

The Incredible String Band, Puppies

Even the birds when they sing
It's not everything to them

Fiddle-head ferns and daffodils
Made me want to play
To the puppies having their little breakfast

So I picked up six fine strings
And I began to play
What I thought that new
Born fur would like best

Hey, hey, such a new born morn
Hey, hey, the puppies they have gone
Left me here holding this song
Music is so much less than what you are

Just how far can you take me
How far can you take me, Mother Nina
Before I'm on my own

Don't imagine that the pretty flower can sing a song
When the sun makes it's sap to rise
One by one the chorus swells till it's a mighty noise
Are you sure that it's not a silence?

Even the birds when they sing
It's not everything to them
Even the birds when they sing
Spread their wings to heaven and fly away.