

Kite

I often sit and wish that I,
Could be a kite up in the sky.
And ride upon the breeze and go,
Whatever way I chanced to blow.

Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down.
And follow all the ships that sail,
Like me, before the merry gale.

Until at last with them I came,
To some place with a foreign name.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.