

# Barclay James Harvest, Jonathan

Circles in the sky  
White as paper fly  
Sound of seagulls crying fills the air  
High above the lonely one is there  
Jonathan he cares  
To feel better  
Like the passing wind  
Swooping down again  
Waitin' for the sun to turn to night  
Find him miles away in endless flight  
Longing to be free  
Telling you and me

Give me wings to fly  
Tell me why, tell me why  
The answer must be heard  
And from a lonely bird  
He's giving us a reason to believe

See the painted silver sunlight on his wing  
As he sails upon the wind and slowly skyward  
Flying as to music you can hear him sing  
Like the windsong on the breeze he seems to sigh

Give me wings to fly  
Tell me why, tell me why  
The answer must be heard  
And from a lonely bird  
He's showing us the way we can be free