

Bobby Bare, What Kind of Bird Is That

What kind of bird is that the one with the bright red breast
I know it can't just can't be the robin cause my love is not back yet

The one I love and wanted to marry had to leave before she became my bride
But she said she'd return before the robin would return
And with together we'd spend our lives
And she said she'd return along before the robin return
And together we'd watch the leaves turn green
She showed me then just how much she love me
And she and I and the robin can spend the spring
So what kind of bird is that...

So who could be playin' tricks on me by the time that I relax and countin' leaves
That can't be a spring yeah surely that can't be
Cause the one I love she's not with me
Oh what kind of bird is that...