

On Sunday morning
Everyone will leave the house
dressed for the Sunday service
And through the streets I used to know
They go to meet their friends
And so they take the family's seed
For the praise or earnestly
Forgetting all around him
When Eleanor sings in the park
It's like a lark in Summer

The Sparrow sings, the sparrow flies
With mighty wings he reaches
As high as any other bird
He shall inherit all the earth (X2)

A wealth of silence will he send
upon the town
In colours of the evening
The thought has troubled me before
I know, alone, I need a sound to fill each moment
I had to find that out my way
They could'nt stop me leaving
As though they knew, but could not say
They let me go believing

The Sparrow sings, the sparrow flies
With mighty wings he reaches
As high as any other bird
He shall inherit all the earth (X2)

Through the blue and hazy drift of after two
A saxophone is moaning
I rise and step into the cool night air