



Pretty Bubbles

*I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air -
Some float up to the ceiling and some disappear in midair
When the sunlight hits them, they are so pretty to see
And they don't last - they have no song; they just take flight and
then they're gone.
I wonder where they go - can't find them anywhere --
Some will disappear and some will remain on my window pane.*

DEAR SANTA CLAUSE

Molly wants a pair of skates, Tatters wants a sled
Muffin wants a catnip toy yellow blue and red
Amber says now Santa Clause I just want warm milk. Bless these little
Cows for us so we can get our fill.