

Birds of the Morning

(Words and Music by Jean Zbozien and Mark Wesling)

Birds of the morning
Chirping all around
Merrily soaring
To feed on the ground
Saying here comes the sun
There are races to run
Let's have lots of fun
Until the day is done

Birds of the evening
Singing to me
Perched on a wire
Or high in a tree
Saying wasn't that great?
Did you see that cloud?
Oh, I'm feeling so proud
'Cause I've got some sweet peeps
Now it's time to sleep
(Repeat and fade)