

Big Bang, Wild Bird

Wild Bird flying
Sing a song that I can't capture
I'll make it up to you somehow

High my hat was hung there for a while
On a pole set up Norwegian style
Ready to show them what I can
Little bird came flying by
And as northern flames light up the sky
That bird was singing out of range
And I got lost into a haze
He couldn't pick me up so I took him down
To be the centre of my crown
And I thought he'd make the change
He was singing out of range

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I'll make it up to you
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I'll make it up to you
If you can understand and now
I'm gonna make it up to you somehow
I'm gonna make it up to you somehow

You know it will never be the same
Truly wild will never tame
And I think it is a shame

Cuz all of the sudden he stopped singing his song
I lost my mind and all went wrong
I've got a heavy hand

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