

The Police, High-Flying Bird (An Ode To San Fra

Four thousand people with flowers in their hair
Walking around, just feeling the air
People who looking for a new world
Can't understand that it's here
Can you imagine a world without love?
No distant star or sky up above,
No one to hold when the night becomes cold,
No one with whom to grow old

People just moving to sight and sound
After this life, they're eternity-bound
You must believe, or you will find
You will be left far behind
San Francisco is losing its hate,

And all the love flows out through the Golden Gate
Into the ocean that flows 'round the world,
Hoping it's never too late

Love is like a flying bird
Love is like a bird

Love is like a bird
Love is like a bird
It must be allowed to flow free
And fly away
It must be allowed to fly free
Never put your love in a cage or it will die