

The Carnival

By A. C. Zito

Soup?

My silly oof

The caravan has landed

Look at swilly sways

Come this ways

Look at the oodles of broccoli

Growing from trees nestled on Rock Jelly

Mr. Wallabi, Mr. Walliwoo

They say the carnival's today

Oh, joy!

Oh, yay!

The pickle apples come my way

Clowns made of fuffles

Give me twillies and twuffles

They sing of the queen

She swayith with swee

I swayith with swowe

But who know, who know

Feedle foppers callith my twoth

I treasure the speedle swoppers

I inherit the trifle troppers

So say, I say

Ms. Marian of Gay

She lightens my day

Oh, pilly-willy, doth

Pipper poppers the most

And carry it my way

The gay, happy tray

Piled on are the visses, they vay

All day, all day

They vay, and they quay

They vay, and they quay

But Ms. Marian of Gay

She say, yes, she do say

That the carnival's today

Oh, hooray

Oh, hooray

Count out the coddle twappers

Line up the spindle stoppers

Call in the parade

It's such a glorious day

Picture movies, they play

Announcing exciting news from Island Bay

Cob marchers

And willy swoppers

Poodle floffers

And fad starters

I like it

I lae

The carnival's today

Hip hip hooray

Hip hip hooray