Wretched Wilbur

Sandy Denny

The summer was the reason
Why it took so long to see
That even if I do possess
Some seeds of honesty,
There is no garden,
So how come I have no land?
I shall be waiting here awhile
To see what comes to hand.Misers mise and compromise;
I know what I have seen.
The wanderers are in the east;
That's where I should have been.
But I did not go there;
I couldn't find the way.
I do believe I made a try,
But I really couldn't say.Oh, that wretched wilbur,
He keeps ploughing up the land.
He fights the battle thoughtfully
With roses in his hands.
But where is the fight now?
So play us your merry song.
The autumn, it has blown away,
And the winter, it is long.

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