

Jennifer Warnes, The Nightengale

Yesterday I thought that I walked alone
And that love was just a memory
But a nightingale
Followed me back home
Where my love was
Waiting there for me

I have lost my faith as lovers often do
When the storm clouds gather overhead
But a nightingale sang a note so true
That I knew I'd lost my fear instead

And to think that I said
Love was for fools
And that time would never heal
These old wounds
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me

In the twilight, he played a faithful true
I have heard the lark over the vale
And I've heard the lonesome whippoorwill
But the sweetest song is the nightingale's
And I know I'll never get my fill

And to think that I said love for fools and that time would never heal these old wounds
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me
In the twilight, he played a faithful tune