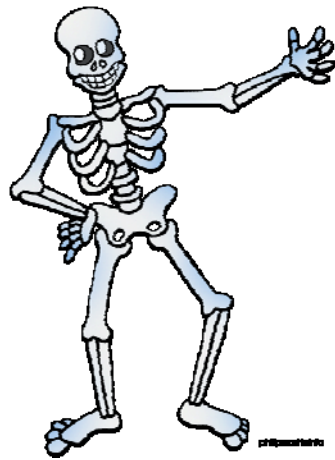


My Skeleton

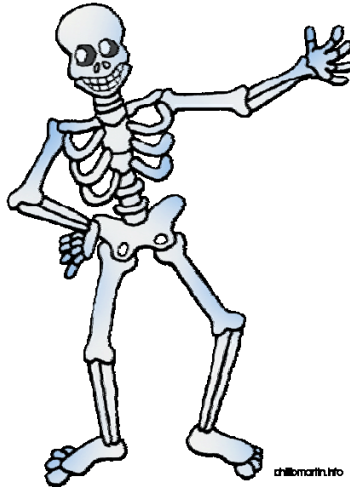


Adapted from a poem by Sue LaBella

My Skeleton

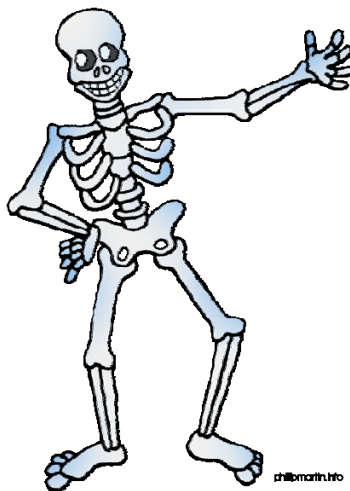


Adapted from a poem by Sue LaBella



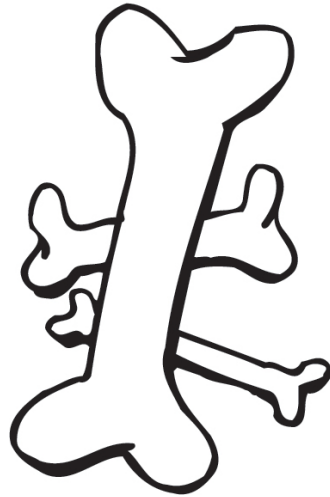
My skeleton is made of bones,

1



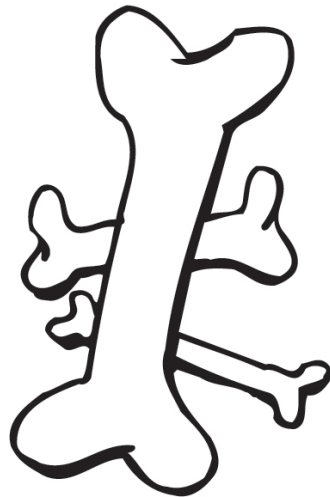
My skeleton is made of bones,

1



lots of them, I know.

2



lots of them, I know.

2



They're in my arms and legs
and my fingers and my toes.

3



They're in my arms and legs
and my fingers and my toes.

3



My skeleton holds me up
so I can walk and run,

4



My skeleton holds me up
so I can walk and run,

4



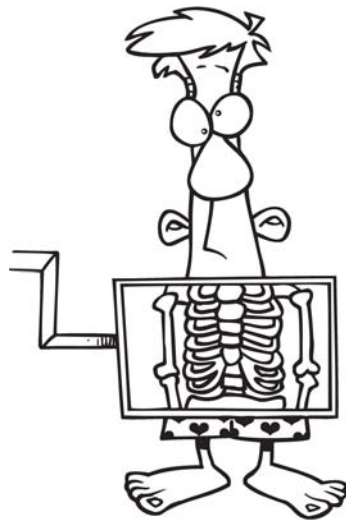
and do lots of other things
that are so very fun.

5



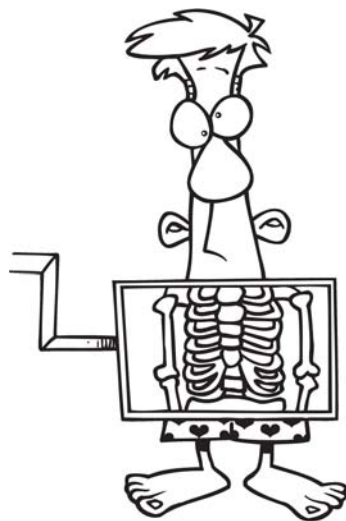
and do lots of other things
that are so very fun.

5



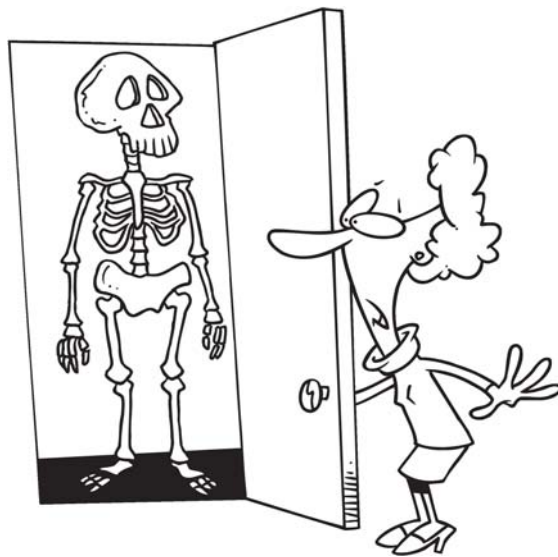
My skeleton keeps growing
right along with me.

6



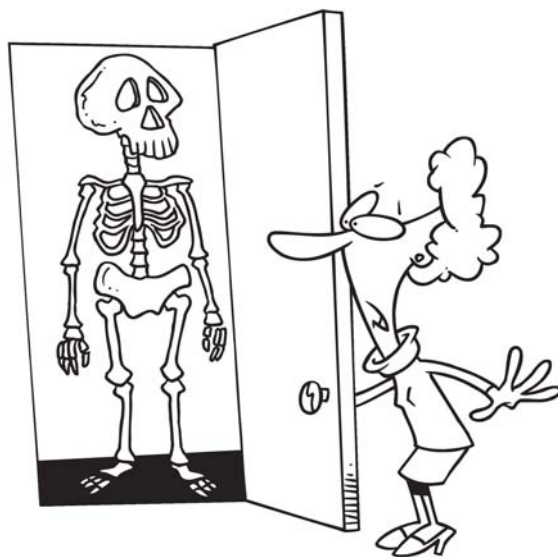
My skeleton keeps growing
right along with me.

6



I never want to lose it
'cause then where would I be?

7



I never want to lose it
'cause then where would I be?

7