

DAISY HILL

Daisy Hill, will you still take me back?
Got nothing to pack
Got no one to leave behind me
Who'd try to find me

Daisy Hill, had my fill of outside
Can't live on my pride
I've tried, but it's hard to swallow
I'm just a hollow show
Just paper-mache
This dog's had his day
I just wanna laze around all day
Like old Doc Tray, and be lazy
Gotta find a way back to...

Daisy Hill, what a thrill I'd be
To look up and see
Your wide open door
And greet each whippoorwill
Howdy!
Smell each daffodil
Purty!
That grow on Daisy Hill, once more