Little Todd Macaroon  
Held on to five red balloons  
In the park one afternoon  
a summer’s day late in June  
  
He skipped and jumped in the air  
Waved his arms without a care  
A twig too low came from no where  
Only four balloons left hanging there  
  
Around a bench he whirred and sped  
a string caught on and stayed instead  
But Little Todd looked strait ahead  
Only three balloons left hanging red  
  
Soon a lace hung from his shoe  
he stooped to loop the laces through  
Down from the sky a birdie flew  
The Red Balloons were left at Two  
  
Over a bridge Todd lead the way  
by his side his arms did sway  
a string got loose and floated away  
Only one red balloon was there to stay  
  
As little Todd Macaroon  
Walked home that afternoon  
Still humming a happy tune  
even with just one balloon  
  
He stopped just in time to see   
Little Judy Fran McGee  
Skipping down the street with glee  
her little arms were swinging free  
  
He smiled and waved as she came  
He asked the girl, “What’s your name?”  
“Judy Fran McGee” she proclaimed  
And “Friends” the two kids became  
  
And so they played under the moon  
Judy Fran and Todd Macaroon  
Bed time came a little too soon  
As he gave her his last Red Balloon