

Poor Little Boy from Walnut Street

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Five years old...
there he sat on Walnut Street...
all dressed up in his little sailor suit.
His little blond curls combed so neat...
ready to go in the hot summer heat.

Waiting, waiting to be picked up...
By someone, anyone...who might care.
But no one came and no one cared...
No one to meet the poor little boy
On Walnut Street.

Now there he sat, all dressed up on Walnut Street...
So small, so sad, so sweet...
With his little blonde curls combed so neat.

Only five years old, but oh ...
He knew, he was just a little throw-away boy...
who lives on Walnut Street.

Just like a poor little throw-away toy...
that's quit giving love and joy...
just a poor little throw-away toy...

Oh, how small, how sad, how sweet...
The poor little boy on Walnut Street...
Sitting there weeping...in the summer heat...
so small, so sad, so sweet.