

Puddle (c) 2007 Hans Mayer & Frank Gosar

There's a tractor in my sandbox - There's a wagon in the grass
And there's trains and planes and race cars but I'm giving them a pass
"Cause I'm out here with my dump truck - And I'm scooping up a load

Of the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road
Of the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road!

There's a little sand and gravel - And there's water, dirt and rocks
And it's squelching in my sneakers - And soaking in my socks
And I didn't mean to track it in - My Mom will just explode

At the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road
At the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road!

My class goes out on nature walks - to look at birds and bees
Spending hours with the flowers - And the bushes and the trees
But I'd rather stop and watch - The hopping leopard frogs and toads

In the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road
In the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road!

Now April brings the showers - And August's dry as dust
In October fall the maple leaves - Of orange, red and rust
In December I go sledding - In the morning when it's snowed

On the icy frozen puddle in the middle of the road
Oh, the mud that's in the puddle in the middle of the road!