

Elton John - High-flying Bird

Tom: G

[G F7M C F7M C] (2x)

You wore a little cross of gold around your neck,

I saw it as you flew between my reasons,

Like a raven in the night time when you left.

I wear a chain upon my wrist that bears no name,

You touched it and you wore it,

And you kept it in your pillow all the same.

My high-flying bird has flown from out my arms,

I thought myself her keeper,

She thought I meant her harm,

She thought I was the archer,

A weather man of words,

But I could never shoot down,

My high-flying bird.

The white walls of your dressing room are stained in scarlet red.

You bled upon the cold stone like a young man,

In the foreign field of death.

Wouldn't it be wonderful is all I heard you say,

You never closed your eyes at night and learned to love daylight,

Instead you moved away.

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A weather man of words,

But I could never shoot down,

My high-flying bird.

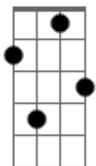
My high-flying, high-flying bird.

My high-flying, high-flying bird.

My high-flying, high-flying bird.

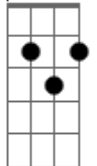
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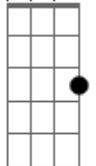
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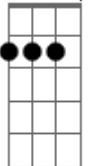
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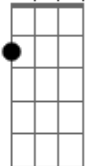
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D



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Am



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