

Toymaker

The Association

She's a toymaker, an attic child
Scarcely here in years
Star gazer, window style
Passes her days, in magical ways

Picture book, pippin took
Taking a look
Wonderful waterpaint, rainy secretive saint

Toymaker, and when she makes her way
And straightens up your day
You know that you could love her
You know that you could

Don't wake her, see her nighttime
Smile, softly it appears
Do take her, to wile away
You're wilin' the days, in magical ways

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She's a toymaker, and when she makes her way
And straightens up your day
You know that you could love her
You know that you could