

# 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