

# Blackbird

By  
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Slow Folk Ballad

Black-bird sing-ing in the dead of night. Take these brok-en wings and learn to fly.

All your life, You were on-ly wait-ing for this mo-ment to a-rise. Black-bird sing-ing in the

dead of night, Take these sunk-en eyes and learn to see. All your life, you were on-ly

wait-ing for this mo-ment to be free. Black - bird, fly. Black - bird,

fly in - to the light of a dark, black night.