

Ye Olde Toffee Shoppe

The Hollies

I press my nose against the pane
Of the little toffee shop
Day after day I save my pennies
To spend at the toffee shop

Come Saturday morn at nine o'clock
I stand on the cold stone street
A penny every day that I have saved
To buy myself some sweets

The nice little lady old and grey
With glasses and shawl
Gives love away to good little boys
Who do as they are told

She's always telling stories
Of her childhood days
She couldn't buy the things that I can
For families in those days

Imagine the sweets that I can buy
With six pennies of my own
I always take my time to choose
The sweets that I'll be taking home

Gobstoppers in my pockets
Brown sugar in my hand
Lollies you suck that last all day
And sugar that looks like sand