right under your eyes  
Back in your own  
Back in your own  
Back in your own backyard