

## Mister Thomas

Aphrodite's Child

A friend who's got daisies in his pocket

Mr. Thomas owns a red bike  
And his heart flies like a kite  
He gives a coin to the children,  
Who play war with wooden guns

Mr. Thomas remains at home  
When other people go to church  
In his dust booked the phone  
Round his things she'd always merge

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers  
But to me good news  
When the hills do glitter the river  
Where all jinns can choose

My grand uncle when he sees him says:  
"He's crazy"... and starts to grin  
My lil' lady Prue Mc Kinball... says:  
"His head is made of straw"

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers  
But to me good news  
When the hills do glitter the river  
Where all jinns can choose

I know there's one arms corps keeper  
Is quite eager, do you know why?  
All the blue birds from the river  
On his top hat gobble and fly

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers  
But to me good news  
When the hills do glitter the river  
Where all jinns can choose

I like to be the bounty clown  
Who seems so glad in his watch  
I would be always around  
Him so I could walk his path

Mr. Thomas gives is his papers  
But to me good news  
When the hills do glitter the river  
Where all jinns can choose