

# Mockin' Bird Hill (feat. Imelda May) [Live]

[Jeff Beck](#)

Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee it gives me a thrill  
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill  
Tra-la-la, tweedlee dee dee  
There's peace and goodwill  
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin'bird Hill  
When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the  
hill  
And kisses the roses 'round my windowsill  
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill  
Of those birds in the treetops on Mockin'bird Hill  
When it's late in the evenin' I climb up the hill  
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still  
Only me and the sky and an old whippoorwill  
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockin'bird Hill

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>