

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

Sting

In the snow there
Stands a hurdy gurdy man,
With his frozen fingers
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He shuffles to and fro
And his empty plate
It only fills with snow.

No one wants to hear
His hurdy gurdy song,
Hungry dogs surround him
and before too long

He will fall asleep
And then before too long
He'll just let it happen,
Happen come what may.

Play his hurdy gurdy
'Till his dying day,

Watching you, old man,
I see myself in you.
One day I will play
This hurdy gurdy too.