

# The Doors, Piano Bird

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

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Singing the melodies  
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