

A SMALL SONG

Rockin Robin stands too close to the road
One flew off and left him there all alone
Must I wonder how this came to be
Tell me mama, what's left for me?

Rockin Robin gets up on his way
With nothing to do and nothing left to say
And stepping out into the Autumn rain
Tell me mama, how to ease this pain?

Rockin Robin now lies alone in his bed
With all these thoughts running around in his head
I've made my choices that's plain to see
Tell me mama, what's in store for me?

Rockin Robin admits, "I'm really not sure"
How much can one man endure
I'm always chasing these other greens
Tell me mama, what does all this stuff mean?
Tell me mama, what does all this stuff mean?
I'll tell you mama, what all this stuff means?