

# THE FLEA ON MY KNEE



Written

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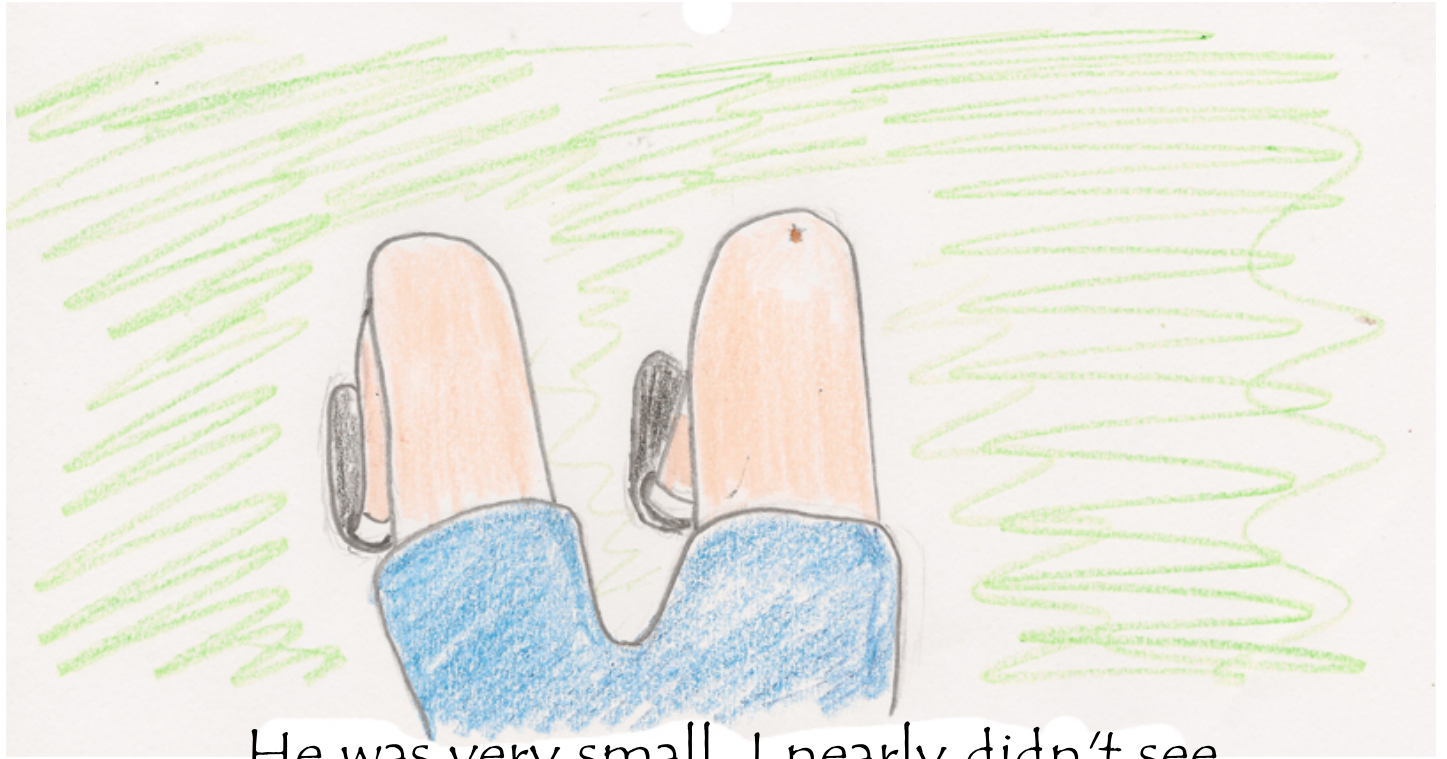
Illustrated

By

Stephen Turner

One day I noticed that there was a flea,  
He was just sitting there, on my knee.



