

Page France "Rooster And Its Crow"

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"Rooster And Its Crow"

Dawn do bring the rooster and it's crow
Made a wind that wasn't supposed to blow
You laughed and laughed but never got the joke
Can't repeat it now I don't even know

I blew a trumpet for a sound you never wanted to see
Now the apples out of season and it's standing
underneath it's tree
So I'm trying not to pick em cause I know that's only
sick n me
But oh before you know it I am half way up the apple
tree

To a cloudy cloudy mountain from a murky water
fountain a grew
With a pigeon on my shoulder all the colors that's so
strange and new
So I collected all my apples in a basket for to bring to
you
But oh before you know it there'll be bugs inside of
these ones too

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