

# Barclay James Harvest, Little Lapwing

Bye, bye, bye  
The time has come round again, my friend  
A life and some time I just gotta spend  
So bye bye, my friend  
See you again  
My mind in my pocket  
The sun in my eye  
There's gold in the mountains  
The streams run by  
So see you again

Swing low, swing high  
Talk of the times, the love and the laughing  
I'll come back to you in the spring, little lapwing  
'Till then, bye bye