

# Processions

## 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

Songwriters

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