The Guess Who, Maple Fudge

Miss Fudge is only waiting for a man to come her way she has been waiting 80 years for Mr. Maple but he doesn't know that she is waiting too it's nothing new

Mr. Maple gets up early every morning cooks his breakfast all alone the house is cold He needs a woman's hand to comfort him in his reclining years He overhears

The people on the street they pass him by and sort of snicker In his younger years he should have been a little quicker For in the hand of someone he could love but who's to judge If he'll ever have a meeting with Miss Fudge

Miss Fudge's hopes were fading that a man would come her way She had been darning no ones socks and when the years crept up her misery Just slowly pushed her on And now she's gone

Mr Maple's life alone was just too much for him to bear And in his heart he knew there'd never be someone to comfort him at times he cried And then he died

But everything is better now They're both at last together The question now is answered for all those who wondered whether They each at last had found a friend and if they did misjudge Their tombstones side by side read Maple Fudge </lyrics>

== Credits ==

^{*} Composers: Randy Bachman/Burton Cummings