

The Yeti

Clutch

Standing waist high in snow
What brought me here, I do not know
Sky is filled with starry scenes
Of heroes and their greatest deeds
Satellites move across the sky
And every year they multiply
Father bear is sound asleep
And will be so for several weeks
Across the plain I see a figure
Every instant growing bigger
Instinct tells me to run away
While faith proposes that I wave
He approaches to a rod
I whisper up a prayer to god
The stranger asks me with a grin
"Do you have the time my friend?"
Hima, Himalaya is my old time stomping ground
(Oh yes, time is of the essence)
Mani, Manitoba, better snows I've never found
(Oh yes, time is of the essence)
The author looms above his page
And thinks it strange that at his age
He can not find the proper words
To describe his only world
One would think that in a life
Where no two snowflakes are alike
One would have a brilliant rhyme
For each and every bit of time
Hima, Himalaya is my old time stomping ground
(Oh yes, time is of the essence)
Mani, Manitoba, better snows I've never found
(Oh yes, time is of the essence)

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