

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 can't find their soles
Pale old moon, they'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 I'm not eating much
My stomach's getting light
I'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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