

## Murmurs

### "H.R. Pufnstuf"

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H.R. Pufnstuf, who's your friend when things get rough?  
H.R. Pufnstuf, can't do a little, 'cause you can't do  
enough

Once upon a summertime  
Just a dream from yesterday  
A boy and his magic golden flute  
Heard a boat from off the bay  
"Come and play with me, Jimmy  
Come and play with me  
And I will take you on a trip  
Far across the sea"

But the boat belonged to a kooky old witch  
Who had in mind the flute to snatch  
From her Vroom Broom in the sky  
She watched her plans materialize  
She waved her wand  
The beautiful boat was gone  
The sky grew dark  
The sea grew rough  
The boat sailed on and on and on and on

But Pufnstuf was watching, too  
And knew exactly what to do  
He saw the witch's boat attack  
And how the boy was fighting back  
He called his Rescue Racer Crew  
As often they'd rehearsed  
And off to save the boy they flew  
But who would get there first?

But now the boy had washed ashore  
Puf arrived to save the day  
Which made the witch so mad and sore  
She shook her fist and screamed away

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