THE NIGHTINGALE

The nightingale sings each morning

Her sweet song weaved in midnights thread

Beneath her vale a kingdom's calling

If I could leave this grassy bed

But when I told you I was afraid to fall

Really I was afraid to fly at all

Deep in trial, bound and burning

Her restless charm has broken through

But between cheap denial and reckless yearning

To run from harm was all I knew

And when I told you I was afraid to fall

Really I was afraid to fly at all

We fly and we fall

From the summer's golden rays to the murky ocean floor

And sometimes there's some cause we're calling for

But mostly it seems we're chasing dreams to the shore

The Nightingale flies tonight

And I know the spell that she's weaving

It's not like I can't stand the fight

I just can't stand the leaving

So when I told you I was afraid to fall

Really I was afraid to fly

When I told you I was afraid to fall

Really I was afraid to fly at all