

# Silvery Rain

Cliff Richard

Butterflies danced on invisible strings  
Showing wings they borrowed from a rainbow  
And a blackbird on high sang a praise to the sky  
While a light aeroplane sprayed the fields with a silvery rain  
Furry backed bees with a tireless drone  
Never moan, they're happy to be working  
And a grasshopper green could be heard but not seen  
While a light aeroplane sprayed the fields with a silvery rain

Fly away, Peter, fly away, Paul, before there's nothing left to  
fly at all  
Take to the sky, higher than high, before the silvery rain begins to fall  
Nothing moves now but the swaying ripe corn  
Not a dawn is greeted with a bird's song  
There's a feather or two from a bird that once flew  
Before a light aeroplane sprayed the fields with a silvery rain

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