

The Doors, Piano Bird

The bird sings outside my piano
Lark of sweet love singing low
The more I play, the more he sings
He lives right up there in the green tree
Singing to me melodies
And in return, I play for him
I played him a song on my piano
Well I played real good, I played what I could
And in return, he sang for me
He lives right there in the tree
Giving me his melodies
A bird sings outside my piano

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