

# Then Came the Children

[Jerry Jeff Walker](#)

Come gather around me friends  
I'll tell you about a minstrel band  
Of children in their witches hats  
Painting pictures with pipes of panA young boy and his sister  
Played upon a whistle made of tin  
And led me through the open fields  
[Incomprehensible]In my dizzy stupor, I was  
Trying to forfeit all that I'd known  
Listen to that French Horn music  
Swirl it's magic, all it's ownOut along the highways  
Journeyed far for that mystic smile  
Chasing down identities  
My God, we must have run a million milesStill we teach the children nothing  
Nothing but survival in this desert bare  
They can teach us how to laugh  
How to love and tie bright ribbons in our hairSo play for us, you children  
Ring the bells and rhyme, the purples and blues  
Think of us as fighting fools  
Who somehow stumbled through this life loving youLet's sing children, sing  
Rhyme all the purples, greens and blues  
Oh, I'll think back over  
How we weathered through the seasons loving you[Incomprehensible] child , got his home  
He's got a home

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