

REFLECTIONS OF CHARLES BROWN

Rupert's People

Charlie Brown works hard all day
Doesn't get home till the sky is grey
Sees his children tucked in bed
He's a man that gets them fed

Sits down by the fireside
The tears fill his eyes
The wind's blowing
And the storm's a growing
Aren't you glad you're inside

What a quiet life he's had
Don't you think it's very sad?

Stays in bed till 10 o'clock
on his weekly one day off
Takes his kids down to the park
till the sky starts getting dark

What a quiet life he's had
Don't you think it's very sad?

Monday morning comes so fast
Makes him wonder
how the time goes past
Another week of grunt and grind
Another week's HP to find

What a quiet life he's had
Don't you think it's very sad?

Lyrics submitted by Colin Changi Samson.

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