

## Lucy Simon

### "It's A Maze"

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BEN:

Plant a hedge, cut it back.  
Dig a hole, try to fill it.  
Plant a rose, tie it back.  
Find a mole, try to kill it.

It's a maze, this garden. It's a maze of ways.  
Any man can spend his day.  
It's a maze, this garden. It's a maze of paths,  
But a soul can find the way.

For an old man knows how a year it goes,  
How the cold hard ground in the spring comes 'round.  
How the seeds take hold and the birds unfold,  
How an English garden grows.

MARY:

Skip, skipped the ladies to the master's gate,  
Sip, sipped the ladies while the master ate,  
Tiptoed the chambermaids and stole their pearls,  
Snip, snipped the gardener and cut off their curls.

DICKON:

Come along, love, come fly away, fly along,  
Come along, fly away home.  
Come along, love, you've come a long way,  
You've flown all the day,  
Fly away home.

BEN:

Miss a step, trip and fall.  
Miss the path, meet the wall.  
Miss the way, miss a turn.  
Getting lost is how you learn.

It's a maze, this garden. It's a maze of paths  
Meant to lead a soul astray.  
Take a left, and then, turning left again's  
How the soul can find the way.

For an old man knows how a year it goes,

How the cold hard ground in the spring comes 'round.  
How in time it shows how a garden grows,  
How an English garden grows.  
How the roses climb,  
How sublime the time  
When an English garden grows.

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