

Mister Thomas

Aphrodite's Child

A friend who's got daisies in his pocket

Mr. Thomas owns a red bike
And his heart flies like a kite
He gives a coin to the children,
Who play war with wooden guns

Mr. Thomas remains at home
When other people go to church
In his dust booked the phone
Round his things she'd always merge

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all jinns can choose

My grand uncle when he sees him says:
"He's crazy"... and starts to grin
My lil' lady Prue Mc Kinball... says:
"His head is made of straw"

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all jinns can choose

I know there's one arms corps keeper
Is quite eager, do you know why?
All the blue birds from the river
On his top hat gobble and fly

Mr. Thomas gives in his papers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all jinns can choose

I like to be the bounty clown
Who seems so glad in his watch
I would be always around
Him so I could walk his path

Mr. Thomas gives is his papers
But to me good news
When the hills do glitter the river
Where all jinns can choose