

Don Mclean

"Pretty Paper"

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Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue
Wrap your presents to your darling so true
Pretty pencils to write, I love you
Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue

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Crowded street, busy feet, hustle by him
Downtown shoppers, Christmas is nigh
There he sits all alone on the sidewalk
Hoping you won't pass him by

Should you stop? You better not, you're much too busy
You're in a hurry, how time does fly
And in the distance the ringing of laughter
And in the midst of the laughter he cries

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