

The Fly

Budam

Little fly, your summer's play
My thoughtless hand has brushed away
Am not I a fly like you
Or are not you a man like me
For I sing, dance and drink
Till some blind hand shall brush my wing

If thought is life, strength and breath
And the want of thought is death
Then am I a happy fly if I live, or if I die
Then am I a happy fly if I live, or if I die

(Play away, fly, man
Drink, dance, sing, thought
Strength, breath, life, death
Play away, fly, man

Drink, dance, sing, thought
Strength, breath, life, death,
Play away, fly, man
Drink, dance, sing, thought, strength, breath, life, death)

Little fly

Lyrics submitted by Silja.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>