

gertrude mcfuzz

septimus bean you stole my flying machine
leaving me lonely and lost
i'm too pretty now to fly back home
i feel just like *gertrude mcfuzz*

gertrude mcfuzz you think you're not pretty enough
your feathers are many but you still frown
yertle the turtle reaching for the moon above
til it all came tumbling down
gertrude mcfuzz why do you frown?

the sun is sinking down below the clouds
the sky turns unblue
apples from my head fall fast to the ground
a little bug went kachoo

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