

birds

Gordon Wasson

Lover, there will be another one
To hover over you beneath the sun
Tomorrow see the things that never come today
When you see me fly away without you
And shadow on the things you know
Feathers fall around you
And show you the way to go
It's over
Nestled in your wings, my little one
This special morning brings another sun
Tomorrow see the things that never come today
When you see me fly away without you
And shadow on the things you know
Feathers fall around you
And show you the way to go
It's over, it's over

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