

Aphrodite's Child, Mister Thomas

A friend who's got daisies in his pocket

Mr. Thomas owns a red bike
And his heart flies like a kite
He gives a coin to the children
Who play war with wooden guns

Mr. Thomas remains at home
When other people go to church
In his [chest above] the phone
Round [its edge] things always merge

Mr. Thomas gives in his newspapers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all can choose

My grand uncle when he sees him says
"He's crazy" and starts to grin
My little lady poor McKinball says:
"His head is made of straw"

Mr. Thomas gives in his newspapers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all can choose

I know there's one arms corps keeper
Is quite eager, do you know why?
All the blue birds from the river
On his top hat [gobble / come] and fly

Mr. Thomas gives in his newspapers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all can choose

I like to be the bounty clown
Who seems so glad in his watch
I would be always around him
So that I could walk his path

Mr. Thomas gives is his newspapers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all can choose