

Peter Hammill

"The Birds"

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Spring came far too early this year:
May flowers blooming in February.
Should I be sad for the months,
or glad for the sky?
The birds don't know which way to sing and, my
friends,
neither do I.
Two days ago, a girl I truly thought I loved
suddenly didn't seem to matter at all.
Should I sing sad farewell to things
I'm really glad I've left behind?
The birds don't know which way to sing and, my
friends,

neither do I.
In another day, heavy snow will lie upon the ground,
and buds prematurely bloom shall fail;
And every creature living now, then will
surely die...
The birds don't know which way to sing and, my
friends,
neither do I.
The birds don't know if it's time yet to fly,
and they don't know which way to go and, my friend,
neither do I.
Neither do I.
Neither do I.
Neither do I.

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