



**WALKING OLIVER**  
JASPER LODGE, FERRERS ROAD, LEWES, EAST SUSSEX BN7 1PY  
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## **FLYING IN MY HEAD**

Words by Lucy Humphris, age 7

Music by P.A. Kelly

“What’s 5 times 7?” the teacher asked,  
While on my chair I sit,  
Floating away while 5 times 7  
Doesn’t matter to me one bit.  
My mind is in another world,  
With views of distant hills,  
Topped with grass a-waving  
While everything else is still.  
Flying in my head,  
Flying in my dreams,  
All the world and wonder  
Belongs to me it seems.  
My feet among the heather,  
And my head is held up high,  
Reaching for the cotton-wool clouds  
That are skimming across the sky.  
Chase the wind and dancing  
All across the ground,  
Always in my head it seems  
Such joy is to be found.  
Someone shouts an answer—  
My pen drops to the floor.  
I can’t wait until maths is over  
So I can dream once more.

## **THE BEAUTIFUL GAME**

Words by Robert Lea, age 11

Music by P.A. Kelly

One more shot, one more kick,  
Time's running out, ninety minutes quick.  
Lovely pass, what a lob  
Carry on your run, just the job!  
Top corner, bottom corner, penalty kick,  
Right corner, left corner, beautiful trick,  
Two footed tackle, that's a free kick!  
That foul you committed...it made me sick!  
Toughness, agility, loss and pain,  
It's all part of the show in this beautiful game!  
Crowd chants as goal shots bounce off the post,  
As a player shoots, it swerves...oooh, close!  
Goalie comes out– quick, chip him now!  
As it floats in the air, the crowd gasps...wow!  
It lowers down quickly, dances past the line,  
What a shot! What a player! What a goal! Sublime...  
He's off to celebrate as the crowd jumps round.  
The time, the place, the moment, atmosphere, the sound.  
The smell of title victory is now in the air.  
And it's the winning team's delight  
And the losing team's despair.  
Toughness, agility, loss and pain.  
It's all part of the show in this beautiful game!

## **NIGHT OF THE REPTILES**

Words by Jake Newton, age 11

Music by P.A. Kelly

Dragons breathing flame and fire,  
Flying ever, ever higher.  
Lizard men, lurking and prowling  
Listening to the wolves howling.  
Hiding under my bed in fright,  
The reptiles rule the streets tonight!  
Basilisk lurking in the trees,  
Pterosaur gliding in the breeze.  
T-rex roaring long and loud,  
Ninety decibels shaking the ground.

Komodo dragon on the street,  
Snake's tongue tasting heat.  
Basilisk lurking in the trees,  
Pterosaur gliding in the breeze.  
Hiding under my bed in fright,  
The reptiles rule the streets tonight!

## **WHY I DON'T LIKE GHOSTS**

Music by Rowan Butterfield, age 5

Music by Richard Durrant

Ghosts are lots of colours:  
Green and blue and red.  
They have sharp teeth and eyes like mine  
But no nose in their head.  
They do not speak but play with my toys,  
And scare all little girls and boys.  
They scare me at night but not in the day.  
I'm not scared of them anymore,  
Because I don't dream about them anymore,  
And I also have my bow, arrow and sword beside my bed.

## **SPLIT (YOU'VE FRACTURED MY HEART)**

Words by Lucie Shaw, age 10

Music by P.A. Kelly

I wish that you would come back again,  
I even dream about it at night,  
But it always seems to turn into a nightmare,  
Sometimes I think I will die of fright.  
You say that you only left Dad,  
And you'll always love us,  
Stop trying to win me over,  
It is getting so tedious.  
When everything is over  
You'll be on your own  
Dad is like the gardener  
Now the seeds are sown.  
You say that I must believe you  
In everything you say.  
I hate that stupid man—  
Now you are going to pay.

I tell myself that I hate you  
When you try and talk to me.  
I hope that you're finally happy—  
You make me feel so guilty.  
When everything is over  
You'll be on your own  
Dad is like the gardener  
Now the seeds are sown.

## **FADE AWAY**

Words by Stephanie Scott, age 11  
Music by P.A. Kelly

I see you walking down the street,  
And give a little wave,  
You laugh, and grin,  
And then you fade away.  
Why do all the good things fade away?  
My old best friend,  
Has faded from the picture,  
Our friendship faded away,  
We used to be such good friends.  
Why do all the good things fade away?  
Like you, rainbows fade,  
And memories, good and bad,  
When I sleep, I dream, but they too fade.  
Like you, rainbows fade  
With everything we had.  
Why do all the good things fade away?  
These dreams I had  
Of you and her,  
They are now leaving my head,  
I've only memories,  
Soon they too will fade.  
Why do all the good things fade away?  
Like you, rainbows fade,  
And memories, good and bad,  
When I sleep, I dream, but they too fade—  
Why do all the good things fade away?  
Like you, rainbows fade  
With everything we had.  
Why do all the good things fade away?

## **MAYA & I**

Words by Katie Ebner-Landy, age 11

Music by P.A. Kelly

There we were, Maya and I,  
In this bamboo airport.  
The Chinese shrine was deserted—  
Only Maya and I stood there.  
The matted carpet, bamboo stems  
Bamboo stems, the escalator  
Woven bamboo made the dome  
High and rounded like a bow  
Upside down. All this felt  
So calm and cool and smelt so good.  
On the oriental plane  
There were only twelve of us.  
Maya still, my friends the Greens,  
People whom I'd hardly seen.  
When they noticed we were there,  
"Where's your suitcase?" was their phrase.  
Bamboo suitcase, it had gone  
At the airport disappeared!  
Just the youngest daughter Green  
And her mother from the States.  
They were on this plane to Arabia.  
So were we, why it was  
No one knew. Seems the Greens  
Had got divorced; a giant mansion  
In Miami— that's where he was.  
But in Arabia with the Bedouins  
Green leafy canopies hung there.  
The little Green ran from a cave—  
Inside was a slab of stone.  
In our hammocks, bright and rich,  
The two of us, exhausted, slept.  
At dinnertime there was no Maya,  
But my other friends were there.  
Fruits exotic lay before us,  
And I cut with great precision  
Blue triangles from the inside  
Of a grapefruit which I handed,  
One piece to everyone.

