

(Scat)

Well when you wake in the morning,
Little eyes open wide.
When there's no tender warning,
No surprises, no surprise.

Well maybe your wing may be broken,
Maybe you're learning to fly,
Well so am I.

Amalia, finding a way out on the open road.
Amalia, goin' whichever way the wind gon' go.
Amalia, taking her chances on the open sea.
Amalia, hoping the breeze is gonna carry me.

Maybe fate, maybe reason,
Made you fall from the sky.
Like the tides, like the seasons,
Ever changing, you and I.

So where do you go when worry takes you?
Where do you go when somebody makes you cry?

Amalia, finding a way out on the open road.
Amalia, goin' whichever way the wind gon' go.
Amalia, taking her chances on the open sea.
Amalia, funny little bird hanging out with me.

(Scat)

Oh, such a funny little bird hanging out with me.