

Bird Flew By

Nick Drake

Bird flew by
And wondered, wondered why
She was wise enough to stay up in the sky
From the air she could wonder
For the reason
What's the point of a year
Or a season

Your life flies away
As the night turns to day
If you start once to think
Your hair will soon turn grey
But one would like to wonder
For the reason
What's the point of a year
Or a season

The list of fallen stars
And crumbled, broken hearts
Comes from a need
To play so many parts
But one would like to wonder
For the reason
What's the point of a year
Or a season

The wind and the rain
Shook hands again
Untouched by the world
They managed to keep sane
They were able to wonder
For the reason
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