

## The Piano Bird

The Doors

The bird sings outside my piano  
Lark of sweet love singing low  
The more I play, the more he sings  
He lives right up there in the green tree  
Singing to me melodies  
And in return, I play for him  
I played him a song on my piano  
Well I played real good, I played what I could  
And in return, he sang for me  
He lives right there in the tree  
Giving me his melodies  
A bird sings outside my piano

Well I played real good, I played what I could  
And in return, he sang for me  
He lives right there in the tree  
Giving me his melodies  
A bird sings outside my piano

A bird sings outside my piano  
Lark of sweet love singing low  
He lives right there in the tree  
Singing the melodies  
The more I play, the more he sings  
The bird sings outside my piano