

# Harry Connick Jr., Star Turtle 4

How soon I will delight  
How straight and good  
Scorched by vibrant core  
I'll sprinkle scrapings  
Upon the lapping blue  
No sooner than I return  
Will my fruit turn the stink into sweet  
The blue into yellow and green  
Time home will quicken  
And time spent be saved  
The dust from my duty  
Will remain in my satchel  
I think... forever  
Now I'll return to save my race