

Marianne Faithfull, This Little Bird

There's a little bird that somebody sends
Down to the earth to live on the wind.
Born on the wind and he sleeps on the wind
This little bird that somebody sends.

He's light and fragile and feathered sky blue,
So thin and graceful the sun shines through.
This little bird who lives on the wind,

This little bird that somebody sends.

He flies so high up in the sky
Out of reach of human eye.
And the only time that he touches the ground
Is when that little bird
Is when that little bird
Is when that little bird dies.