

Hedgehog, The

What's this round and prickly thing?
Can it be a pincushin?

No! Pincushions never grow
In the fields where daisies blow

Oh! and now I see a nose
With four little tiny toes,

And as it opens in the sun
How those black beetles cut and run!

But see, it hears a barking dog
And rolls up safe, that poor hedgehog.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.