

## 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.