

Jackdaws and moles

There are two black things
that live in a hole
One is a jackdaw
the other's a mole

One's
covered in feathers
and lives up a tree
The other's
all hairy
and can't even see

And I often do wonder
if
they ever meet
Like ordinary people
who
live in a street

'Cos one's living
upstairs
and the other one down
And it's just
like a village
or
any small town

So maybe when jackdaws
are out for a stroll
They call on their
neighbours
and meet the old mole

Who can offer them worms
In
abundance for tea
And let them see baby
Though
baby can't see

So
it's a comforting thought
about
jackdaws and moles
They
may be good neighbours
Though
from different holes.