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