

Porter Wagoner, Little Bird

Beauty is a rare perfume precious yet doesn't last long
Youth is but a playful breeze that blows our way once then moves on
Love is a hidden treasure some never find where it lies
And memory is a little bird flies through life and never dies
Little bird take me aboard your beautiful wings and let me fly
Fly me away back to yesterday and drop me off there awhile

Let me smell the rare perfume of the sweet flower of beauty again
Let me run in the playful breeze of youth long gone with the wind
Let me sit for awhile by the place where I found the treasure of love
Then sing me a song as you fly me along on a long last journey above
Little bird take me aboard...
And drop me off there awhile mhm