

The point at which you looked at me  
Has always being part of my brain  
Now my mind is in a whirl  
And it seems

I am not the same  
My dear and special friend  
There's never a point at which we ever loved  
I'm in mine, and mine is fine

I'm wrapped up in shining days  
Blackbirds in summer time  
They find a low  
I end up being you

My dear and special friend  
There's never a point at which we ever loved  
The point at which I looked at you  
Has always being part of my brain

Now my mind is in a whirl  
And it seems  
I am not the same  
My dear and special friend

There's never a point at which we ever loved