

Dancing Bear

The Mamas and the Papas

I wouldn't want to be a chimney sweep
All black from head to foot
From climbing in them chimneys
And cleaning out that soot.
With a broom and ladder and pail,
The darkened walls I scale -
And far..and high...I see a patch of sky.

I'd rather be the gypsy
(I'd rather be the gypsy)
Whose camped at the edge of town -
(Camped at the edge of town)
The one who has the dancing bear
That follows him around.
And he lifts his big foot up;
He puts his big foot down
And bows...and twirls...
And dances 'round and 'round.

I found I was a cabin boy last night as I did dream -
Bound upon a magic ship for a land I'd never seen.
And the moon she filled our sails;
And the stars they steered our course;
And on our bow there was a golden horse.

The queen eats fruit and candy; the bishop nuts and cheese
And when I am a grown man, I'll taste just what I please -
The honey from the bee, the shellfish from the sea,
The earth, the wind, a girl, someone to share these things with
me.

I wouldn't want to be a chimney sweep, etc...
(I'd rather be the gypsy, etc...)
(I dreamed I was a cabin boy, etc...)