

The Royal Bloke

As I was living here in this house
I hadn't been born months but about three
When I looked outside and I saw the snow so deep
I looked at myself and I noticed my feet

Haul down my diapers, my loving parents
Haul down my diapers and wash them clean
Then hang them all on the rack by the stove to dry
For in poopy diapers I'll never be seen

My mama being a most valiant mom
And a well-bespoken woman is she
Let it never be said that I lacked for milk, oh no
She makes the most and the best for me

I like to rise before six in the morning
And go well past the setting of the sun
I take a couple of tiny little really short naps
But mostly I'm awake and I want to be with someone

I've been to Maine and I've been to town
I've steamed to the Island on a big ferry
I've looked at snakes, frogs, toads and geese and ducks
And a great many people have held me already

The thing I hate most is the car seat
Sometimes I frown, sometimes I cry
If anyone ever tries to strap you in one
You can tell them, "No way, man," and then say goodbye

I like to laugh and smile and I love to talk
I save the biggest words for John
We like to snuggle, he gives me kisses and huggles
And he says he loves me, his darling son

If anyone, then, should of me enquire
As to mine and my gallant parents' names
Someday our stories in songs we'll tell
But until then you'll just have to guess the same

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