

POPPY BROWN

Grumpy, Frumpy Poppy Brown
Had a face with a scary frown
And every time she walked down town
She looked like a blown-up doll in her outgrown gown
And as she sang when she went up town
The flying birds fell all the way down



Once she went to Sweeties town
And knocked the coloured sweet's rack down
To be lost forever like a silly clown

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