

Marilyn's Mansion

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm going where nobody knows,
To a place far away from my worries and my woes,
Escape for a day in the trees, I can play
In a house made of sticks, on a branch in the shade.

Frisbees, kites galore
Cover the roof from summers before,
Up high, near the sky,
I can laugh, I can dance, if you fall, you will die.

This is my treehouse! No girls allowed!
I just hope to hell the wind don't blow me down.
This is a fort of sorts,
I made it myself from odds and sods.

Camouflaged by twigs and leaves,
My secret den you cannot see.
From up above you look like ants,
While I eat sweets and make commands.

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