

MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS – LYRIC EXCERPTS

WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PARK

YOUR CITY MIGHT BE BLISS,
LOTS OF ELBOW ROOM,
DAFFODILS IN BLOOM
DECKING EV'RY YARD,
FRESHLY FRYING DONUTS
EVERY MORNING DOWN THE STREET...
WITH NO PARK, IT'S NOT COMPLETE.

WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PARK
YOUR CITY'S FULL OF LIGHT:
FESTIVALS AT NIGHT,
PICNICS IN THE DAY,
SAILING IN THE SUMMER,
LEAFY PEEPING IN THE FALL.
WITH A PARK, YOU'VE GOT IT ALL.

LOUD LOUD LOUD

NO YELLING, NO FIGHTING
NO LOUD LOUD LOUD
NO SPITTING, NO SPITING,
NO LOUD LOUD LOUD
DON'T ASK IF I AM KIDDING.
I DON'T KID, AND WON'T BE COWED.
IF YOU'RE A GROWLING DOG,
SHOOSHING MOM,
RUSTLING HEDGE,
CHIRPING CRICKET,
TICKET TICKET TICKET TICKET
LOUD LOUD LOUD!

MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS

MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS!
TELL EVERYONE AROUND:
MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS!
THEY'RE WADDLING RIGHT THROUGH TOWN!
SO HUSH YOUR HORN AND SIREN BLAST.
LET EVERYONE IN BOSTON, MASS
PAUSE AND LET THEM SAFELY PASS.
FOR DUCKLINGS, MAKE WAY.