

## Emma's Imagination

### "Puddy Muddle"

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There's a fog in my face  
Hasn't lifted for days  
And I'm finding it hard to see  
Got places to go, I'm goin' so slow  
I can barely move my feet

Strange, strange days  
Walking around in a haze  
So I'm gonna stop-stop, stop-stop  
Stop what I'm doin'  
Then drop-drop, drop-drop  
Drop to the floor  
And I'll rest there  
Till I'm ready to go

You'd be surprised  
If you saw through my eyes  
If only just for one day  
The waters are muddy  
The hills are all foggy  
You have a hard time finding your way

Strange, strange days  
Walking around feeling crazy  
So I'm gonna stop-stop, stop-stop  
Stop what I'm doin'  
Then drop-drop, drop-drop  
Drop to the floor  
And I'll rest there  
Till I'm ready to go

I'm struggling to keep my eyes open  
All through the day, all through the day  
Wash me down, rinse me up  
And I hope I'll be OK

So I'm gonna stop-stop, stop-stop  
Stop what I'm doin'  
Then drop-drop, drop-drop  
Drop to the floor  
And I'll rest there

Till I'm ready to go

Why won't you stop-stop, stop-stop  
Stop what you're doin'  
And drop-drop, drop-drop  
Drop to the floor  
And I'll rock, rock,  
Rock you so tenderly  
Rock you so tenderly

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