

Persnickety Elves

Lyrics by Barbara Leeds, Music by Charles Davis

We build fine toys, the finest in the land.
Traditional toys; we make 'em all by hand.
We're picky; we're particular; perfection is our goal
Here in our workshop at the North Pole.

With Grampa's tools, rememb'ring his advice,
We cut just once after measuring twice.
Then sand and glue and carefully align.
Then polish polish polish to a shine.

With meticulous care we do it all ourselves.
It's a fitting occupation for persnickety elves.
We are proud of our product; we give it our soul
Here in our workshop at the North Pole.

But the world's moved on; it's a brand-new age.
Digitalization: that is all the rage.
The kids are wired, the kids of today.
It must be electronic. Then they wanna play.

Must be electronic, must be ergonomic,
Must be supersonic to amuse these kids.
Digital creation, add some animation,
Mucho stimulation to amuse these kids.

To keep kids happy, we are doing our part,
Learning new skills that are state of the art,
Buckling down with today's techniques,
Got some tutors for computers. Now we're first-class geeks!

With meticulous care we do it all ourselves.
It's a fitting occupation for persnickety elves.
We are proud of our product; we give it our soul
And now you're really with it.
Here in our workshop
Your very modern workshop
Here in our workshop
Here in your workshop
at the North Pole.

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