

OLD BIRD

C
Drops straight down from a clear blue sky

C
Why be afraid to die?

Am
It's just another way to fly

G F C
Old bird show me how to set myself free

C
Little old lady sang in the choir

C
Voice on wings, heart on fire

Am
Rising from the ashes, higher and higher

G F C
Old bird show me how to set myself free

Am
I never know what I'm doing

Am
Just keep on doing what I know

G
Rattling the door to this cage I made myself

F
So very long ago

C
Old bird left no trace in the sky

C
Not one feather to remember her by

Am
Let go a laugh, let go a cry

G F C
Old bird show me how to set myself free

G F C
Old bird show me how to set myself free