

Century Plant

Victoria Williams

Outside my house is a cactus plant
They call the century tree
Only once in a hundred years
It flowers gracefully
And you never know when it will bloom

Hey, do you want to come out
And play the game
It's never too late
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And play the game
It's never too late
Clementine Hunter was fifty-four before she packed up her pain
Old Uncle Taylor was eighty-one when he rode his bike
Across the plains of ChinaUh huh
And the sun was shining on that day
Just like today

Didn't know how to tell her for over thirty years
Kept locked up inside himself
No one saw the tears
Then she went away
And he woke up that day
So he went back to college at the age of sixty-three
Graduated with honors with an agriculture degree
And he joined up the Peace Corps at the age of sixty-nine
And he rode the grand rapids at the age of eighty-five
Now he brings roses to his sweetheart
She lives most anywhere
He sees someone suffering
He knows that despair
He offers them a rose
And some quiet prose
About dancing in a shimmering ballroom
Cause you never know when they will bloom