

Where's The Playground, Johnny

Bobbie Gentry

The end has come and found us here
With our toys scattered all around us here
The puzzle that we never found an answer for
Still asks us, darlin', just what all the games were for

And here we stand in a box of sand
Where's the playground, Johnny?
You're the one who's supposed to know his way around
Where's the playground, Johnny?

If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around
The carousel has stopped us here
It twirled a time or two and then it dropped us here

And still you're not content with something about me
But what merry-go-round can you ride without me

To take your hand, how would you stand?
Where's the playground, Johnny?
If I decide to let you go and play around
Where's the playground, Johnny?

If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around
Where's the playground, Johnny?
You're the one who's supposed to know his way around

Where's the playground, Johnny?