

Little Children

Brian Wilson

On a monday mornin' you see 'em all there
Little children they're marching along
On a sunny mountain without any cares
Little children they're marching along

Marching along, siging a song
Making rhythm and rhyme
It used to be somthing to see
They don't keep track of the time

If the rain comes down
They put on their coats
Little children they're marching along
If it gets too floody
They get in their boats
Little children they're marching along

Marching along, siging a song
Making rhythm and rhyme
It used to be somthing to see
They don't keep track of the time

Poor little wendy she's too scared to speak
Little children they're marching along
And look at little carnie with dirt on her cheek
Little children they're marching along
It's three fifteen it's time to go home
Little children they're marching along
You can't kiss no one until you get home
Little children they're marching along
Marching along
Marching along
Marching along
Marching along
Marching along
Marching along
Marching along