

My Songbird

Emmylou Harris

Songbird in a golden cage
She'd prefer the blue
How I crave the liquor of her song

Poor bird who has done no harm
What harm could she do
She shall be my prisoner her lifelong

My songbird wants her freedom
Now, don't you think I know
But I can't find it in myself
To let my songbird go
I just can't let her go

Oh Lord, when your jeweler's eye
Peers into my soul
Oh Lord, I am overcome with shame

Take me Lord, and purify
Heal me with a word
Oh, I beg a gift I dare not claim

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