Twenty Or So

Greg Brown

Put old winter in the closet; he wears too many clothes,
Take down the snow fence; put up the cows.
Sweet spring I smell her, the musk of her thighs,
With her feet in the muck, and her hair in the skies.
I was thinkin' about my hundred old lovers,
How we'd weave the cloth of our sleep, how we'd kick off the co
vers.
But where you've all gone to I'll never know,
And maybe there were only 50 or so.

~~~♫♫♫ ~~~

May you find great apartments with very low rent,
May you always have a friend when your money is spent.
May your parents live long; may your debts all be paid,
May your clothes fit you right; may you all be well laid.
May you all get great jobs; may you travel in France,
May your cars always start; may you have hot romances.
May your children be sturdy; may you swim in the sea,
May you smile a little if you think of me.

I'm so happy; spring's come back again,
I am so horny; I would love to see you all again.
But where you've all gone to I'll never know,
And maybe there were only twenty or so.

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