

Val Doonican

"Mysterious People"

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Children are people who live in a land
Made of raindrops and puddles and pebbles and
streams
Silently watching a twig as it sails
On a clear crystal pool to an island of dreams

There go a pair who have just built a city of mud
And it's real
They know that mud doesn't look very pretty
But ooh, how it feels

This little boy greets the snow with a smile
That little girl has discovered an isle made out of
pillows
One little fellow is friends with the wind in the willows
All of them children and all are mysterious people

I can remember when I was a boy
That my bed was a ship that I sailed through the night
And I remember the world as a place
That was eager and loving and shiny and bright

Where is the boy who was friends with the rainbow
And once rode upon
Where is that shy and mysterious person
Oh where have I gone

I can remember I once said my prayers
But now I stand by while my children say theirs
Watching them kneeling
And I could cry that one day they'll forget
All that they're feeling
Oh, what a shame that our children should grow into
peo...ple

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