

Van Dyke Parks

"White Chrysanthemum"

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Somewhat overwhelmed by the enormous dimensions
of her lovely breast
The rector turned his face from Mother Nature back to
God
Therefore in the shadow of the valley we are truly truly
blessed
We now return our brother to the sod

Poor old Ned who worked the line six days a week
Yes poor old Ned words come to mind you start to
speak
And when it's said the rain is falling you recall how
Poor old Ned is surely dead

Then they brought him home to that old bosky dell
He knew so very well
And laid him down for succor simply in a box of
southern pine
This was past the oxbow of the river where we
Used to fish a spell
And wish that rising sun would ever shine

And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing
crying time
And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing
crying time

Old Ned was a veteran and better an the best in forty-
one
When blue Hawaii glistened like a diamond lights the
sun
That said when the Nissan plant was built down by the
run
He knew his life had only just begun

Poor old Ned a child tugs on a tattered sleeve
Yes poor old Ned and piled back in they start to leave
And poor old Ned will bring into that night one white
Chrysanthemum his kingdom come

And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing

crying time
And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing
crying time

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