

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 leeeeeeeaaaaave

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 leeeeeeeaaaaave