

That's you, hardly making new
Living, laughing, lose.
That sleep makes my eyes believe in you

Morning bird cut up worm
Fasting child in warmth of Adam
Here comes the sun
Here comes someone

Look where to hide
Oh where to hide
Oh I know I lied make it hard to find
Look, your head doesn't look
and dark blue bird, black worm
It follows me harmless and I learn.

Father, my faith is bothered
In my stomach there is hope in all his spirit.
Black bird blues daughter you will lose
keep her steady off the black yarn cradle burn you'll be able.