Donovan, The Tinker And The Crab

On the windy beach the sun is shining through with weather fair
White horses riding on the seas pasture onto the sand
Over the Dunes came a travelling man
Sack on back Wild flowers in his hand
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare

Scratching his beard through the grass he steered his sandy shoe
Disappearing in the dips pondering and wandering along
Nice as you please comes the travelling man
Drinking a bottle of milk in his hand
Speaking to no one in particular but happily

Down where the gulls dance driftwood lying drying for the fire
Yellow beak and sleek now the gulls are crying flying higher
Out from the sea came a little green Crab
Taking the Sun the morning being very drab
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare

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