

I Dread Not

I dread not to tell you, so tell you I will
That being a baby's not always a thrill
You're down on the ground while they're up on their feet
They think you're so cute, they say, isn't he sweet

Pick me up, up, up, pick me up!

Well, when I was tiny and inside my Mom
I swam and I tumbled 'til the months they had gone
I swam and I floated, I was never put down
I logged many miles with nary a frown

Well, then I was a newborn and I'll tell you a fact
That when I was hungry there was milk right on tap
And when I was tired, or cranky, or wet
My parents came running to help me, you bet!

Well, all through my infancy, we'd go on trips
They'd strap me in the car seat with songs on their lips
We'd drive and we'd drive and we'd drive everywhere
To relatives, concerts, and god knows who cares

Well when you are crawling, you're friends with the ground
There's all kinds of interesting finds to be found
Ants, dustballs, wood splinters, moldy chunks of old cheese
All types and conditions of assorted debris

Well, now I am crawling and I like to stand
And sometimes my parents lend a steadying hand
But the view's so much better if you're riding up high
And if you'll just lift me, I'll tell you just why

So aunts and grandparents and uncles and friends
I fear that this sad song has come to an end
If you see a baby that's down on its knees
Go pick her up quickly, oh lift him up please

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