

The Grownup Noise

"Maple Fudge"

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(Bachman/Cummings)

Miss Fudge is only waiting for a man to come her way
She has been waiting 80 years for Mr. Maple but he
doesn't know that she is waiting too
It's nothing new

Mr. Maple gets up early every morning cooks his
breakfast all alone the house is cold
He needs a woman's hand to comfort him in his
reclining years
He overhears

The people on the street they pass him by and sort of
snicker
In his younger years he should have been a little
quicker
For in the hand of someone he could love but who's to
judge
If he'll ever have a meeting with Miss Fudge

Miss Fudge's hopes were fading that a man would
come her way
She had been darning no ones socks and when the
years crept up her misery
Just slowly pushed her on
And now she's gone

Mr Maple's life alone was just too much for him to bear
And in his heart he knew there'd never be someone to
comfort him at times he cried
And then he died

But everything is better now
They're both at last together
The question now is answered for all those who
wondered whether
They each at last had found a friend and if they did
misjudge
Their tombstones side by side read Maple Fudge

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