C G
Little Birdie, Little Birdie,
C
What makes you fly so high ?
G
It's because I am a true little bird
C
And I do not fear to die.

Little birdie, little birdie,
What makes your wing so blue ?
It's because I've been a-grievin',
Grievin' after you.

Little birdie, little birdie,
What makes your head so red ?
Well, after all that I been through,
It's a wonder I ain't dead.

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Little birdie, little birdie,
Come sing to me a song.
I've a short while to be here,
And a long time to be gone.

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