

Camberwell Now, Greenfingers

Now that she's got greenfingers
Some gardening needs to be done,
The cold hard surface broken,
The top soil turned over turned over turned.

She understands there are problems,
So much depends on good fortune,
Is this soil still good to use,
Will birds and slugs eat our young crop away?

Now that we've got greenfingers,
Some farming will be done,
We plough the field and scatter the seed,
We sing a joyful song.

We realise there are problems,
So much depends on the weather,
Will there be rain, will there be shine,
Will dark shadows steal our harvest away?