

# Spanish Harlem

## The Mamas & 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

Songwriters

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