

THE LITTLE FRIENDS IN BLUEBELL WOOD



Down the lane, left by the trees
Wait and listen and on the breeze
Tiny voices and giggling, a sneeze
The creatures who live here do as they please

They were once the animals in a country park
But the owners left when it was dark
So now they live wild and free
In Bluebell Wood not far from the sea

They love their lives in Bluebell Wood
Would you like to meet them if you could?
There's Terrance, Archie and Millie over there
And look there's Gracie the pale blue bear

And where are the tiger twins, Colin and Florry?
They'll be here somewhere don't you worry
We'd all like to live there if we could
Live with the little friends in Bluebell Wood

There is a secret you might have to keep
Don't tell anyone about Sid the naughty sheep
The noise he makes only stops when he sleeps
Bleat, bleat, bleat, bleat, bleat, bleat, bleat

Many have searched for them high and low
Film crews, the police would all love to know
So just make sure that nobody sees
When you go down the lane and left by the trees

There is a magic place I know
It's not very far we all can go
The trouble is it's hard to find
Some say it only exists inside our minds

For some it lies just beyond those trees
Be careful when you go there that nobody sees
You can shout and make lots of noise
Bring the drums, trumpets all the loudest toys

Sometimes when you go there you might want to rest
There's always some soft things to make a nest
Is it a bus ride, a short walk, a journey by car?
I've already said it's not very far

You have to imagine it in your head
Find shapes in the duvet on your bed
See pictures in the clouds in the sky
Ask and ask again, where is it and why?

