

# Who Knows Where The Time Goes

Fairport Convention

Across the morning sky all the birds are leaving  
But how can they know it's time for them to go?  
Before the winter's fire, I will still be dreamin'  
I have no thought of time

R: For who knows where the time goes?  
Who knows where the time goes?

Sad, deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving  
Ah and yet they know it's time for them to go  
But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving  
I do not count the time ...

R:

And I am not alone, while my love is near  
And I know it will be so until it's time to go  
So count the storms of winter and then the birds in spring again  
I have no fear of time

R: For who knows how my love grows?  
And who knows where the time goes?