

Skip Along Sam

Bobbie Gentry

Come run, jump, skip along, Sam
A very happy good mornin' man
I know you're well and you're doin' fine
It kind of puts at rest my mind

How's your brush and your lady fair?
And not to mention your stain glass stair?
Flower pot on the window sill
On the top of Honeycomb Hill

Have you found the secret door
To let you down to the Earth's sweet core?
You'll be back in time for tea
With a diamond to show to me

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