

Golden Bird

Levon Helm

Walking along on a path in the mountains
I saw a bird flying way up high
Gold were its wings in the sun of the morning
Flashing at me as it flew through the sky

It's beauty was such, and I felt I must have it
She stood all day, nearly into the night
Finally angered that I couldn't catch it
Determined that I would stop it in flight.

I found a stone by a mountain stream flowing
Rounded and smoothed by the water's fast flow
It felt so warm and alive in my hand
It was an arrow, my arm was a bow.

Then a flashing of wings, and a cry pierced the air
It fluttered and it fell on the rocks at my feet
Weeping I left it, the thing that had fallen
Blood stained my hands and tears wet my cheek.

Later that night as I lay in my bed
I heard the sound of wings in the air
The room became bathed in a warm, golden glow
I opened my eyes and a woman stood there.

Did not you know when you hurt me so cruelly
I was your love, I was your friend.
You couldn't stand it that I was so free
Now you will never see me again.