

Pedaling his home streets In a playland dream Reveling to make complete Imaginary scenes

In rough and tumble spars with friends came realities Awakening to the tough

It was such a lesson

Still in his heart an arbor grew Harb'ring where his joy and pleasure was undisturbed There in the Iullaby could be heard And in the melody beyond measure For evermore

He sings the lullaby For his little boy Closing his eyes he sounds Like his mother's voice

So lives the lullaby of the little boy

Long live the lullaby of the little boy

And his boy... and his boy

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