

## *The Marvelous Toy (Tom Paxton)*

D A7 D A7

D A7 D A7  
When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy

G D E7 A7  
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy

D A7 D G  
A wonder to behold it was, with many colors bright

D E7 A7  
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight

D A7  
It went "zip" when it moved, and "bop" when it stopped

D G  
And "whirr" when it stood still

D A7 D  
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will

D A7 D A7  
The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise

G D E7 A7  
For right on the bottom were two big buttons that looked like big green eyes

D A7 D G  
I first pushed one and then the other and then I twisted it's lid

D E7 A7  
And when I set it down again, here is what it did

D A7  
It went "zip" when it moved, and "bop" when it stopped

D G  
And "whirr" when it stood still

D A7 D  
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will

D A7 D A7  
It first marched left and then marched right and then marched under a chair  
G D E7 A7  
And when I looked where it had gone it wasn't even there  
D A7 D G  
I started to cry and my daddy laughed for he knew that I would find  
D E7 A7  
When I turned around, my marvelous toy was chuggin' up from behind

D A7  
It went "zip" when it moved, and "bop" when it stopped  
D G  
And "whirr" when it stood still  
D A7 D  
I never knew just what it was and I guess I never will

(slowly)

D A7 D A7  
Well the years have gone by too quickly it seems, and I have my own little boy  
G D E7 A7  
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy

(return to previous tempo)

D A7 D G  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head, and he gave a squeal of glee  
D E7 A7  
Neither one of us knows just what it is but he loves it just like me

D A7  
It still went "zip" when it moved, and "bop" when it stopped  
D G  
And "whirr" when it stood still  
D A7 D  
We never knew just what it was and I guess we never will

D A7 D  
I never knew just what it was and I guess I . . . never . . . will