

White Plains, When You Are A King

Parting in your hair, it's hardly ever there
Wash your face
Shabby in your dress, always look a mess
Don't you care?
Mummy's there to see you always look your best
Change your dirty vest

When you grow to be a king
Never do a thing
Four and twenty blackbirds sing along
Royal gifts they all will bring
When you are a king
Everywhere you go, people bowing low
Carriages to take you anywhere
Feet won't ever touch a thing
When you are a king

Tore your shirt again, fighting in the rain
With what's-his-name
Shoe-black on your face, you're really a disgrace
Mummy smiles and all the while
Because she loves you
She will worry so
And if you're good you know

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