

# Eva Cassidy, Nightbird

Some old hotel room in Memphis  
I see the city through the rain  
I'm just chasing me my time  
And remembering some pain

See there once was a boy  
And on the street he'd surely die  
So the nightbird took him in  
And she taught him how to fly

See the nightbird softly fly  
Why does she fly alone?  
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory?  
Now she's gone

Two bit bars and honky tonks  
Any pleasure can be found  
You can get just what you want  
If you lay your money down

And lonely sailors do their drinking  
My, my, my how the brave men do die  
And the nightbird sells her pleasures  
Bringing tears to my eyes

See the nightbird softly fly  
Why does she fly alone  
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory  
Now she's gone

So I guess I'll go out walking  
Lord, let the rain keep falling down  
I guess I'll go chase some memories  
On the dark side of town

See the nightbird softly fly  
Why does she fly alone  
Is the moonlight just a flame for her memory  
Now she's gone