

Early in the morning on a farm far from the main road
Up before anyone else
I think I'll go for a walk out in the woods, not sure just where
Might go see if TC's there

The dew had not yet left the yard
Diamonds in the grass
A wealthy girl and all
Took all my good friends
[whistles] Here Booger, here Rex
Way across the field they come
Here they come, here they are

We go out in the woods
Way across the fields
And the birds sing it's morning in spring [bird calls]

And a hippo cloud passes overhead
Followed by a cat cloud with a ball of yarn in its paws
Around the final bend I see a trailer sitting there
[knocks on door] 'Miss Gibson, is TC here?'
'Well he's out back, honey' [runs out back]
TC is a memory
TC

In TC's younger days he played many a barhouse and roundhouse
All across the southland
He built some houses that people live in now, yes he did
TC fought in some wars
Did quite a few chores
Planted plenty of gardens
Raised kids, raised pigeons
In his toolshed that he's built out back
He's got his homemade heater and a Fridgedaire full of root beer
And a pool table sitting there

And his friends
These animals that come around
He feeds them at twilight
TC's got many a story to tell
With the dancing light in his eyes
He plays ukelele
'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine...'
'O my darling, O my darling, O my darling...'
TC

Now what would a man like TC do
With a million dreams
But them in a box, lock them up tight
And mark them 'Unimportant Things'

TC is a memory
TC