

The point at which you looked at me
Has always being part of my brain
Now my mind is in a whirl
And it seems

I am not the same
My dear and special friend
There's never a point at which we ever loved
I'm in mine, and mine is fine

I'm wrapped up in shining days
Blackbirds in summer time
They find a low
I end up being you

My dear and special friend
There's never a point at which we ever loved
The point at which I looked at you
Has always being part of my brain

Now my mind is in a whirl
And it seems
I am not the same
My dear and special friend

There's never a point at which we ever loved