The Cuckoo

Tim Eriksen

oh the cuckoo (oh the cuckoo)
she's a pretty bird (she's a pretty bird)
she wore holes, as she flies
she never says cuckoo
till the fourth day of Julyjack of diamonds (jack of diamonds)
jack of diamonds (jack of diamonds)
I know you, from old
you've robbed my poor pockets
of my silver and my goldmy horses ain't hungry
they won't eat your hay
I'll ride them a little further
I'll feed them along the way

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