

There was a Tiger named Thursday

Fridays he'd climb up a tree and find the most sleepy monkey
He'd quietly slink out onto the branch,
then curl his tail, curl his toes and curl his paws
around his nose.

Saturday he'd find the lions, they'd be roaming the plains searching for elk.
He run with them and jump with them until they caught one
then he'd smack his lips, wipe his paws
and crunch dinner in his jaws

Sundays he'd look for mud, lots of slimy, grimy mud.
There'd be elephants and rhinos who welcomed him into the sludge.
Bathing the way tigers do, playing in the mud and if you could,
wouldn't you?

Mondays he'd need to get some exercise, looking for fast cheetahs to lengthen his strides
He'd sneak into their running games. Running high, running low, running fast
and even occasionally running slow, well he is only a tiger not a cheetah,
so there you go

Tuesdays it was time to learn, the Hawk led him far away from places he knew,
then watch carefully as he wander over, under and threw. The lesson that day was you may not know
where it is you are, how long you've traveled, or even how far, but you always have a home
just follow the light of the blue star.

Wednesday was work, without which, no one could play.
He went up to the zebras and helped them count their stripes, from left to right.
It was important business to know how many and how few. It was a job he kind of grew into and
it was way better than being in a zoo

Then it was Thursday, his favorite day of the week.
For on Thursday he did everything and nothing
but mostly play his favorite game
hide and seek.

Now like you, it's back to Friday, and you too must climb up a tree, or into bed and find the most sleepy
monkey, or rather put a pillow by your head.

Then like Thursday the tiger, quietly slink out onto the branch, or rather slink under the covers... then
curl your tail, curl you toes and curl your paws around your nose

... an off to sleep, soon you'll go