

Lads, The "Cactis Song"

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(CH)

There are five cacti on my window sill
And a bonsai tree, living happily - together
In any kind of weather, they get along

(V1)

At first I was surprised to see how they were faring
With all those shapes and sizes, you'd think there'd be
some staring
But they didn't seem to mind, that some were much too
tall
No condescending looks were cast at those who were
still small

(V2)

Won't catch these prickly friends of mine comparing
shades of green
Or having silly arguments about differences between
them
On the whole they're quite accepting, when all is said
and done
They're a group of individuals reaching out towards the
sun

They get along
Hannalau

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