

Donovan

"The Tinker and the Crab"

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On the windy beach
The sun is shining through
With weather fair

White horses riding
On the seas pasture
Onto the sand

Over the dunes came a traveling man
Sack on back wild flowers in his hand
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand
Stand and stare

Scratching his beard
Through the grass he steered
His sandy shoe

Disappearing in the dips
Pondering and wandering along

Nice as you please comes the traveling man
Drinking a bottle of milk in his hand
Speaking to no one in particular but happily

Down where young gulls dance
Driftwood lying drying
For the fire

Yellow beak and sleek
Now the gulls are crying
Flying higher

Out from the sea came a little green crab
Taking the sun the morning being very drab
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand
Stand and stare

The tinker and the crab
The tinker and the crab
The tinker and the crab

