

House for Everyone

Traffic

My bed is made of candy floss, the house is made of cheese
It's lit by lots of glow-
worms; if I'm wrong correct me please.
The village is a pop-up book, the people wooden dolls.
The roads are made of treacle things, it's time that I moved on
.

My home is half a walnut shell, the journey will be long
So I filled the whole with peppermints and creamy pink blanc-
mange.
I sailed away for fifteen days, it never once got dark
And came upon two large houses set out in a park.

On the door of one was truth, on the other door was lies.
Which one should I enter thru? I really must decide
The door of lies had lots of flowers growing round outside
But looking close I noticed it was crumbling inside

The door of truth was very plain, but stood up very strong,
And when I entered thru its door I knew I wasn't wrong.