

Cuckoo

By Stephen M. Golden

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Little bird in the Cuckoo Clock,
doesn't see any reason to talk.
He just says Cuckoo.
Sings his song, he doesn't mind.
Always at the scheduled time.
He just says Cuckoo.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

Doesn't have any time to waste.
Does his job and retreats in haste.
Is he Cuckoo?
Is it a commentary on mankind,
or is it just his way of keeping time
when he says Cuckoo?

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

Busy people surry all around,
their little lives turning upside down.
Look to a day when they can smile,
no time to rest for a little while.
Spend all their lives to get ahead,
they can't enjoy it until they're dead.
Are they Cuckoo?

So many people with emotional fire
do silly things out of their desire.
Is it a crazy means?
Is that what it seems?
The happiness it brings!
Is it Cuckoo?

It's a shame when distance separates,
but sometimes, I just have to wait
For the Cuckoo to chime — Many times!
But I'll feel fine when I see you again.
Am I Cuckoo?