

my Birthday that is
Yes I'm twenty five - sure
And I'd hate to say just now
Am trying to celebrate in a quite
For I'm flat on my back and
I am usually hostess to friends great
With laughter and music and small
Also cakes & candles and flowers
you really would think ^{so dear} old
Santa was here
my pastime to day, is the hurrying
As they pass up and down on the
my music, the cries of the little
As they enter their protests to the
to flowers. This is war time, takes &
So I watch the tree tops as they
wave in the breeze