

The Mixed Up Kind

Trader Horne

Well, my grandfather spoke to me
And told me of his fears
And he smashed my tin soldiers
His eyes were full of tears Well, a river flew down my face
And ran across the floor
And the people who jumped over it
Were washed up on the floor Oh, the mixed up kind
Oh, the mixed up kind
The mixed up kind
The mixed up kind Well, the stars fell like dust
And everybody died
And the sky shed a million tears
And everybody cried Well, the singer sang his song
That had one word
And the runner came in far too late
From running 'round the world Oh, the mixed up kind
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