

The Jogging Blues

When the clouds go jogging across the sky,
my eyebrows jog around my eye.
And when the mountains jog across the land,
my fingers jog around my hand.

Deedy dee deedy dee deedlelee deedlelee dee.

When the bees come jogging around the rose,
my lips go jogging up to my nose.
And when the lions come for a bite to eat,
it's time to put jogging shoes on your feet.

Shabop bop bee bop shabeeshabop bee.

Now peanut butter jogs on strawberry jelly,
and laughter jogs around my little belly.
The cars go jogging on down the street,
and my toes go jogging around my feet.

Deedy dee deedy dee deedlelee deedlelee dee.

If you think this poem is just the right kind,
then you've got the jogging blues on your mind.
Unless you don't dig the rhythm of the beat,
you'd better put jogging shoes on your feet.

Shabop bop bee bop shabeeshabop bee.

