

# Nick Drake, Bird Flew By

Bird flew by  
And wondered, wondered why  
She was white  
And ought to stay up in the sky  
From the air she could wonder  
For the reason  
What's the point of a year  
Or a season  
Your life flies away  
As the night turns to day  
If you start once to think  
Your hair will soon turn grey  
But one would like to wonder  
For the reason  
What's the point of a year  
Or a season  
The list of fallen stars  
And crumbled, broken hearts  
Comes from a need  
To play so many parts  
But one would like to wonder  
For the reason  
What's the point of a year  
Or a season  
The wind and the rain  
Shook hands again  
Untouched by the world  
They managed to keep sane  
They were able to wonder  
For the reason  
What's the point of a year  
Or a season  
Bird flew by  
And wondered, wondered why  
She was white  
And ought to stay up in the sky  
From the air she could wonder  
For the reason  
What's the point of a year  
Or a season