

# Sophia, Birds

Farmer John said 'It's looks like rain.  
We won't let the clear skies fool us again'  
Batten down the cellar doors and board up your homes  
Listen to the wind as she creaks and she moans  
Isn't it beautiful  
Our lack of control  
No prayers unanswered  
Or wishes ignored  
Come on hurry up now  
We're a day late for Spring  
If we sneak in through April  
We won't miss a thing

Isn't it beautiful  
Our lack of control  
No prayers unanswered or wishes ignored

Come on hurry up now  
We're a day late for Spring  
We can sneak in through April  
We won't miss a thing