

Brother Sparrow

Agnes Obel

Voices in the street,
footsteps on the concrete
Guess I hear just every sound
on the ground
From my window view,
I know a color blue,
that can bite so very hard,
the day apart

Picture fresh as water clear,
days have passed without you here
Street lights dancing on the dark
across the park
Waiting for a word from you,
waiting for a sign or two
Footsteps on the city ground,
you know the sound

Brother Sparrow,
come tomorrow
to my window
Brother Sparrow,
come tomorrow
to my window