

My Grampa and I

My grampa and I
Are the bestest of chums.
We both run outside
When the ice cream man comes.
We even have long, kind of bendy-back thumbs,
My grampa
My grampa and I.

My grampa and I
Hunt for mushrooms and rocks
When we 'splore together.
And Dad says our socks
Are all smelly from walking in mud by the docks,
My grampa
My grampa and I.

My grampa and I
Like our fireworks loud
Search for men in the moon
And the moon through a cloud.
And when we do dishes, we do ourselves proud,
My grampa
My grampa and I.

My grampa and I
Have decided to be
Like two peas in a pod,
Like a lock and a key.
And I'll always love him and he'll always love me,
My grampa
My grampa and I.

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