

Toploader, High Flying Bird

The high flying bird, flies above
you cannot see him from the Earth
he sees as he flies and knows as he sees
The masses below, there's trouble below.

This high flying bird, has no sense of time
for a thousand years he's climbed these skies
his brothers have burned
flown too close to the sun
but higher and higher
this white bird flies
this white bird flies

I feel you in my sleep
when the sun's down
and the world sleeps below
you call across endless oceans
i hear you and want to fly too

there's no turning back, as blue becomes black
the air becomes thin, this flight begins
but the bird can still breathe
brighter than before
on celestial wing
this bird can now sing
this bird can now sing

i feel you in my sleep
when the sun's down
and the world sleeps below
you call across endless oceans
i hear you and want to fly too

repeat