

THANKS FOR ALL THE HONEY (or Six-legged Friends)

(tune: Arthur O'Pod's Farewell)

What care I for the life of a fly,
Splattered on the windscreen as we go whizzing by.
Sadly there's nothing like as many any more;
Where have all the fliers gone we used to kill before?

What can we say of the ant and the grasshopper,
She with all her work to do and he his chirpy sound,
Fly away ladybird, your house is on fire
And all you bugs and beetles in the air and under ground.

O busy bees, the wasps and the dragonflies,
Lacewings – pretty things, all you moths and hoverflies;
Joy in the spring to see the first butterfly –
Glad that they've survived another year, ... and so have I.

All going your way and we're going ours,
Race you to Oblivion, but just before it ends:
Thanks for all the honey, the fruit and the flowers *(tune slows)*
Oh, how shall we miss you - six-legged friends.
All I can say – here's to you one and all,
In numbers so mighty, in person so small.