

# 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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