

My Face Is Made Of Onions

(from *Songs of Imaginings* by Jenny Gould)

My face is made of onions,
My nose is made of cheese,
My lips are made of cucumber,
Tomatoes for my knees,
My elbows both are radishes,
My hand's a Granny Smith,
My eyes are two bright oranges,
But I've removed the pith!

My left leg's made of choc'late spread,
My right is lemon curd,
My ears are made of jam,
And if you think that sounds absurd,
Look down and you will see I have fried eggs instead of feet,
It's true what grownups say.....
YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT! (MUNCH!)