

## **Wings to Fly (Crow)**

Crow mobbing up a hawk on soar  
Clouds soaring in the sky  
Me working down here on this rocky old earth  
Working on wings to fly, good lord  
I'm working on wings to fly

New friend's catching up a fish tonight  
He's gonna haul 'em 'til the stars come tumbling down  
Me, I'm riding high tonight  
Been dreaming of him coming around, good lord  
I'm dreaming of him coming around

Geese come rising out of the field  
Heading to the eastern shore  
Me, I'd fly on every wing  
Just to find you something more, dear friend  
Just to give you something more

Shearwater swooping on an old gray wave  
North wind scooping up the sea  
These cold autumn days make me run with joy  
Looking for a way to be free, good lord  
I'm looking for a way to be me

This moon's gonna keep me walking tonight  
This sky is gonna make me sing  
All I want is to share with you  
Something of this feeling, dear friend  
You're something of this feeling

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