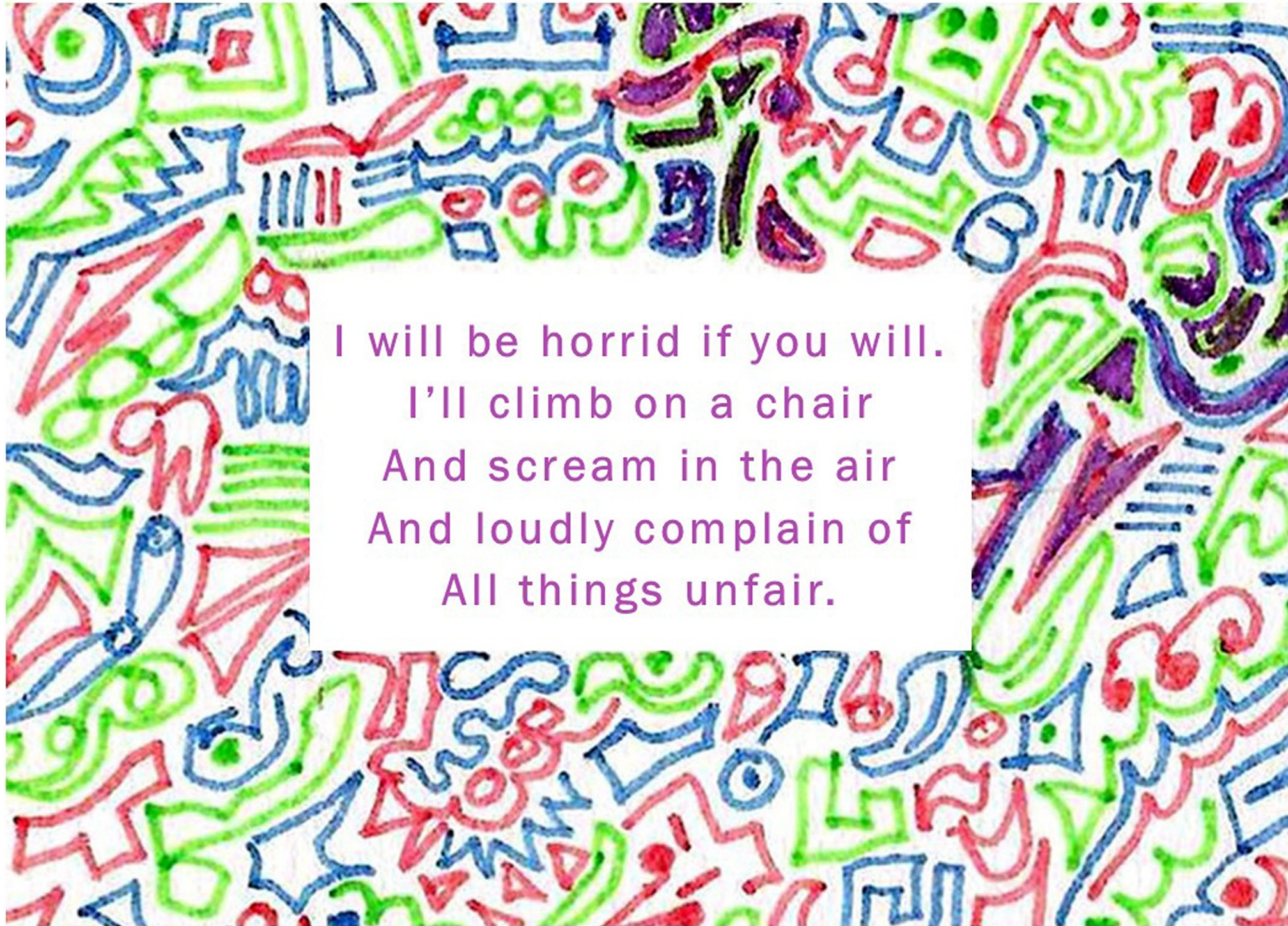
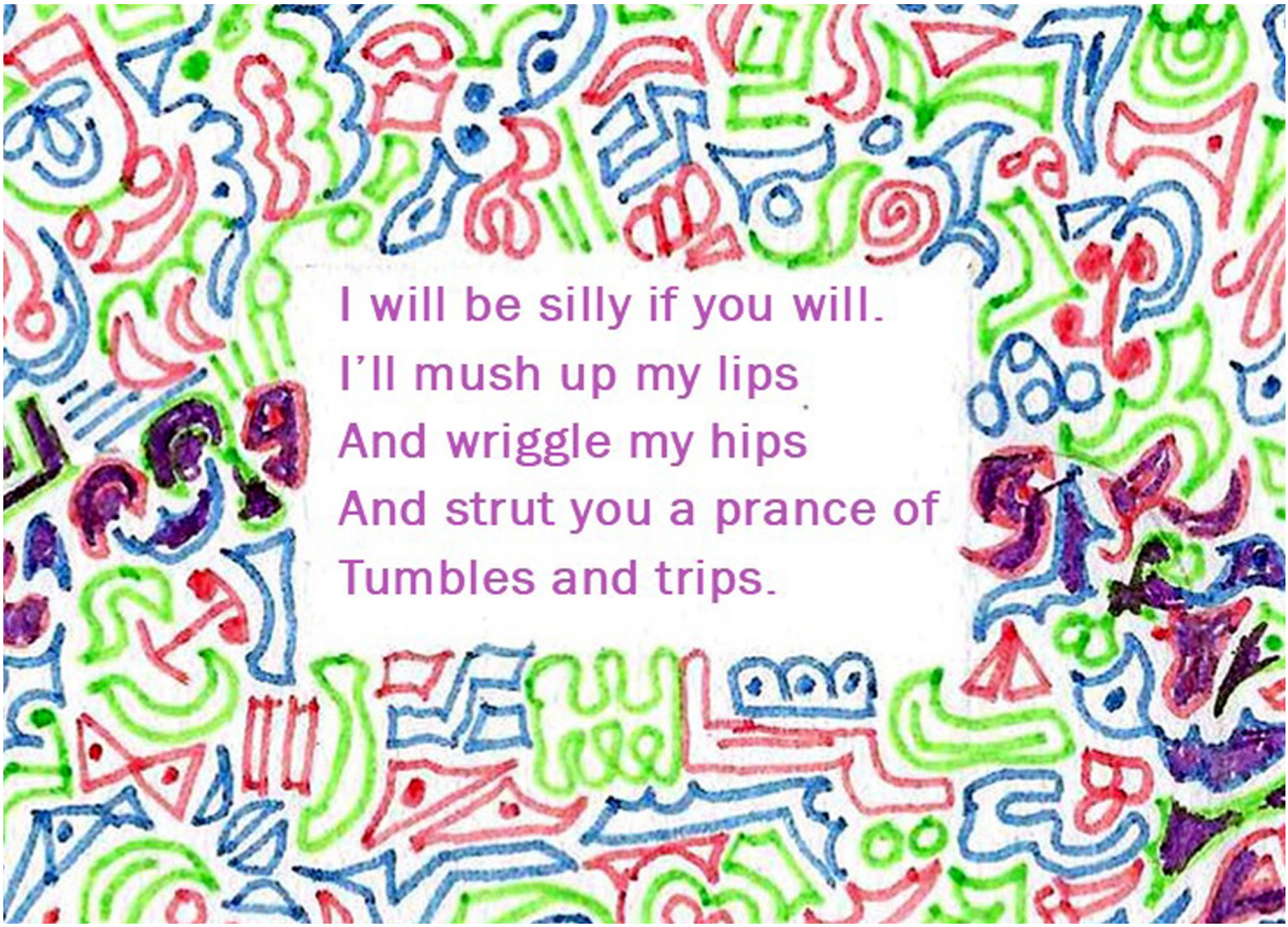




I will be goofy if you will.  
I'll twinkle your toes  
And twiddle your nose  
And sing you a song of  
Buttons and bows.



I will be horrid if you will.  
I'll climb on a chair  
And scream in the air  
And loudly complain of  
All things unfair.



I will be silly if you will.  
I'll mush up my lips  
And wriggle my hips  
And strut you a prance of  
Tumbles and trips.



I will grow older if you will.  
I'll play in your band  
And dance on the sand  
And sing with the joy of  
Holding your hand.