

Come And Buy My Toys

David Bowie

Smiling girls and rosy boys
Come and buy my little toys
Monkeys made of gingerbread
And sugar horses painted red

Rich men's children running past
Their fathers dressed in hose
Golden hair and mud of many acres on their shoes
Gazing eyes and running wild
Past the stocks and over stiles
Kiss the window merry child
But come and buy my toys

You've watched your father plough the fields with a ram's horn
Sowed it wide with peppercorn and furrowed with a bramble thorn
Reaped it with a sharpened scyth, thrashed it with a quill
The miller told your father that he'd work it with the greatest
will
Now your watching's over you must play with girls and boys
Leave the parsley on the stalls
Come and buy my toys

You shall own a cambric shirt
You shall work your father's land
But now you shall play in the market square
Till you'll be a man

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