

# Bobby Bare, Bird Named Yesterday

I had a bird he flew away and I guess he's gone to stay  
But I see him winging on his way my flyaway bird named Yesterday

He's over the place of my birth he's circling a spot that I know  
He's hangin' around the Saw Mill town where the gentle summer breezes blow  
I had a bird he flew away...

He's riding on a train he's down at the old swimmin' hole  
He'll fly till he finds that old gang of mine  
Then he'll search for a tree a big tall oak tree  
Then he'll look from his perch at the old country church  
I had a bird he flew away...