

# Witches Hat

## The Incredible String Band

Certainly, the children have seen them,  
In quiet places where the moss grows green.  
Colored, shells, jangle, together,  
The wind is cold, the year is old  
The trees whisper together,  
and bend in the wind, they lean...

La la la la la, la la la, la la la...

Oh, next week a monkey is coming to stay,

Mmmm, mmm, mmm,

If I was a witches hat,  
Sitting on her head like a paraffin stove,  
I'd fly away and be a bat,  
'Cross the air, I would rove

Step-ping like a tight-rope wal-ker  
Put-ting one foot af-ter ano-ther  
Wearing black cherries for rings

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