

# White Chrysanthemum

Van Dyke Parks

Somewhat overwhelmed by the enormous dimensions of her lovely breast  
The rector turned his face from Mother Nature back to God  
Therefore in the shadow of the valley we are truly truly blessed  
We now return our brother to the sod

Poor old Ned who worked the line six days a week  
Yes poor old Ned words come to mind you start to speak  
And when it's said the rain is falling you recall how  
Poor old Ned is surely dead

Then they brought him home to that old bosky dell  
He knew so very well  
And laid him down for succor simply in a box of southern pine  
This was past the oxbow of the river where we  
Used to fish a spell  
And wish that rising sun would ever shine

And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing crying time  
And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing crying time

Old Ned was a veteran and better than the best in forty-one  
When blue Hawaii glistened like a diamond lights the sun  
That said when the Nissan plant was built down by the run  
He knew his life had only just begun

Poor old Ned a child tugs on a tattered sleeve  
Yes poor old Ned and piled back in they start to leave  
And poor old Ned will bring into that night one white  
Chrysanthemum his kingdom come

And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing crying time  
And sing crying time and sing crying time and sing crying time