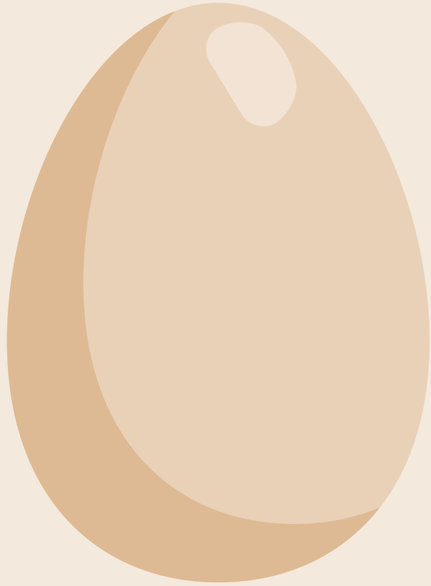
Seven Days

by Greg Bottrill

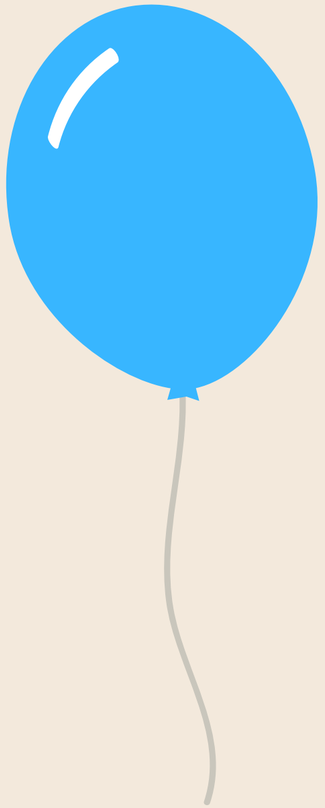
If you go out on Monday
Without your Custard Hat
You'll turn into a pickled egg
What do you think of that?!

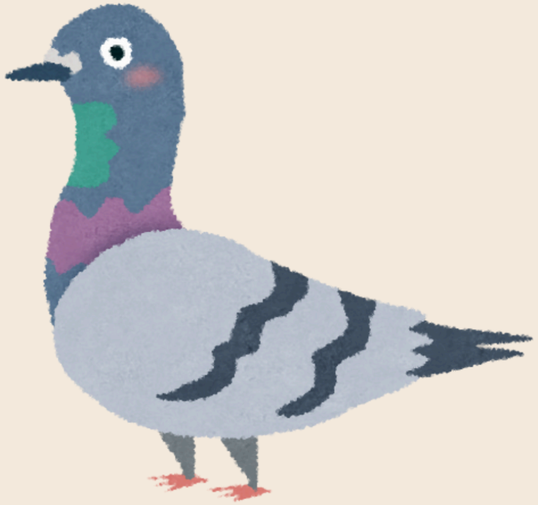


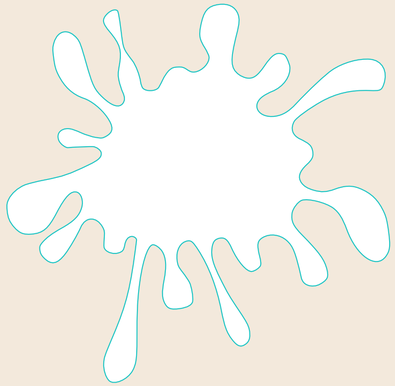
On Tuesday put on your wellies
Filled with mushy peas
Otherwise you'll find yourself
Turned into stinky cheese!

If you go out on Wednesday
Without your jam shoes on
You'll turn into a blue balloon
Then 'pop!' and you'll be gone!

Thursday needs you in a coat
Made of garlic bread
Cos if you don't then pigeon poo
Will land upon your head!



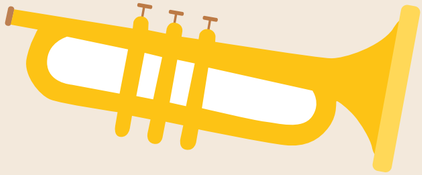




Friday wants you to put on
Your trousers made of wood
Any other trousers though
And things won't turn out good!

Saturday needs frozen chips
Balanced on your head
Otherwise you'll get no tea
And be sent off to bed!

On Sunday wear your best socks
Made from gingerbread
Then you can go fast as you can
Until your cheeks are red.



Days of the week, days of the week
They come, they're here, they go
So play a tiny trumpet, put gloves upon your feet
Then clap your hands seven times,
Go dancing down the street!!!

Monday, pickled egg
Tuesday, stinky cheese
Wednesday, pop pop pop
Thursday, pigeon plop
Friday, always wood
Saturday, chips - HURRAY!
Sunday, gingerbread
And that's the seven days!