

## **Sandy Denny**

# **"Wretched Wilbur"**

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(Sandy Denny)

The summer was the reason  
Why it took so long to see  
That even if I do possess  
Some seeds of honesty  
There is no garden  
So how come I have no land?  
I shall be waiting here awhile  
To see what comes to hand  
Misers, mice, and compromise  
I know what I have seen  
The wanderers are in the east  
That's where I should have been

But I did not go there  
I couldn't find the way  
I do believe I made a try  
But I really couldn't say  
Oh, that wretched Wilbur  
He keeps ploughing up the land  
He fights the battle thoughtfully  
With roses in his hands  
But where is the fight now?  
So play us your merry song  
The autumn, it has blown away  
And the winter, it is long

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