

Sinead O'Connor, The Singing Bird

I have seen the lark soar high at morn
Heard his song up in the blue
I have heard the songbird pipe his note
The thrush and the linnnet too
But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you.

If I could lure my singing bird
From his own cozy nest
If I could catch my singing bird
I would warm him on my breast
For there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you.
My singing bird as you.
My singing bird as you.