

Processions

The Family

A small boy, bucket in hand
Building castles in the sand
Thinking of his life that lies ahead
An engine driver, sailor, why not a king
Of the sand castle as the gypsy woman said
Taking a ride on a dinkie rail
A green engine that's old
Could be a royal procession through
Big city streets
Waving to the crowds from a sand carpet of gold
Shaking hands of the V.I.P.'s one meets
Sailing a toyboat in a rockpool
Thinking that it could be
The Queen Mary, passing the Cape Horn tip
Something majestic, sailing world wide seas
Attention please, I'm the captain of the ship
After all these thoughts and more
The boy returned to find
That the sandcastles had been washed into the sea
Head in hands, eyes full of tears
And a mixed up mind
The gypsy woman can't foresee the years