

White Bird

David & Linda LaFlamme

White bird, in a golden cage,
on a winter's day, in the rain.
White bird in a golden cage, alone.

The leaves blow, across the long black road
To the darkened skies, in its rage
But the white bird just sits in her cage, unknown.

White bird must fly or she will die

White bird, dreams of the 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 sunsets come, the sunsets go.
The clouds roll by, the earth turns slow
and the young bird's eyes do always know.

and she must fly, she must fly, she must fly.

White bird, in a golden cage,
On a winter's day, in the rain.
White bird in a golden cage alone.

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