

Old Man And Butterflies

Angelo Branduardi

Just off a highway, a many ringed oak tree,
Guarding forever his corner of meadow,
Saw one hot June day a dusty old pedlar
Footsore and weary look round him for shadow.
"Come my weary friend and lay your pack upon the ground
and I will keep you safe if you should care to rest your head"
"Come my weary friend and lay your troubles all around
and listen to the music in the leaves above your bed"
Gladly the old man
Lay down by the oak tree
Muttered his thanks and fell soundly asleep.
The old pedlar
Slept on for many an hour
Resting his head on his hand by and by:
He dreamed a dream that he'd left his old body
And had become a fine gold butterfly.
The golden butterfly went flitting flower after flower
And dreamed he was an old man fast asleep for many an hour.
The golden butterfly went flitting flower after flower
And dreamed he was an old man fast asleep for many an hour.
The old pedlar slept on beneath the great oak tree
Dreaming his butterfly dream where he flew free.
The golden butterfly went flitting flower after flower
And dreamed he was an old man fast asleep for many an hour.
The golden butterflies go flitting ever to explore
But dream that they are old men who can sleep for evermore