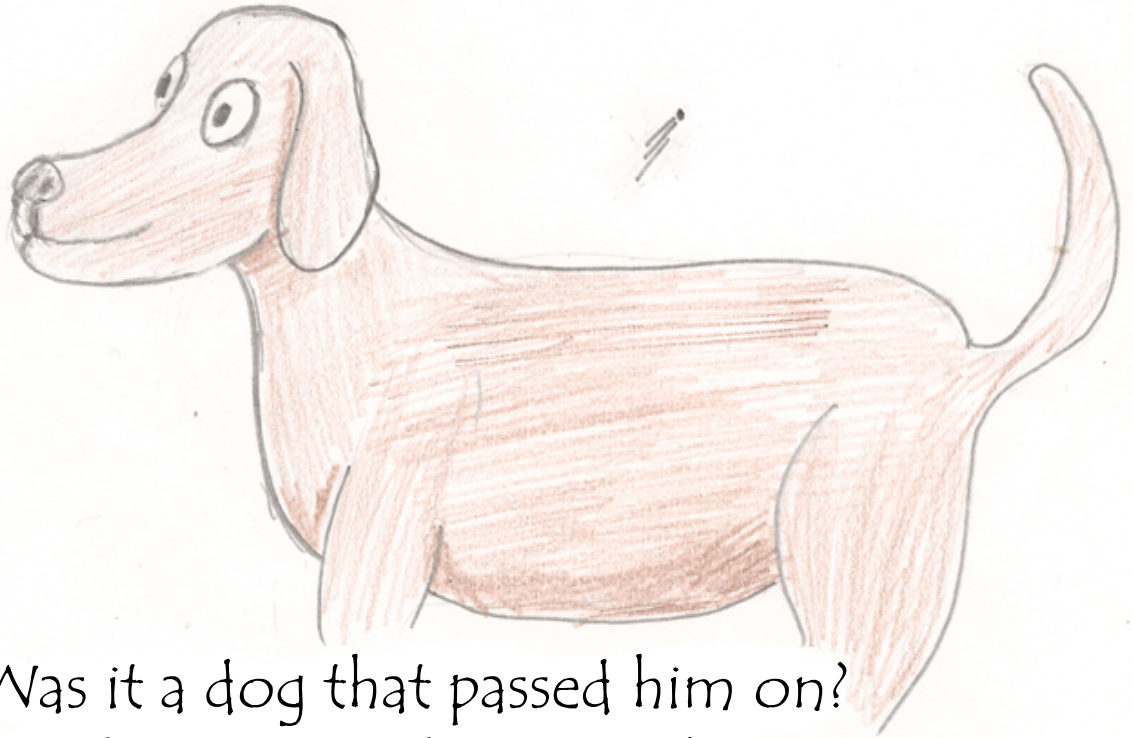


He was very small, I nearly didn't see,  
That little flea that sat on my knee.

How he got there I do not know,  
Did he escape from a circus show?







Was it a dog that passed him on?  
He hasn't been here very long.

You don't have clothes, do you get cold?  
Are you young, or are you old?

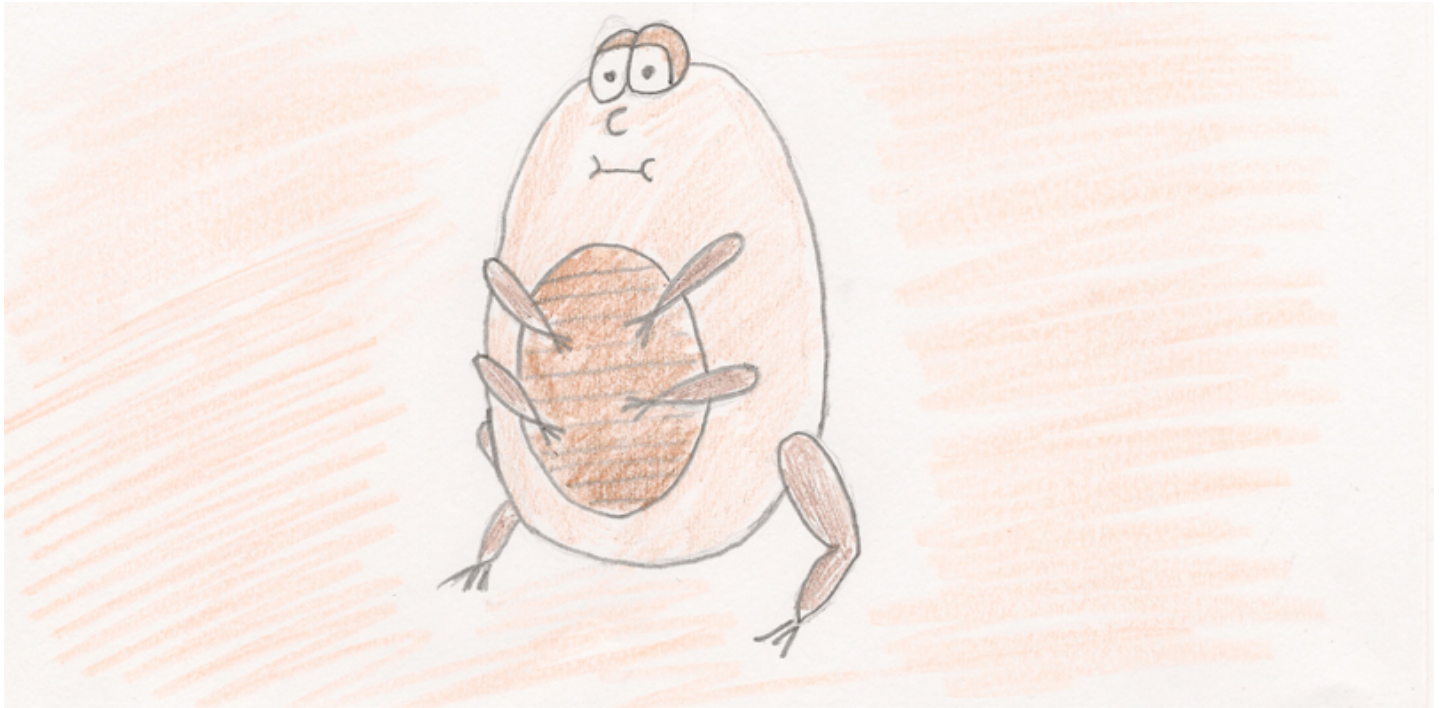




Are you asleep, or are you awake?  
What would happen, if I gave you a shake?



