

High-flying Bird

Elton John

[G Fmaj7 C Fmaj7 C] (2x)

G **C**
You wore a little cross of gold around your neck,

G **D**
I saw it as you flew between my reasons,

Am **C**
Like a raven in the night time when you left.

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

G **D**
You touched it and you wore it,

Am **C**
And you kept it in your pillow all the same.

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

G **D**
You bled upon the cold stone like a young man,

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**
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A weather man of words,

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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.