

The Doors, The Piano Bird

A bird sings outside my piano
Lark of sweet love singing low
The more I play, the more he sings
He lives right up there in the green trees
Singing to me melodies
And in return I play for him
I played him a song on my piano
Well I played real good
And I played what I could
And in return, he sang for me
He lives right out there in the tree
Giving me his melodies
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