

Tiny Sparrow

Nana Mouskouri

Come on, you fair and tender maiden
Be carefull how you court young men
They're like the stars
On a summer's morning
First they appear and then they're gone

If only I were a tiny sparrow
And I had wings
And could fly so high
I'd fly away
To my false lover
There I'd stay
Untill he loves like fire

But as I am
No tiny sparrow
And have no wings
So I can't fly I'll fly away
To a lonesome valley
Wings that pass my troubles by
Wings that pass my troubles by