

# Birdie Told Me

Bee Gees

Birdie told me I must get over you somehow.  
And she told me never to think of you right now.  
But it's hopeless to say how can I forget the way she used to love me.  
I think about her in my time, know in my mind it's over.

Looks like falling, heaven is calling my name to me.  
Funny faces loving the traces left for me.  
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I think about her in my time know in my mind it's over.  
Birdie taught me how to get over you.