

# Brother Thrush

Barclay James Harvest

Brother Thrush, how you fly so high  
Way up in the clouds  
The trees resound with open arms  
For one so rare  
Brother Man just can't compare

When we're sitting on the banks  
of the sunshine  
We hear your song  
High above the living

Brother gull, see him soar the sky  
He's so pleased to be  
Buoyant and triumphant  
On the raging sea  
Backing nature, feeling free

Loving nature, rest your head  
Hear the message, man is dead  
See the cities fall  
While Brother Bird still.... flies!

Brother Lark, see him wake the day  
See him fly on by  
Above the streets now empty  
To his mournful cry  
Brother Man just heaves a sigh

When we're sitting on the banks  
of the sunshine  
We hear your song  
High above the living  
Yes, we hear your song...