

# Peter Hammill, The Birds

Spring came far too early this year:  
May flowers blooming in February.  
Should I be sad for the month,  
or glad for the sky?  
The birds don't know which way to sing  
and, my friend,  
neither do I.

Two days ago, a girl I truly thought I loved  
suddenly didn't seem to matter at all.  
Should I sing sad farewell  
to things I'm really glad I've left behind?  
The birds don't know which way to sing  
and, my friend,  
neither do I.

In another day, heavy snow will lie upon the ground  
and buds prematurely bloomed shall fail;  
and every creature living now,  
then will surely die...  
The birds don't know which way to sing  
and, my friend,  
neither do I.

The birds don't know if it's time yet to fly;  
they don't know which way to go  
and, my friend,  
neither do I.