

There are Fairies....

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There are fairies, dancing round the campfire
Down at the bottom of my garden
I can hear them, plucking on their harp strings
Blowing on their flutes, singing a lullaby for me

Try to see them. Look into the night
If they see me, they disappear from sight
Those fairies, dancing round the campfire
Down at the bottom of my garden
Their soothing music carries on the wind
Gets under my skin, gently lulling me to sleep

What do they eat? Pixie pears and berries blue
What do they drink? Acorn cups of honey dew
Fairies dancing round the campfire
Down at the bottom of my garden
Their cheeky laughter, echoes in my head
Filling it with pictures, happily turning into dreams

In the morning I run down to see
If they've left surprises there for me
Those fairies, dancing round the campfire
Down at the bottom of my garden

I can't see them – but I know they're there

Look here, look there, look everywhere

For the fairies, dancing round the campfire

Down at the bottom of my garden

Those fairies, dancing round the campfire, singing a lullaby for me