

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