

Cream, Doing That Scrappyard Thing

When I was young, they gave me a mongrel piano,
Spent all my time inventing the cup of tea.
Writing your name in the sea,
Banging my fav'rite head.

Missing the last bed, waving the cheery herring,
Balancing brass bands on the tip of my toe.
Phoning your home from a tree,
Drinking my fav'rite loch.

When I was old, they gave me a model factory;
I met three salads out on the motorway.
Leaving your name at the door,
Breaking my fav'rite egg.

Missing the walrus, sharing my last banana,
Balancing zeppelins on the end of my nose.
Calling your name in the zoo,
Blowing my fav'rite mind.