

The Tinker and the Crab

Donovan

On the windy beach
The sun is shining through
With weather fair White horses riding
On the seas pasture
Onto the sand Over the dunes came a traveling man
Sack on back wild flowers in his hand
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand
Stand and stare Scratching his beard
Through the grass he steered
His sandy shoe Disappearing in the dips
Pondering and wandering along Nice as you please comes the traveling man
Drinking a bottle of milk in his hand
Speaking to no one in particular but happily Down where young gulls dance
Driftwood lying drying
For the fire Yellow beak and sleek
Now the gulls are crying
Flying higher Out from the sea came a little green crab
Taking the sun the morning being very drab
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand
Stand and stare The tinker and the crab
The tinker and the crab
The tinker and the crab

Songwriters

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