

Bigbang, Wild Bird

Wild Bird flying
Sing a song that I can't capture
I'll make it up to you somehow

High my hat was hung there for a while
On a pole set up Norwegian style
Ready to show them what I can
Little bird came flying by
And as northern flames light up the sky
That bird was singing out of range
And I got lost into a haze
He couldn't pick me up so I took him down
To be the centre of my crown
And I thought he'd make the change
He was singing out of range

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I'll make it up to you
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I'll make it up to you
If you can understand and now
I'm gonna make it up to you somehow
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You know it will never be the same
Truly wild will never tame
And I think it is a shame

Cuz all of the sudden he stopped singing his song
I lost my mind and all went wrong
I've got a heavy hand

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