

Maple Fudge

The Guess Who

Miss Fudge is only waiting for a man to come her way
she has been waiting 80 years for Mr. Maple but he doesn't know
that she is waiting too
it's nothing new

Mr. Maple gets up early every morning cooks his breakfast all a
lone the house is cold
He needs a woman's hand to comfort him in his reclining years
He overhears

The people on the street they pass him by and sort of snicker
In his younger years he should have been a little quicker
For in the hand of someone he could love but who's to judge
If he'll ever have a meeting with Miss Fudge

Miss Fudge's hopes were fading that a man would come her way
She had been darning no ones socks and when the years crept up
her misery
Just slowly pushed her on
And now she's gone

Mr Maple's life alone was just too much for him to bear
And in his heart he knew there'd never be someone to comfort hi
m at times he cried
And then he died

But everything is better now
They're both at last together
The question now is answered for all those who wondered whether
They each at last had found a friend and if they did misjudge
Their tombstones side by side read Maple Fudge