

Sophia

"Birds"

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Farmer John said 'It's looks like rain
We won't let the clear skies fool us again'
Batten down the cellar doors and board up your homes
Listen to the wind as she creaks and she moans

Isn't it beautiful
Our lack of control
No prayers unanswered, or wishes ignored
Come on, hurry up now
We're a day late for Spring
If we sneak in through April
We won't miss a thing

Isn't it beautiful
Our lack of control
No prayers unanswered or wishes ignored

Come on hurry up now
We're a day late for Spring
We can sneak in through April
We won't miss a thing

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