

# Vanessa Mae, White Bird

White bird  
In a golden cage  
On a winter's day  
In the rain  
White bird  
In a golden cage  
All alone

The leaves blow  
Across a long black road  
To its darkened sky  
In its rage  
But the white bird  
Just sits in her cage  
All alone

White bird must fly or she will die  
White bird must fly or she will die

White bird  
Dreams of aspen trees  
With their dying leaves  
Turning gold  
But the white bird  
Just sits in her cage  
Growing old

White bird must fly or she will die  
White bird must fly or she will die

The sunset comes  
The sunset goes  
The clouds roll by but the earth turns slow  
And a young bird's eyes do always glow

She must fly  
She must fly  
She must fly  
She must fly

She must fly  
She must fly

White bird  
Dreams of aspen trees  
With their dying leaves  
Turning gold  
But the white bird  
Just sits in her cage  
Growing old

White bird must fly or she will die  
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