

House for Everyone

Traffic

My bed is made of candy floss
The house is made of cheese
It's lit by lots of glow worms
If I'm wrong, correct me please
The village is a pop-up book
The people, wooden dolls
The roads are made from treacle things
It's time that I moved on
My home is half a walnut shell
The journey will be long
So I filled the hole with peppermints
And creamy pink blanc-mange
I sailed away for fifteen days
It never once got dark
And came upon two large houses
Set out in a park
On the door of one was truth
On the other door was lies
Which one should I enter through?
I really must decide
Door marked lies had lots of flowers
Growing round outside
But looking close I noticed
It was crumbling inside
Door marked truth was very plain
But stood up very strong
And when I entered through its door
I knew I wasn't wrong

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