

DEAR LITTLE FELLA

Words by Doug Berger, 10/81

Dear little fella when can we get it together?

Puttin' them sprouts into my mouth

Just ain't the same when you're far away.

Hour by hour on top of the tower.

The lake and the sky, did they both die?

Are we still the same, do you remember my name?

Why did you go to a place without snow?

Why did you go to Mexico?

And what if they burn the land and the plants,

What'll be left for me you and scamp?