

Pauper's Daughter and I

Can

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

New Year's Eve, the boy downtown
To see the pauper's daughter,
Half past six the date was fixed,
The gate to raven I call him.
Knew the score, there was no door,
But sweet light shone from the ceiling.
She was dressed in blue, a family friend,
Calling red, they were singing,
Singing, singing, woah.

I played a tune from room to room
Holding hands like a children's tune,
There was no charming, no waiting no tears,
Pauper's teaching like a son, like feel.
Looking back, no rumours,
Memory lingering on and on, on and on,
They would sing it,
They would sing it,
Woah, yeah, yeah.

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The gate to raven I call him.
Knew the score, there was no door,
But sweet light shone from the ceiling.
She was dressed in blue, a family friend,
Calling red, they were singing, woah,
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