

Poem 1	you can make a camp
you can march all round our house	Stamp Stamp Stamp
You can hide in our house	stamp stamp stamp.

Poem 2	You can't take my nose away.
You say: Let me have your nose	Nose
And I say: But it's the only one I've got	I would like to use it today.

Poem 3	But I'm pretty sure he did.
Down behind the dustbin	He said he didn't know me,
I met a dog called Sid.	He did

Poem 3	Purple
Talking to one with blue on.	I saw a lady with red hair
When I looked	There was a purple stream
For the ladies again	Flowing down the drain.
The sun shone	The streets emptied
The people had gone...	And the rain ran