

Happiness Stan

Small Faces

Are you all seated comfly-bold,
two-square on your botty?
Then I'll begin....

Once upon a time in the land of greens,
Where the sky was silky soft
and full of coloured dreams.
Deep inside a rainbow lived Happiness Stan,
in a small Victoriana charabanc.

Evening will be here quite soon,
Stan can sit and watch the moon.
Watching as the white light,
slowly makes the night bright,
Hours slipping by while time stands still.

Think of black and black will think for you,
It's covered Stan in bruises, of the darkness that he knew,
For black has stolen half the moon away.