

The cabbages that I will grow
One by one and row by row
Will fatten in the spring sun
And breathe in the night air

You will hear them breathing
If you walk by at night
You may not hear them after all
But that's all right

I've set the table for two
I've cleaned the windows for you
I've got cinnamon from Jakarta
For making French toast
The doctor says that I've got
Thirty days left at most

The cabbages that I will grow
The love songs on the radio
Will deepen in the springtime
They'll be brighter than the stars