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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