

Smile, Polar Bear

In the bright shop window sits the polar bear
Makes the children's eyes light up to see him there
Amongst the tinsel he gives everyone a smile
To see him and he'll be a star
Love him from where you are
He's not for, not for, not for sale
Past an open window walks the pretty girl
Does she see me at her feet its hard to tell
But if I ask her she might turn her smile away
To see him and he'll be a star
Love her from where you are
I guess I'll learn to look
Without addressing her
Minor contentment wears a smile
I love her from where I lie