

# Ginga, Up A Creek

As we played hide and seek  
I hid too far down the creek

And as the owels call  
Spring turned to fall  
As long as im not found i wont leeeeeeeeeaaaaave

I've seen the gifts they will bring  
Wraped up and bound with a string

Sometimes they give sometimes they take  
And i just don't get my mistake

And as the children sing  
It turned to spring  
Ive still not been found so i wont leeeeeeeeeaaaaave