Suddenly my dream was gone  
Abruptly ended was my story:  
Blue grapefruit in friend's hands  
With the Bedouins in Arabia!

## **THE COLD STARES**

Words by Zakiyyah Fahmida, age 10

Music by P.A. Kelly

The cold stares  
From the phantom in my nightmare  
The shadow in the background of the scene.  
I was walking down an alley  
In a place called demon valley  
In the night.  
I felt so lost and disconnected.  
You've messed my dreams  
I done no wrong  
I'll fight back someday  
Cos these dreams have gone on too long.  
The cold stares  
Two eyes are upon me  
They were there just to haunt me  
The whole time.  
All these dreams are getting freaky  
And I feel that I am haunted the whole time.  
Why can't you just leave me alone?  
You've messed my dreams  
I done no wrong  
I'll fight back someday  
Cos these dreams have gone on too long.

## **BEFORE THE DANCE**

Words by Philip Brown, age 9

Music by P.A. Kelly

Black stage  
Hear me  
Dancing shoes  
Help me  
Wooden floor  
Tap me  
Amazing light

Light up my  
Dancing spot.  
Crunching biscuits  
Won't you hear me  
Orange squash  
Help me  
Teasing girls  
Dance with me  
And so lead me to the end  
Dancing spot  
Shine down on me  
So may you  
Help me in  
This dancing class  
As the teacher  
Dances on  
So may I  
Be the very best  
In this dancing class

## **IT'S EASY TO DREAM**

Words by Kathleen McMahon, age 8  
Music by Richard Durrant

When I was young  
I dreamt of being a scientist.  
I dreamt again and thought  
It's hard to be clever.  
When I was young  
I dreamt of being a teacher.  
I dreamt again and thought  
It's hard to mark work.  
Now I'm old  
I dream of being a dreamer.  
I dreamt again and thought  
It's easy to dream.

## **MY FAMILY AND ME**

By Katie Bradley, age 10

Music by P.A. Kelly

Twinkle and glisten  
Sound of the sea  
Sound of the sea coming closer to me.  
Sparkle and shine  
The moonlit sky  
The moonlit sky shining bright in my eyes.  
Laughter and smiles  
It used to be  
It used to be my family and me.  
But now it's all gone  
It used to be  
It used to be my family and me.  
This is all I have left,  
They've split up now,  
I only see them both once in a while.  
Laughter and smiles,  
It used to be  
It used to be my family and me.

## **THE BUS THAT HAS NO SHEEP IN**

Words by Laura Hoath, age 10

Music by P.A. Kelly

The bus that has no sheep in,  
That's always running late,  
My video that plays backwards  
What was it that I ate?  
They say that dreams can tell us  
Of our past and future times,  
But who cares, I want my breakfast—  
It's already half past nine.  
The cat is chasing dogs again  
The turkey wears a bowler hat.  
A tree becomes prime minister  
Was I really dreaming that?  
The fish are playing volley-ball  
The sky has turned to green,  
The duck just won't stop barking  
What can it all mean?



They say that dreams can tell us  
Of our past and future times,  
But I really just want my breakfast–  
It's already half past nine.

## **WHO AM I?**

Words by Matthew Wilson, age 11

Music by P.A. Kelly

I take over you in class  
Just when you get  
Bored  
I help you to get off to sleep at  
Night  
I can eat you so you  
Better watch  
Out  
When your mum  
Calls,  
"Cornflakes are ready!"  
I go back to sleep.

## **DREAMS OF HOME**

Words by the LDC children of Heartsease First School:

Elle English, age 6; Luke Gray, age 7; Ryan Lansdell, age 7; Abigail  
Linstead, age 7; Patrick Seale, age 7; Ebony Warnes age 5

Music by P.A. Kelly

Polar bear dreams of  
Walking on crunchy ice  
Eating lots of fish  
Splashing in the sea  
Cold and snowy North Pole.  
She dreams of home.  
Elephant dreams of  
Rolling in the mud  
Trunk eating leaves  
Flapping his ears in India.  
He dreams of home.  
Tiger dreams of  
Running after the deer  
Roaring in the jungle

Orange and black in India.  
He dreams of home.  
Kangaroo dreams of  
Boinging over dry land  
Jumping in the sun  
In the heat of Australia.  
She dreams of home.  
Whale dreams of  
Swimming in salty water  
Splashing in the sea.  
Swimming in the dark blue sea,  
He dreams of home.  
Penguin dreams of  
Jumping in cold snow  
Splashing in the water  
Tasting juicy fish  
Missing his family at the South Pole.  
He dreams of home.

## **SWEET DREAMS**

Words by Francesca Haygreen, age 10

Music by Richard Durrant

I am a girl that is made of sweets  
From head to toe, from hair to feet.  
A chocolate cookie for my face,  
My thin pink hair is strawberry lace.  
My marshmallow eyes and liquorice lashes,  
My peppermint dress with pink and blue dashes.  
My candyfloss cheeks and sugary lips  
Milk button nose and gingerbread hips.  
My long chocolate fingers that never will melt,  
My jelly bean bracelets and a lollipop belt.  
Stick-of-rock limbs and bubblegum shoes,  
That's how I'd be if I got to choose.