

# Young Birds Fly

Oliver

"What's gone wrong with Mary?"  
I hear them say  
Mary's not the Mary of yesterday  
She's gone to changin' her hair  
And she laughs and she cries  
And her life seems to be  
Such a worried and jumbled affair

Well, I have talked to Mary  
I've searched her eyes  
And if you ask of Mary  
I'll tell you why  
It's Mary's time to run  
Through the mad, through the sane,  
Through the joy and the pain  
'Til she finds her place in the sun

Young birds fly in early spring  
They learn new songs to sing  
And each song they know  
Can help them to grow

Mary questions everything  
She's ever known before  
And want her as we may  
She just won't listen anymore  
But let her find a way  
And soon'll come a glorious day  
When everything's been sorted through  
The streets will be reported  
How people congregate to feel the love within her heart  
And to listen to the music in her mind

Young birds fly in early spring  
They learn new songs to sing  
Young birds fly in early spring

Oh oh oh oh  
Young birds fly in early spring  
They learn new songs to sing  
Young birds fly in early spring

(Young birds fly in early spring  
Oh oh oh oh  
Young birds fly in early spring)

Young birds go on and fly away  
Fly  
Go on and fly  
Fly away