Spanish Harlem

The Mamas & The Papas

I wouldn't want to be a chimney sweep
All black from head to foot
From climbing in them chimneys
And cleaning out that soot
With a broom and ladder and pail
The darkened walls I scale
And far and high I see a patch of skyI'd rather be the gypsy
(I'd rather be the gypsy)
Whose camped at the edge of town
(Camped at the edge of town)
The one who has the dancing bear
That follows him around
And he lifts his big foot up
He puts his big foot down
And bows and twirls
And dances 'round and 'roundI found I was a cabin boy
Last night as I did dream
Bound upon a magic ship
For a land I'd never seen
And the moon she filled our sails
And the stars they steered out course
And on our bow there was a golden horseThe queen eats fruit and candy
The bishop nuts and cheese
And when I am a grown man
I'll taste just what I please
The honey from the bee
The shellfish from the sea
The earth, the wind, a girl
Someone to share these things with me

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