

The ostrich and the egret
Had a very fine flat to let.
Figurine hutch, no the place wasn't much, but they
Got a peacock.
His belongings were meager but,
He was pretty, would bring good luck.
They would sing songs all around the piano and
Do the cakewalk.
He would say what he's gonna do.
He would say what he wanted to.
Ostrich and egret were filled with regret, but the
Rent's well worth him.
He felt things that they'd never felt.
Like the slap of a feather belt.
So till they sat by the fireplace silent.
A chill ran through them.
Ostrich and egret and peacock had very small dreams.
Picturing them just reminded them of calendar scenes.
Nobody's laughing when everyone's weeping, it seems.
So that's how we quit the forest.
The scene wasn't what it used to be.
The scene is never what it used to be.
So, that's how we quit the forest.
The scene wasn't what it used to be.
The scene is never what it used to be.
So, that's how we quit the forest.