

Star Turtle 4

Harry Connick, Jr.

How soon I will delight
How straight and good
Scorched by vibrant core
I'll sprinkle scrapings
Upon the lapping blue
No sooner than I return
Will my fruit turn the stink into sweet
The blue into yellow and green
Time home will quicken
And time spent be saved
The dust from my duty
Will remain in my satchel
I think... forever
Now I'll return to save my race