

# 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