

The Bird Song

Up in the trees, playing in the breeze,
Flying around and around.
We fly so high up in the sky,
Swooping right down to the ground.
Feathers so bright, Oh, what a sight!
We're flying high in the sky.
Singing our song, gliding along,
Don't you wish that you could fly?

Flying high, flying high.
Soaring through the sky.

(more available on request)