

# Nana Mouskouri, Tiny Sparrow

Come on, you fair and tender maiden  
Be carefull how you court young men  
They're like the stars  
On a summer's morning  
First they appear and then they're gone

If only I were a tiny sparrow  
And I had wings  
And could fly so high  
I'd fly away  
To my false lover  
There I'd stay  
Untill he loves like fire

But as I am  
No tiny sparrow  
And have no wings  
So I can't fly I'll fly away  
To a lonesome valley  
Wings that pass my troubles by  
Wings that pass my troubles by