

Jerry Jeff Walker **"Then Came The Children"**

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Paul Siebel

Well come gather around me friends of mine,
While I sing to you about a minstrel band
Of children in their witches hats,
Painting pictures with the pipes of pan
How a young boy and his sister played some tunes
Upon a whistle made of tin
And led me through the flower gardens,
Laughing at the postman's stubby chin
And in my dizzy stupor,
I was trying to forfeit all I'd known
And listen to that music that could swirl me in a magic
all it's own

But somewhere in the distance,
You and I, we fought our monsters to a draw
It was in those days of books and wine,
With Ferlin Getty grasping for a straw
And out along the highways,
We journeyed far to find that mystic smile
Chasing down identities,
My God we must have run a million miles

So we can teach the children,
Nothing, nothing but survival in the desert bare
They can teach us how to laugh,
How to love and tie bright ribbons in our hair
So sing for us you children,
Tinkle bells and rhyme the purple, greens and blues
Think of us as fighting fools,
Who wintered through our seasons loving you

Think of us as fighting fools,
Who wintered through our seasons loving you
Cause you can teach us how to laugh,
How to love and tie bright ribbons in our hair

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