

# The Incredible String Band, Puppies

Even the birds when they sing  
It's not everything to them

Fiddle-head ferns and daffodils  
Made me want to play  
To the puppies having their little breakfast

So I picked up six fine strings  
And I began to play  
What I thought that new  
Born fur would like best

Hey, hey, such a new born morn  
Hey, hey, the puppies they have gone  
Left me here holding this song  
Music is so much less than what you are

Just how far can you take me  
How far can you take me, Mother Nina  
Before I'm on my own

Don't imagine that the pretty flower can sing a song  
When the sun makes it's sap to rise  
One by one the chorus swells till it's a mighty noise  
Are you sure that it's not a silence?

Even the birds when they sing  
It's not everything to them  
Even the birds when they sing  
Spread their wings to heaven and fly away.