The Creatures, Fruitman

Old man sits in an apricot tree He sees I and I sees he Old man sweet as the fruit he's picking Knows the rhythm of nature's ticking

Gives a smile of tooth and metal Winks an eye like a falling petal Face a furrowed field of life tracks The years of the living knife

He I love, he I know Seasons come, so fruitman go

Through the crowd I enter in See the head of virgin skin Frail the old man's hand I take Peace be with you Sunday shake

Sweet old man he turns to me Tries to tell me what's to be He don't say no words at all Tears from him like fruit do fall

He I love, he I know See sons that come, so fruitman go