

# Walker Jerry Jeff, Little Bird

Little bird come sit upon my window sill,  
Sat there through the falling rain,  
I Watched that little bird upon my window sill  
Saw my thoughts of you go by again.

Picture of my face  
Reflected in the pane  
Is it tears I see or is it rain?

Well I remember how we talked before we said goodbye  
Too young to know the world outside our door  
How we laughed and said our love was free like the birds that fly the wind  
Till a rainy day made me think of you once more

There's a picture of my face,  
Reflected in the pane  
Is it tears I see  
Or is it rain

Now my thoughts go tumbin' back I wonder how you love  
Wonder if you've seen that little bird  
Well I wonder if he's sat upon your window sill,  
I wonder if you'll ever hear these words.

Picture of my face  
Reflected on the pane  
Is it tears I see  
Or is it rain.