

Puff the Magic Dragon - Puff's version

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by Leonard Lipton and Peter Yarrow (Peter, Paul and Mary, 1963)

Thanks for this (Puff's) version to Andy and Dave Stott

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called hona-lee,
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff,
And bought him strings and sealing wax and
Other fancy stuff. Oh!

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a Land called HonahLee,
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a Land called hona-lee.

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,
Jackie kept a look out perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
Noble kings and princes would bow when e're they came,
Pirate ships would low'r their flag when
Puff roared out his name. Oh!

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a Land called hona-lee,
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a Land called hona-lee.

A Dragon lives for ever but not so little boys.
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys,
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more. And
Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
And betrayal by his so-called friend at first gave Puff real pain,
Suddenly he realised, he didn't need the kid -
Who wants a millstone round their neck?
Much better to be rid!

It was time he did things his way, time to change his life,
Time to cause some mayhem and bring folks lots of strife,
So he went on the rampage, and did what dragons do,
Causing terror, stealing gold, and breathing fire too.

Puff roasted many victims in that land of Hona-lee,
Harry Potter was the first, and then Hermio-ne,
But even through his laughter Puff started to be sad,
'Cos till Jackie Paper was burnt toast,
he knew he'd still feel bad.

It took ten years to find him, playing with his new toys,
Sur-rounded by his family of lots of girls and boys,
Puff barbequed the lot of them, some rare and some well done,
He just could not re-mem-ber when he'd had so much fun!

Then Puff the magic dragon re-turned to the sea,
And frolicked in the autumn mist in that land called Hona-lee,
Now if ever you do meet him and de-cide to be his friend,
If I were you I'd stay real true and a-void a fiery end!

Now don't you look at me like that, as if I've broke your heart,
It isn't really my fault if your dream's fallen a-part,
And it isn't Puff's fault either, he's really not to blame,
Re-mem-ber he's a dragon – the clue is in his name!

So Puff the magic dragon now lives by the sea.
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Hona-lee,
Yes Puff the magic dragon, still lives by the sea,
And frolicks in the autumn mist in a land called Hona-lee!