

# Homebird

Foy Vance

The orange was the size of a watermelon to me  
well at least that is my memory  
sunshine made my bare feet burn upon the road  
far away we'd roam

I'd be howlin' out a song in the back seat  
the boys would laugh and tease about my black feet  
they'd tell stories that would warm my soul  
Motorbikes and chrome  
Jimmy could not wait to get home

Homebird sing  
fly me high on an angel's wing  
Homebird sing  
leave out nothing tell me everything

Everywhere we went just looked the same to me  
the skys were blue and the grass was green  
I wonder how different I might see them now  
yet I see them somehow

through the fallen memories when that angel baby sings

Oh the little magic that his solo brings

making up songs and words and singin from the soul

oh the stories told

none but him and Jimmy could know

Homebird sing

fly me high on an angel's wing

Homebird sing

leave out nothing tell me everything

Homebird sing

fly me high on an angel's wing

Homebird sing

leave out nothing tell me everything

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>