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## Incrave "Witches Hat"

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Certainly the children have seen them In quiet places where the moss grows green

Coloured shells jangle together
The wind is cold the year is old the trees whisper
together
And bend in the wind they lean

Next week a monkey is coming to stay

If I was a witches hat Sitting on her head like a paraffin stove I'd fly away and be a bat Across the air I would rove

Stepping like a tightrope walker Putting one foot after another Wearing black cherries for rings

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