

## Vashti Bunyan "Timothy Grub"

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Maurice Snail and Timothy Grub  
Swanney and Blue and Emily Grub  
Decided one day to go into the wood  
And build them a house and live there if they could

And they stayed there a while in the trees and the rain  
Till one day two Blue Men said you're all insane  
And to please not come here again

They had a green car called, Happiness Runs  
Friday comes and Happiness runs  
Out of petrol and everyone gets out to push  
And suddenly see through a gap in the bush

A real caravan, just like the one in their dreams  
The gypsy doesn't want it, for nowadays it seems  
His home stays in one place and gleams

He told them that he had a horse down the lane  
Saturday morning they went back again  
He showed them a shed that was built out of tin  
He opened the door and they all peered within

And there lying on straw was a horse black as night  
With a star on her forehead and eyes full of light  
And they all fell in love at first sight

They thought and they thought about having Black  
Bess  
Timothy planted some mustard and cress  
They lived in a cupboard and made it their home  
And lay there and dreamed of the days when they'd  
roam

Up and down all the hills of the North countryside  
With the dogs eating buttercups on the wayside  
And they'd wave all the cities goodbye

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