

Cantatonia, Johnny Come Lately

I'm sorry you couldn't make it
You could have seen him
So weathered and dated

He was a Johnny Come Lately
And I know that you would hate it

If you'd seen his botanical leanings
First prize exhibit and all down to good spirit

He was a Johnny Come Lately
And I know that you would hate me

If I'd envied the things that he spoke of
How I envied the things that he thought of

He was a Johnny Come Lately
And I know that you would hate me

If I told you that I made some time
To stay behind the final line and make the garden grow
Where the sun no longer shines

If I asked too many questions
And stayed behind the final line and made the garden grow

But he never ever gave away the secret of his godforsaken soil

He didn't need us
Just tempted and teased us
You could have been here
Wishing you were here

This was a Johnny Come Lately
And I know that you would hate me

He was a Johnny Come Lately
And I know that you would hate me

If I told you that I made some time
To stay behind the final line and make the garden grow
Where the sun no longer shines

He assured the seeds you sold were sound
But I must have cast them all on stony ground
And now the sun won't shine

I must have asked too many questions
And stayed behind the final line and made the garden grow
But he never ever gave away the secret of his godforsaken soil