

# The Beatles, And Your Bird Can Sing

You tell me that you've got everything you want  
And your bird can sing  
But you don't get me  
You don't get me

You say you've seen seven wonders  
And your bird is green  
But you can't see me  
You can't see me

When your prized possessions  
Start to weigh you down  
Look in my direction  
I'll be round, I'll be round

When your bird is broken  
Will it bring you down  
You may be awoken  
I'll be round, I'll be round

You tell me that you've heard every sound there is  
And your bird can swing  
But you can't hear me  
You can't hear me