

Half my summary, half my sense
Took a whole lot of money aid, said it was defense
A man with the grin, smiled at me
A tip of his hat, threatened to let go of me
He made it all go down, took off my coat
But I bid him, for good
It was here I'd lock the load
Denied for all his own

Little baby,
Rattle sharp candy
And I wanna stick around
What the world needs now,
Wings and the know-how
Greet him with a grin
This little fatherless, sings in a modernly
Until you're old
With a synonym we let it all begin again
Far away