

# 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.