Guffer

Linda Lewis

Winter's melted into spring
Brings catepillar creeps in slowly, lowly
You know he's inches away
Through wedded green thing
Until it builds a lonely room
He's gonna sleep like death in a homemade tomb
Then once I took a look away that brown cocoon
The silent pleasure to my eyes
Beautiful butterfly
Oh won't you flutter, flutter by my way?
Won't you decorate my day?And the seasons keep turning around
For the reasons have yet to be found
And the world is turning on
And when something's gone,
You know it's something's coming
It's something's comingWhen something's gone,
Something's coming
When something's gone,
Something's coming
Something's comingHe's got dirt in his hair and his eyes and his ears
Don't you put him down
Frayed teeth frightened my leaves
Well, it's been up to seven years in this town
It's autumn
He's must have dust a chance enough-a
Poor old guffer
Nobody loves ya
Let him go and didn't seek
And now he's only left with tobacco
Weaken through his skin
Times would have been
Guffer gonna die soon
And a newborn baby gonna cry soon
Way soonAnd the seasons keep turning around
For the reasons have yet to be found
And the world is truning on
And when something's gone,
You know it's something's coming
It's something's comingWhen something's gone,

Something's coming
When something's gone,
Something's coming
When something's gone,
Something's coming
When something's gone,
Something's coming
When something's gone,
Something's hanging round the corner
When something's gone,
Something's coming
Something's coming

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