

# David Bowie, Come And Buy My Toys

Smiling girls and rosy boys  
Come and buy my little toys  
Monkeys made of gingerbread  
And sugar horses painted red  
Rich men's children running past  
Their fathers dressed in hose  
Golden hair and mud of many acres on their shoes  
Gazing eyes and running wild  
Past the stocks and over stiles  
Kiss the window merry child  
But come and buy my toys  
You've watched your father plough the field with a ram's horn  
Sowed it wide with peppercorn and furrowed with a bramble thorn  
Reaped it with a sharpened scyth, threshed it with a quill  
The miller told your father that he'd work it with the greatest will  
Now your watching's over you must play with girls and boys  
Leave the parsley on the stalls  
Come and buy my toys  
You shall own a cambric shirt  
You shall work your father's land  
But now you shall play in the market square  
Till you'll be a man  
Smiling girls and rosy boys  
Come and buy my little toys  
Monkeys made of gingerbread  
And sugar horses painted red