Emmylou Harris, My Songbird

(Jesse Winchester)

Songbird in a golden cage
She'd prefer the blue
How I crave the liquor of her song
Poor bird who has done no harm
What harm could she do
She shall be my prisoner her life long
My songbird wants her freedom
Now don't you think I know
But I can't find it in myself
To let my songbird go
I just can't let her go

O lord, when your jeweler's eye
Peers into my soul
O lord, I am overcome with shame
Take me lord and purify
Heal me with a word
Lord, I beg a gift I dare not claim