

## Ye Olde Toffee Shoppe

The Hollies

I press my nose against the pane  
Of the little toffee shop  
Day after day I save my pennies  
To spend at the toffee shop

Come Saturday morn at nine o'clock  
I stand on the cold stone street  
A penny every day that I have saved  
To buy myself some sweets

The nice little lady old and grey  
With glasses and shawl  
Gives love away to good little boys  
Who do as they are told

She's always telling stories  
Of her childhood days  
She couldn't buy the things that I can  
For families in those days

Imagine the sweets that I can buy  
With six pennies of my own  
I always take my time to choose  
The sweets that I'll be taking home

Gobstoppers in my pockets  
Brown sugar in my hand  
Lollies you suck that last all day  
And sugar that looks like sand