

Wild Talk
Words and music by Tom Savre © 1991

I went to the woods to get away - from the noise of the city on a busy day

There's noise in the woods too - but it sounds so sweet - and I want to understand - what all those noises mean

There's a cardinal calling (♩ ♩ ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪)

And I love that sweet melody of a chickadee's song (♩ ♩)

There's a racket in an oak tree (caw caw caw) a couple dozen crows (caw caw caw caw)

Down in a birch by the pond I hear a white-throated sparrow (♩ ♩ ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪)

The further I walked the more I heard - and I began to wish that I could understand all of their words

The stories that they tell – could be old as the earth - or as fresh as a bloodroot leaf – pushing back the dirt

There's a red-eyed vireo (♩ ♩ ♩)

And I love that plaintive wood pewee's call (♩ ♩ ♩)

Who do I hear now? (♩ ♩ ♩) A little tufted titmouse (♩ ♩ ♩)

You can almost feel the drumming of a ruffed grouse (♩ ♩ ♩)

When the sun went down everything grew still - then up from the valley came the echo of a whippoorwill (♩♪♪)

So even in the night time the song goes on - while the crickets chirp (♩♪ ♩♪) and mosquitoes hummmmmmmmm

There's a barred owl calling (who who who who - who cooks for you-u-u-u)

And a great horned owl (who who who – whooo whooo)

Timber wolves howling (awhooooooo) out in the woods in the night (awhooooooo)

Songs goes on til the morning dove calls at the break of day light (who who who who)

What would spring be with out the robin's song (♩♪♪) singing from the treetops early in the morning (♩♪♪)

And where would we be without the yodel of the loon (♩♪♪ ♩♪♪ ♩♪♪ ♩♪♪ ♩♪♪ ♩♪♪)

As they sing their songs of love beneath the summer moon

There's so many words in the world today (*Hola - como estas! Konnichi wa – o genki des ka?*)

Everybody everywhere has something to say (*Vordan stor det med deg? Sa wat dee – Sa ba de bo*)

And the critters in the wild tell a story too - if you listen to them – they could be talking to you

There's a broad wing hawk circling overhead (♩ ♩ ♩ ♩)

An olive-sided flycatcher near the water's edge (♩ ♩ ♩ ♩)

There's a ruckus out on the pond (quack quack quack)

A bunch of (rowdy) mallards carrying on (quack quack quack quack)

Up on the bank in a willow I hear a warbling vireo (♩♪♪♪♪ ♩♪♪♪♪ ♩♪♪♪♪)

There's a cardinal calling (♩ ♩ ♩ ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪)

And I love that sweet melody of a chickadee's song (♩ ♩)

There's a racket in an oak tree (caw caw caw) a couple dozen crows (caw caw caw caw)

Down in a birch by the pond I hear a white-throated sparrow (♩ ♩ ♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪)