My mother would tell me
Better stay in line
You gotta look for the magic
If there's a way there comes a time

My dad used to tell me You gotta work real hard Keep it straight and simple From the head, then the heart

If you'd ask my brother I know what he'd say Let the children play

It's not where we're coming from
It's how we turn from here
We know where we want to go
We just need a line to get us there

My sister would show me
To land on your feet
You gotta suffer fools
Before you get the life and need

So God would you tell me Is there another way? Let the children play

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