

White Bird

Vanessa-Mae

White bird
In a golden cage
On a winter's day
In the rain
White bird
In a golden cage
All alone

The leaves blow
Across a long black road
To its darkened sky
In its rage
But the white bird
Just sits in her cage
All alone

White bird must fly or she will die
White bird must fly or she will die

White bird
Dreams of aspen trees
With their dying leaves
Turning gold
But the white bird
Just sits in her cage
Growing old

White bird must fly or she will die
White bird must fly or she will die

The sunset comes
The sunset goes
The clouds roll by but the earth turns slow
And a young bird's eyes do always glow

She must fly
She must fly
She must fly
She must fly

She must fly
She must fly

White bird
Dreams of aspen trees
With their dying leaves
Turning gold
But the white bird
Just sits in her cage
Growing old

White bird must fly or she will die
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