

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