

Bee Gees, Farmer Ferdinand Hudson

Now it is dawn and a new day is born
But with a trail of despair
The new day was shining but many had gone
Farmer Ferdinand Hudson had lost much more than he'd won

He sat by a table and cried in his rum

(break)

The cobwebs hung heavy and dreary beside
All that looked at him could barely decide
He passed for one day so to sleep in that night
And early that morning he died