

Puppets on Memory Lane

Written by Squirrel Class - years 3 & 4

Balloon, rising up inside me,
Memories, popping in my head,
Cos' there's the very puppet that I used to own,
Taking me down memory lane,

I was seven was I first got my puppet,
Her name was Mitzi and she had yellow shoes,
My friend Ruth had a witch on a broomstick,
We told stories, had adventures all through the afternoon

Balloon, rising up inside me,
Memories, popping in my head,
Cos' there's the very puppet that I used to own,
Taking me down memory lane,

My little sister always had annoying habits
She always got my puppet tangled up
My friend Ruth taught me the technique to untangle
But as the the years pass by they've trickled from my mind

Balloon, rising up inside me,
Memories, popping in my head,
Cos' there's the very puppet that I used to own,
Taking me down memory lane

Chugging Down The Track

Written by Otter Class - years 3 & 4

Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away,
On the tracks that we lay,
Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away, On the tracks that we lay,

And when I got a new toy train,
I felt like I was dancing on a rainbow,
Way back in 1965,
When I took it out the box,
It made me feel alive!

Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away,
On the tracks that we lay,
Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away, On the tracks that we lay

Every single minute of the day,
I dream about the Flying Scotsman,
And every single year on my birthday,
I look upon my presents and I pray!

Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away,
On the tracks that we lay,
Chugging down the tracks,
The steam engine comes,
From far far away, On the tracks that we lay

The Day I Got My Doll

Written by Fox Class - years 3 & 4

The day I got my doll,
It was like an early Christmas,
I loved her beautiful gown,
And her blonde hair,
It was 80 years ago,
The day I got my doll

She had a hat the shade of cream,
With roses on the top
Her face was made with china,
Her eyes they didn't shut,
Her body was made of leather,
Stuffed tight with straw inside,
She was pretty as the stars above,
Twinkling in the sky

The day I got my doll,
It was like an early Christmas,
I loved her beautiful gown,
And her blonde hair,
It was 80 years ago,
The day I got my doll

And then upon that fateful day,
I found my doll had gone,
It seemed the world had ended,
And the sun no longer shone,
She was given to my cousin,
I never saw her again,
And even though it's been 80 years,
I still love her the same,

The day I lost my doll,
The day I lost my doll

Fast As A Bullet

Written by Hedgehog Class - years 3 & 4

This car is as fast as a bullet,
It breaks every single speed limit,
When I'm Bond, James Bond,
I'm shaken not stirred

As gold as the sun,
It even has guns,
And a shield on the back,
When I'm under attack
There's an ejector seat,
Throws you up 40 feet,
It's the car for a spy,
Aston Martin DB5

This car is as fast as a bullet,
It breaks every single speed limit,
When I'm Bond, James Bond,
I'm shaken not stirred

I'm as smug as can be,
Under the Christmas tree,
Is the toy of the year,
And my brother's in tears,
Goldfinger's the movie,
And I can't wait to be,
A spy undercover,
Protecting my lover

This car is as fast as a bullet,
It breaks every single speed limit,
When I'm Bond, James Bond,
I'm shaken not stirred

A Boy With A Pedal Car

Written by Badger Class - years 3 & 4

Once there was a boy,
Who had a pedal car,
Pedaling round the garden,
He couldn't travel far,
And the one fateful day,
His dad gave it away

Many years went by,
But the memories still last,
He took a trip to Beaulieu,
Where there's old cars from the past,
And there before his eyes,
His pedal car to his surprise

It was covered in rust,
And the bumper was lost,
He could tell it was his by the paint,
The colour was blue and that's how he knew,
That it was his car,
It had travelled so far,
So he took it home