

BAGGINS

MERCIFUL IS BAGGINS' MIND, A SPOKEN TONE, A TURN IN KIND
AND FOOTSTEPS BUILDING INTO RHYMES, EYES THAT TWINKLE SHININ' CHIMES
ELUSIVE LOVE HAS CAST IT'S SPELL, FORGETFUL MONKS FORGOT TO TELL
HOW MARY FOUND HER WISHING WELL IN THE GARDEN WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL
FAIRY QUEENS WOULD DANCE AWAY, ROMANCE THE DAY IN QUIET PLAY
WHILE GUNS A HALF A WORLD AWAY ROARED IN HOARY LAUGHTER - NAY
AND I REMEMBER GENTLE SONGS, BUT DEATH IT BURNS LIKE OLD HONG KONG
AND BAGGINS' APPLES DON'T BELONG AND MARY TURNED FROM RIGHT TO WRONG
BAGGINS SADDLED UP AND RODE HIS TRUSTY STEED TO HER ABODE
AND FOUND HER CUP OF SORROW FLOWED, HER BROKEN PATH A TRAGIC ROAD
THEN HE TOOK UP MARY'S HAND AND LED HER BACK INTO THE LAND
AND LOOKING UP HER MADE DEMANDS TO SET HER FREE AS HE HAD PLANNED
GATHERED VULTURES, BIRDS OF PREY, ELUSIVE LOVE HAD FLOWN AWAY
WHEN HE TURNED TO MAKE HIS PLAY, WATCHFUL EYES TURNED HIS WAY
AND WOEFUL THUNDER RUMBLLED SO, AND MOUNTAINS SHAKEN, TUMBLED LOW
AND SPIRIT CREATURES FROM BELOW
WITH BAGGINS' BLOOD THEY STAINED THE SNOW.
IN GYPSY TOWN THEY WISH HER WELL, ELUSIVE LOVE HAS CAST HER SPELL
AND BAGGINS FOUND HIS WISHING WELL
IN THE GARDEN WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL
AND MERCIFUL IS MARY'S MIND, A SPOKEN TONE, A TURN IN KIND
FOOTSTEPS BUILDING INTO RHYMES, EYES THAT TWINKLE SHININ' CHIMES.

I'M ON MY WAY; I MUST FLAG THE LAST TRAIN DOWN
I'M ON MY WAY BUT I JUST CAN'T FIND NO OPEN GROUND
I'M ON MY WAY IN THE COTTONWOODS OF GYPSY TOWN
I'M ON MY WAY, LOOKS LIKE BAGGINS ROLLED AROUND
I'M ON MY WAY.

