

Trinket

Dispatch

The mornings getting meeker
Moss is turning a golden brown
And rose is out of town
The maple wears a bright scarf
Knit by fields in a scarlet gown
And dahlia's left town

Lest I be old-fashioned
Lest I be old-fashioned
I put a trinket on
Stoop so low
Stoop so low
I get you rolling on

Dressed in alabaster wool
The frost beheads the flower
To no one's surprise

The sun is unmoved
As the blonde assassin passes on
In accidental power

Lest I be old-fashioned
Lest I be old-fashioned
I put a trinket on
Stoop so low
Stoop so low
I get you rolling on

Lest I be old-fashioned
Lest I be old-fashioned
I put a trinket on
Stoop so low
Stoop so low
I get you rolling on

Lest I be old-fashioned
Lest I be old-fashioned

Stoop so low
Stoop so low
I get you rolling on