

Prairie

Oh, how lonely it must be
Swaying slowly in the breeze
Like the only tree
Out on the prairie

Bluebirds came to visit me
They told me that they had seen
You flying so free
Over the prairie

Rolling over grassy seas
So much sky and so much peace
But still, it would be
Sweet to hear you sing
That song you would bring
For no one but me
Out on the prairie

Paid a visit to the spring
The one where we used to drink
It was a cool treat
But not near as sweet

Sat beneath the lonely tree
Where once we did deeply sleep
But the wind would moan
And that tree did groan

When the end of winter brings
So much color, so much green
I begin to think
Of when you would sing
That song of the spring
For no one but me
Out on the Prairie

Bluebirds told me they had seen
You flying so free
Over the prairie
Over the prairie
Your song still carries
Over the prairie