

The Creatures, Fruitman

Old man sits in an apricot tree
He sees I and I sees he
Old man sweet as the fruit he's picking
Knows the rhythm of nature's ticking

Gives a smile of tooth and metal
Winks an eye like a falling petal
Face a furrowed field of life tracks
The years of the living knife

He I love, he I know
Seasons come, so fruitman go

Through the crowd I enter in
See the head of virgin skin
Frail the old man's hand I take
Peace be with you Sunday shake

Sweet old man he turns to me
Tries to tell me what's to be
He don't say no words at all
Tears from him like fruit do fall

He I love, he I know
See sons that come, so fruitman go