

I Gotta Crow

I gotta crow.

I'm just the cleverest fellow 'twas ever my fortune to know.

I taught a trick to my shadow to stick to the tip of my toe.

I gotta crow.

I gotta brag.

I think its sweet I have fingers and feet

I can wiggle and wag;

I can climb trees and play tag with the breeze

In the meadows below.

I gotta crow.

If I were a very- ordinary- everyday thing

I'd never be heard cock-a-doodling round like a bird- so

Naturally

When I discover the cleverness of a remarkable me

How can I hide it, when deep down inside, it

Just tickles me so

That I gotta let go

And crow...