

Chris De Burgh, Songbird

I heard a voice so pure and easy, a songbird singing for me,
I had no choice, only to listen, and surrender to her world;
And she will fly over the rainbow,
She will walk in fields of gold,
And when she sings from the high walls of Heaven,
Will the angels cry like me?

At first alone, then with hundreds around me,
Enchanted by her song,
But as the day is done, and the darkness is falling,
The songbird sings no more;

And now she flies over the rainbow,
And she walks in fields of gold,
And when she sings from the high walls of Heaven,
Will the angels cry like me?

And when she sings from the high walls of Heaven,
Will the angels cry like me, will the angels cry like me?