

Shawn Mullins, Hawksong

I see her up there,
she is dancing on the wind with her lover,
and maybe one or the other sees me smiling
in the sun's summer light at their perfect flight.
She sees me watching her
as she climbs and circles round,
now she's falling and I hear him calling her
as their wings cut through the blue and the white.
I watch their perfect flight,
sometimes I see you, you're walkin' all alone in the furs.
I want to free you but you're no longer mine.
Maybe you never were,
although sometimes peace can find me
when I'm all alone and lying in a meadow
and bathing in the shadows
and as the sun drips down
and day turns to night
I watch their perfect flight.