Toymaker

The Association

She's a toymaker, an attic child Scarcely here in years Star gazer, window style Passes her days, in magical ways

Picture book, pippin took
Taking a look
Wonderful waterpaint, rainy secretive saint

Toymaker, and when she makes her way And straightens up your day You know that you could love her You know that you could

Don't wake her, see her nightime Smile, softly it appears Do take her, to wile away You're wilin' the days, in magical ways

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She's a toymaker, and when she makes her way And straightens up your day You know that you could love her You know that you could