Treehouse

This Is the Kit

Oh and what a tale
The tallness of a tree
And what a pair of ears
And what a set of teeth

You were warm and resting
You were lying still
And I was placing out the bones along
The big bay windowsill
Sun will come and dry them
Give them watering
And then we'll hang them up and in the drive
Singing in the wind

Back to bed and pages
And tucking ourselves in
Window opens slow outside
Making our bones sing

Oh and what a tale
The tallness of a tree
And what a set of whiskers
And what a set of teeth

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