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