

The Mamas & The Papas, Dancing Bear

I wouldn't want to be a chimney sweep,
all black from head to foot
from climbing in them chimneys
and cleaning out that soot

with a broom and ladder and nail
the darkened walls i scale
and far..and high..
I see a patch of sky

I'd rather be the gypsy
who's camped at the edge of town
the one who has the dancing bear
that follows him around

and he lifts his big foot up
puts his big foot down
then bows..then twirls..
then dances round and round

i found i was a cabin boy
last night as i did dream
bound aboard a magic ship
for a land i'd never seen

and the moon she filled our sails
and the stars they steered our course
and on..our bow..
there was a golden horse

the queen eats fruit and candy
the bishop nuts and cheese
and when i am a grown man
i'll taste just what i please

the honey from the bee
the shellfish from the sea
the earth, the wind, a girl
someone to share these things with me

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