

Muff The Tragic Wagon

Muff the Tragic Wagon, lived by the street
And rolled along the boulevard, through rain
and snow and sleet.

Little Tommy Pumpkin loved that wagon
Muff,
And rolled him home and filled him up,
With toys and other stuff.

Together they would travel along the
avenue
Tommy hanging out his leg would scuff his
Sunday shoe.
Taxi cabs and buses would honk as they
went past,
Tragic wagons never seem to need to stop
for gas

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With toys and other stuff.

Children live forever, but not so children's
Toys,
Wagons can't forever be a friend to little
Boys.
And one gray day it happened while Tommy
Took his nap,
A garbage truck ran over Muff and turned
Him into scrap.

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And snow and sleet.

Little Tommy Pumpkin loved that wagon
Muff,
And rolled him home and filled him up,
With toys and other stuff.

Little Tommy Pumpkin said just off the cuff,
There will never be another tragic wagon
Muff

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