In the snow there Stands a hurdy gurdy man, With his frozen fingers Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He shuffles to and fro
And his empty plate
It only fills with snow.

No one wants to hear His hurdy gurdy song, Hungry dogs surround him and before too long

He will fall asleep And then before too long He'll just let it happen, Happen come what may.

Play his hurdy gurdy 'Till his dying day,

Watching you, old man, I see myself in you. One day I will play This hurdy gurdy too.