

Gulliver's gone to the final command of his master
His watery eyes had washed all the hills with his laughter
And the seasons can change all the light from the grey to the d
im
But the light in his eyes will see no more so bright
As the sheep that he locked in the pen

There's four feet of ground in front of the barn
That's sun baked and rain soaked and part of the farm
But now it lies empty so cold and so bare
Gulliver's gone but his memory lies there

By passing the doors of his life was a stage I remember
And in later years he would cease to bare teeth to a stranger
For sentiment touched him as Cyclamen holds him
And later men came from the town
Who said clear the child this won't take a while
And Gulliver's gone with the dawn