

Nancy Sinatra, See The Little Children

See the little children laugh and sing (laugh and sing)
Fantasy is such a common thing (common thing)
Love is why the flowers grow
Of all the red and blue
I wish they never had to know
Love can hurt them too

See the little children laugh and sing (laugh and sing)
See the little children running by (running by)
Happiness is dancing in each pie (in each pie)
And love is just a mountain tall
Where angels learn to sing
How could they know that angels fall
Before they grow their wings?

See the children running by (running by)...

See the little children on their way (on their way)
Give them kisses, candy and today (And today)
Tomorrow will be soon enough to know what we speak of
Tomorrow will be soon enough to know the hurt of love

See the children on their way...