

# The Story Of The Raven And The Mushroom Man

Lisa Mitchell

Late the other day when the earth turned away  
I found a little book in the grey  
flower drawn like a child on the cover  
It was the story of the raven and the mushroom man  
He was the first real friend he ever had

I never want to be like that serious man  
Telling himself he is serious  
Always counting those numbers  
He's got a red face and a mushroom head  
He's been too long in the rat race  
Too long in the dead days

If only a raven with a sore wing  
Could fall at his feet with eyes full of mercy  
The little mushroom man might fashion  
A little splint out of driftwood  
And he might feel a little light shine  
He might see his own kindness  
And think that maybe counting isn't everything  
Maybe there are more ravens that need me more than numbers

The mushroom man loved the raven so  
And deep inside his heart grew a thing called hope  
One Sunday night the raven was weak  
He didn't wake up and the mushroom man weeped  
Caused his planet to leak

Well he buried his friend and he buried his books  
He looked out to space and his head he shook  
As he looked out across the escape  
A sapling rose grew from the raven's grave  
From the raven's grave hope had sprung  
He knew then how it had been done  
As he tended to the raven's wing a seed of hope had grown withi  
n  
And now it grows for all to see and his planet is no longer jus  
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