

Jet Set Roger

"Jack-In-The-Green"

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Have you seen Jack-In-The-Green?
With his long tail hanging down.
He sits quietly under every tree ---
In the folds of his velvet gown.
He drinks from the empty acorn cup
The dew that dawn sweetly bestows.
And taps his cane upon the ground ---
Signals the snowdrops it's time to grow.

It's no fun being Jack-In-The-Green ---
No place to dance, no time for song.
He wears the colours of the summer soldier ---
Carries the green flag all the winter long.

Jack, do you never sleep ---
Does the green still run deep in your heart?
Or will these changing times,
Motorways, powerlines,
Keep us apart?
Well, I don't think so ---
I saw some grass growing through the pavements
today.

The rowan, the oak and the holly tree
Are the charges left for you to groom.
Each blade of grass whispers Jack-In-The-Green.
Oh Jack, please help me through my winter's night.
And we are the berries on the holly tree.
Oh, the mistlethrush is coming.
Jack, put out the light.

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