

Courted by a blackbird

am dm am G am  
I was courted by a blackbird, one evening in the spring.  
G em C em  
When I was tuning my guitar, the bird would start to sing.  
am G am C em  
And as my song was flying, even higher flew the bird's,  
am dm am em am dm am  
and I knew it was a love song that did not need any words ...

The others started laughing, saying: »The bird is after you!«  
We looked up into the trees, but no blackbird was in view.  
And still as I was singing, the bird would sing along,  
and when I stopped my singing, the bird would stop his song.

But then the night grew darker, my chords no more I'd see,  
And I went on and sang by heart, so blackbird, sing for me!  
And everyone was singing, thousand voices joined my tune,  
And when we found the bird was gone, we sang to please the moon.

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