

White Winter Hymnal

Birdy

I was following the,
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I was following the pack,
All swallowed in their coats
With scarves of red tied 'round their throats
To keep their little heads
From fallin' in the snow
And I turned 'round and there you go.
And, Michael, you would fall,
And turn the white snow
Red as strawberries in the summertime.

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