

# Sinead O' Connor, The Singing Bird

I have seen the lark soar high at morn  
Heard his song up in the blue  
I have heard the blackbird pipe his note  
The thrush and the linnet too  
But there's none of them can sing so sweet  
My singing bird as you.

If I could lure my singing bird  
From his own cozy nest  
If I could catch my singing bird  
I would warm him on my breast  
For there's none of them can sing so sweet  
My singing bird as you.  
My singing bird as you.  
My singing bird as you.