

## Sightless Bird

Bobby McFerrin

Haven't alone much lately I think  
I've got to quiet down  
enough of this runaround  
I've got to get out of town

so i sit alone in the power of thought  
looking for an empty space  
a livin', breathin' place  
a bit of sustaining grace

out here I'll bid all my troubles by  
and exchange graceful lilting melodies with a sightless bird  
my unfettered spirit taking flight  
telling my secrets to unsighted friends

as I lay my back upon a cool moss tree  
I'm looking out across the sky  
I can see clouds roll by  
I can feel tension die

and I lay my head upon a hill  
sightless bird sings to heal  
weariness I may feel  
sometimes may seem too real

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and exchange graceful lilting melodies with a sightless bird  
my unfettered spirit taking flight  
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