

Traffic

"House for Everyone"

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My bed is made of candy floss
The house is made of cheese
It's lit by lots of glow worms
If I'm wrong, correct me please

The village is a pop-up book
The people, wooden dolls
The roads are made from treacle things
It's time that I moved on

My home is half a walnut shell
The journey will be long
So I filled the hole with peppermints
And creamy pink blanc-mange

I sailed away for fifteen days
It never once got dark
And came upon two large houses
Set out in a park

On the door of one was truth
On the other door was lies
Which one should I enter through?
I really must decide

Door marked lies had lots of flowers
Growing round outside
But looking close I noticed
It was crumbling inside

Door marked truth was very plain
But stood up very strong
And when I entered through its door
I knew I wasn't wrong

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