

# Of Montreal, The Miniature Philosopher

I take a walk I mow the grass  
I don't worry 'bout  
the years that pass  
My wife is dead I live alone  
in my little country home  
I have my memories  
and dogs for friends

I water the ferns I plant some seeds  
I make sure to pull out all the weeds  
And to help myself along  
I like to whistle this funny little song  
I sang in my army days when I was young

A hot air balloon I will float away  
At times I'm holding you

My kids and grandkids come  
to stay with me once a year  
And on New Years I drive down to be with them  
Though I'm happy often I feel lonely  
But when I speak I hear my wife speak

Don't feel alone because you're not really alone  
Sweetheart no don't think you're alone

I feed the cat I sweep the floor  
I don't fear dying anymore  
I like to fish with Ed and Will  
in the pond by the old paper mill  
I am resigned to finish off my days this way