

Stina Nordenstam, Bird On A Wire

Like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.

Like a worm on a hook,
like a knight from some old fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons for thee.

If I have been unkind,
Please just let it go by.
If I have been untrue
It was never to you.

Like a baby, stillborn,
like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.

But I swear by this song
and by all that I have done wrong
I will make it all up to thee.

It was never to you

I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch,
He said to me, "You must not ask for so much."
And a pretty woman leaning in her darkened door,
She cried to me, "Hey, why not ask for more?"

Oh like a bird on the wire,
like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free.