

Fruitman

The Creatures

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
Seasons come
So fruitman go
He I love
He I know
Seasons that come
So fruitman go