

Wild Birds

Jan Harmon as sung by Gordon Bok  C III-127

C Dm

Verse: Lights flicker on in a town 'neath the mountain

F G

Where night first comes down like a patch of black satin

C Dm

And the road seems too long between Casper and Jackson

G C

When you're tired of travelling alone.

F C

Chorus1: Blackthorn and cottonwood drink up the Muddy;

G C

Just buckwheat and sky between Cheyenne and Cody.

F Dm Em Am

Like a maplewing sown under red leaves blown down,

G C

It's time to be going back home.

You cross the Wind River on your way to Big Timber;	C	Dm
The people are friendly, the aspen is amber.	F	G
Folks sing all the choruses they can remember,	C	Dm
And you sleep in a room of your own.	G	C

Chorus1

And all by roadside the wild birds fly,	C	Dm
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;	F	G
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.	C	Dm
Thank heaven for wild birds.	G	C

Chorus2: Their all dressed up in feathers with colors outrageous;	F	C
They soar from this earthly-bound kingdom of cages	G	C
On <u>delicate wings</u> , so <u>small</u> and <u>courageous</u> .	F	Dm Em Am
It's time to be going back home	G	C

Chorus1

You can see the rain coming for miles down the prairie	C	Dm
Like a great herd of antelope, running like fury,	F	G
And you stop at a diner outside Canyon Ferry	C	Dm
For coffee and a taste of the town.	G	C

Chorus1

And all by the roadside the wild birds fly	C	Dm
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;	F	G
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.	C	Dm
Thank heaven for wild birds.	G	C

Chorus2