The Martlet (2002 Remastered Version)

Duncan Browne

Winter here is so severe
The birds have all dug holes
My beard is full of icicles
My feet canâ€™t find their soles
Pale old moon, theyâ€™ve got you now
Shuffling around in your sand
Through my telescope
I salute you
I sympathise, I understand

Sweet delight is the harvest
When sympathy is sold
My winsome wife has deserted me
Taking everything I own
Nowadays Iâ€™m not eating much
My stomachâ€™s getting light
Iâ€™m looking for a nice young waitress
to set my courses right

Some say I am equivocal
Some think me passing strained
Some say I am but fantastical
Some say I am deranged

Late last night a little martlet
beckoned me away to the moon
On the way I met three astronauts
They were all humming this tune:

mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm
mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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