

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