See the Little Children

Nancy Sinatra

See the little children laugh and sing, laugh and sing
Fantasy is such a common thing, common thingLove is why the flowers grow
Of all the red and blue
I wish they never had to know
Love can hurt them tooSee the little children laugh and sing, laugh and sing
See the little children running by, running by
Happiness is dancing in each pie, in each eyeLove is just a mountain tall
Where angels learn to sing
How could they know that angels fall
Before they grow their wings?See the children running by, running bySee the little children on their way, on their way
Give them kisses, candy and today, and todayTomorrow will be soon enough to know what we speak of
Tomorrow will be soon enough to know the hurt of loveSee the children on their way

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