

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 falling 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. I was following the pack
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>