

Papayalulu Paradise

By Brody Karr

I dream of a land called Papayalulu
It's a tasty paradise for me and you-you
It's hard to get to - this is true-true
First you must make a papaya canoe-noe
Row your canoe-noe to the end of the sea
And soon Papayalulu you will see

As papaya trees sway in the papayamint breeze
You can paddle down to the Papaya Juice River with ease
You can even lean over and take a sip
But better take care - your canoe-noe might tip
Look out! What's that I hear?
It's Papaya Juice Falls - better stay clear!

Safe at last upon the shore
What's that sound I cant ignore?
It's the singing papaya birds high in the trees
A song so sweet my ears it does please
I think I'll stay a while in this land
Papayalulu is oh so grand!