

The Cricket

Tom Smith

© 1975, 2008 Tom Smith, TomSmithMusic.com

Cricket you elude me
Though it's my house you grace
I hear you every evening
Around my fireplace
A piper of the hearth
Your music sounds so sweet
If only I could do the same
By the rubbing of my feet

Good luck is said to follow
To the houses that sound out
With nature's purest music
Of the crickets round about
So here's to our whole household
It's filled with love and cheer
And sure, I know the reason
It's this cricket that I hear

(Repeat first verse)
