

Springtime Is the Season

of Montreal

The summer's good for tulips,
Though pansies disagree.
They find the heat most distasteful,
And humidity far too grim to stand up tall
And bargain with the bees.
They prefer to droop and mope
And wait for autumn's breeze.

The autumn's good for pumpkins,
Though apples don't approve.
The trees that they've been living on
now forces them to move,
And rudely lets them to fall
and sends them quick to their demise
Without so much a bon voyage or even a goodbye.

The winter's good for penguins,

Though brown bears must object.
When talk comes to the joys of winter,
They must interject,
"Hibernating in the snow just isn't where it's at,
because sleeping makes you skinny,
and we bears like to be fat."

The springtime is the season,
Where everyone's a friend.
Loneliness and desperation both come to an end.
No matter how you died through winter,
In spring you're born again,
Your life might not be going good,
But spring helps you to pretend.