

# Birds

## Seneca

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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