



**Am** **C**  
In the foreign field of death.

**G** **C**  
Wouldn't it be wonderful if all I heard you say,

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

**Am** **C**  
Instead you moved away.

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

**Am**  
I thought myself her keeper,

**D**  
She thought I meant her harm,

**G**  
She thought I was the archer,

**C**  
A weather man of words,

**Fmaj7** **C**  
But I could never shoot down,

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

**Am**  
I thought myself her keeper,

**D**  
She thought I meant her harm,

**G**  
She thought I was the archer,

**C**  
A weather man of words,

**Fmaj7** **C**  
But I could never shoot down,

**G** **Fmaj7** **C** **Fmaj7** **C**  
My high-flying bird.

**G** **C**  
My high-flying, high-flying bird.

**G** **C**  
My high-flying, high-flying bird.

**G** **C** **G**  
My high-flying, high-flying bird.