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MUSIC

A PLATYPUS SONG

Don Spencer/Allan Caswell

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I wanted to write you a platypus song,
So I sat on the bank of an old billabong,
And decided to wait until one came along,
So that I could describe it to you.

But you know, platypi are incredibly shy,
And I waited an age for one to swim by,
The stars were beginning to appear in the sky,
I was just about ready to leave ...

When suddenly there was a plop in the water,
And a shape appeared.
The ripples spread, and as it neared,
A head bobbed up, and two eyes peered -
A platypus at last!

The platypus is a magical creature,
'Cause when you examine it feature by feature,
It seems mother nature is out to defeat you,
In trying to describe it at all.

She's an excellent swimmer - she glides as she goes,
Aided by flippers attached to her toes.
Where there should be a nose there's a thing I suppose
That could be best described as a beak.

But don't be misled - she isn't a bird.
Though she's hatched from an egg, she's not feathered, she's furred.
She's at home in the water but as far as I've heard,
She lives in a hole in the ground.

An amazing assortment of pieces and bits,
Though it doesn't seem possible you have to admit,
That somehow or other the pieces all fit,
In a marvellous thing called a platypus.

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