

Jefferson Airplane, High Flyin' Bird

'There's a high flyin' bird, flying way up in the sky,
And I wonder if she looks down, as she goes on by?
Well, she's flying so freely in the sky.

Lord, look at me here,
I'm rooted like a tree here,
Got those sit-down,
can't cry Oh Lord, gonna die blues.

Now the sun it comes up and lights up the day,
And when he gets tired, Lord, he goes on down his way,
To the east and to the west,
He meets God every day.

Lord, look at me here,
I'm rooted like a tree here,
Got those sit-down, can't cry
Oh Lord, gonna die blues.

Now I had a woman
Lord, she lived down by the mine,
She ain't never seen the sun,
Oh Lord, never stopped crying.

Then one day my woman up and died,
Lord, she up and died now.
Oh Lord, she up and died now.
She wanted to die,
And the only way to fly is die, die, die.

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Oh, Lord, gonna die blues.'