

Giles, Giles And Fripp, North Meadow

The breeze makes the trees wave and chant
[Goes better for willow trees strong?]

When the red-eyed sun comes yawning
Wakes the meadow, makes the morning
There starts another day
Nature lends her subtle bounty
Seasoning this rustic county
Cares are all rolled away

The breeze makes the trees wave and chant
[Goes better for willow trees strong?]

One small meadow, four tall willows
Murmur as the autumn wind blows
Summer was everything
Hanging by the minnowed river
Winter makes the willow shiver
Suddenly there is spring