

Old Seagull by David J. Mason

Old seagull decided
He'd start around six
Caw caw caw caw-ing
Through a hole in his beak
I lay on my bed
I could not get to sleep
Old seagull he sings to me
Cheep cheep cheep cheep

*Old seagull he swims
He flies in the air
But he always returns to his
Place over there*

Old seagull old seagull
I'm tired of thee
My ears they do clatter
Are you laughing at me?
Well I'll have the last laugh at
Your open beak
Here comes a present
Try swallowing this brick

Then there was silence
Sure what had I done
I cried for the seagull
He'd been so much fun
Old seagull the same
Old seagull's come back
How I love seagull
CAW CAW 'tis a fact

*Old seagull he swims
He flies in the air
But he always returns to his
Place over there
Old seagull he swims
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