

# The Buzzard Song

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Boss, dat bird mean trouble.  
Once de buzzard fold his wing an' light over yo' house,  
All yo' happiness done dead.  
Buzzard keep on flyin' over, take along yo' shadow.Ain' nobody dead dis mornin'  
Livin's jus' begun.  
Two is strong where one is feeble;  
Man an' woman livin', workin',Sharin' grief an' sharin' laughter,  
An' love like Augus' sun.  
Trouble, is dat you over yonder  
Lookin' lean an' hungry?  
Don' you let dat buzzard keep you  
Hangin' round my do'.  
Ain' you heard de news this mornin'?  
Step out, brudder, hit de gravel;Porgy who you used to feed on,  
Don' live here no mo'  
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Buzzard, on yo' way!  
Ole age, what is you anyhow,Nuttin' but bein' lonely.  
Pack yo' things an' fly from here,  
Carry grief an' pain.  
Dere's two folks livin' in dis shelter  
Eatin', sleepin', singin', prayin'.  
Ain' no such thing as loneliness.  
An' Porgy's young again.Buzzard, keep on flyin',  
Porgy's young again.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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