

Birdsong

Robin Trower

Summer turns to deepest winter
Who'll deny its rightful place?
The winds of war cause worlds to splinter
Into fragments that leave no trace

Birdsong, just a sweet memory

Fire and fury all too soon
Leave towns shattered in their wake
Church bell plays its haunting tune
They sound a warning, came too late

Birdsong, just a sweet memory
Nothing but a memory

Whispered word a silent prayer
Tender loving new could somehow return
One false step leads who knows where
Lessons that so few have learned

Birdsong, just a sweet memory...
A sweet memory...