

## Finger Play

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I like to take my fingers and pretend they're butterflies  
They flutter, flutter, flutter flying up into the sky  
Sometimes I land them on my arm or rest them on my knees  
Then they flutter, flutter up and down in front of me

I like to take my fingers and pretend they're fish of gold  
Swimming swishy, swishy, swishy they're slippery to hold  
So when I sometimes catch one I know he won't stay long  
He goes swishy, swishy, swishy right back where he belongs

I like to take my fingers and pretend they're crocodiles  
They're chomping, chomping, chomping and never seem to smile  
I wouldn't want to catch one I know they have big teeth  
If they're chomping, chomping, chomping they can stay away from me

I like to take my fingers and pretend they're slithering snakes  
They go hissing, hissing, hissing climbing hills and swimming lakes  
But my snakes are very friendly as they go slithering by  
'Cause when they're hissing, hissing, hissing they're really saying "Hi!"