White Winter Hymnal

Birdy

I was following the
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I was following the
I was following the pack
All swallowed in their coats
With scarves of red tied 'round their throats
To keep their little heads
From fallin' in the snow
And I turned 'round and there you go
And, Michael, you would fall
And turn the white snow red as strawberries
In the summertime...I was following the pack
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With scarves of red tied 'round their throats
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In the summertime...

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