

## The Luck of Life

There was a lucky boy  
And he lived in a house.  
His room was painted silver  
The door: brown and green.

There was a lucky fox  
And he lived in a wood,  
Just on the edge of it  
In a sandy bank under trees.

There was a lucky rat  
And he lived in a pipe  
Half buried in a building  
In the middle of a town.

There was a lucky snake  
In a biscuit-yellow place.  
Miles and miles it stretched  
With rocks for shade to sleep in.

All these things were charmed.  
Their luck was the air they breathed.  
They lived sometimes in danger,  
Sometimes they played in peace.  
They slept or they scurried,  
They moved and breathed and ate.  
Their was colour in their houses  
And firm earth underneath.

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