

Lynn Anderson, Snowbird

Beneath this snowy mantle cold and clean
the unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green
the snowbird sings a song he always sings
and speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring

when I was young my heart was young then too
anything that it would tell me, that's the thing that I would do
but now I feel such emptiness within
for the thing that I want most in life is the thing I can't win

Spread your wings and fly away
and take the snow back with you
where it came from on that day
the one I love forever is untrue
and if I could , you know that I would
fly away with you

the breeze along the river seems to say
that he'll only break my heart again, should I decide to stay
so little snowbird take me with you when you go
to that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow

spread your tiny wings and fly away
and take the snow back with you
where it came from on that day
the one I love forever is untrue
and if I could , you know that I would
fly away with you