

Meat Puppets, Melons Rising

Some come away with an armload of hay
One sails to market on her sea
Some like to say they'll do it yesterday
One starts his car without a key
Some come to play
And they throw it all away
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Some cut the trees and stack them in the sand
One shoots up into the sky
Some do what they please
The world's at their command
Some come to nothing by and by
Some come to play
And they throw it all away
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Love our children forever
Love our children forever