

# Jennifer Warnes, The Nightengale

Yesterday I thought that I walked alone  
And that love was just a memory  
But a nightingale  
Followed me back home  
Where my love was  
Waiting there for me

I have lost my faith as lovers often do  
When the storm clouds gather overhead  
But a nightingale sang a note so true  
That I knew I'd lost my fear instead

And to think that I said  
Love was for fools  
And that time would never heal  
These old wounds  
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me

In the twilight, he played a faithful true  
I have heard the lark over the vale  
And I've heard the lonesome whippoorwill  
But the sweetest song is the nightingale's  
And I know I'll never get my fill

And to think that I said love for fools and that time would never heal these old wounds  
But the nightingale saved a prayer for me  
In the twilight, he played a faithful tune