

## **Roger Whittaker**

### **"Fairytale"**

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The first of the sunrays are cast on my home of pine  
needles  
As I wake to the sounds of the wood from my dandelion  
bed  
And I gaze through my small cobweb curtains, down  
through the arches  
That are made from the wings of the bees & the moths  
that are dead

Fairytale children are dancing like jewels in the  
morning  
Caterpillar skin boots & green velvet suits catch the sun  
The butterfly aeroplanes land on a runway of roses

And the policemen cockroaches are standing by  
watching the fun

I hear three bluebells ringing in a steeple of heather &  
roses  
I can hear them so clear as I glide by on dragonfly  
wings  
And the gamekeeper fairy who lives in a mushroom  
nearby  
Plays a lute made of pinewood & oak and plucks  
cottonwool strings

The last of the sunrays are leaving the floor of the  
wildwood  
As the phantom black beetle arrives on the wings of the  
bat  
The grasshopper coachmen are harnessing mice to my  
carriage  
And the four coachlight fireflies are put into place by  
the rat

Farewell to the appleseed pavements and moss  
covered roadways  
The tall mushroom castles, fairytale children and all  
I may never again chance to fly upon dragonfly wings  
Or wake where the morning sun shines on a pine  
needle wall

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