Nothing it seems, you're still right there,  
On my knee, exposed and bare.





What do you drink, what do you eat,  
And do you have tiny feet.

You're still there, doing nothing at all,  
And I want to go play, with my ball.







So come on little flea, jump up and jump high,  
But you do nothing, so I sit here and sigh!



It's time to go, and I'll have to move you,  
With my hand, or with my blue shoe.

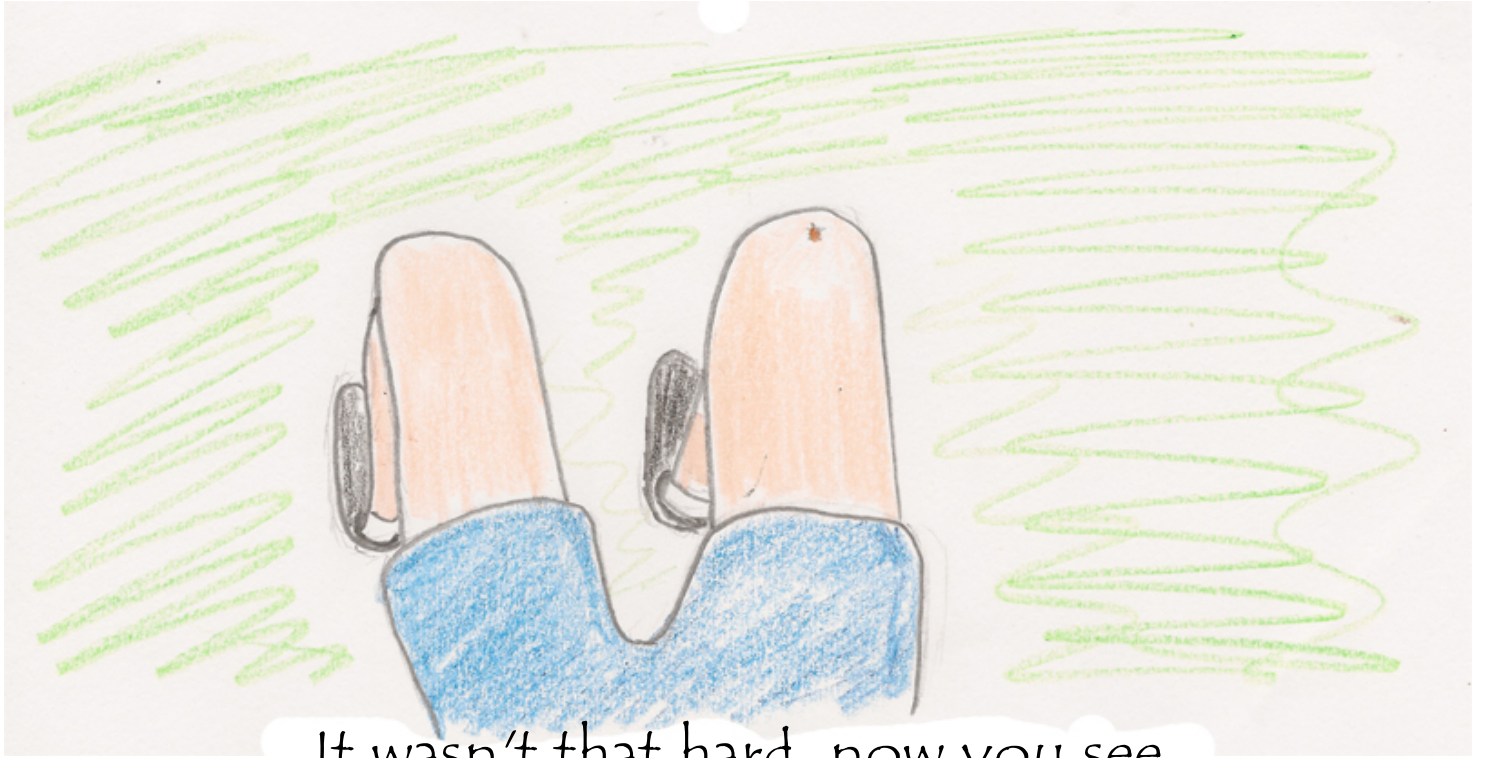




Now my knee is starting to itch,  
Like that time I got bit by a Midge.

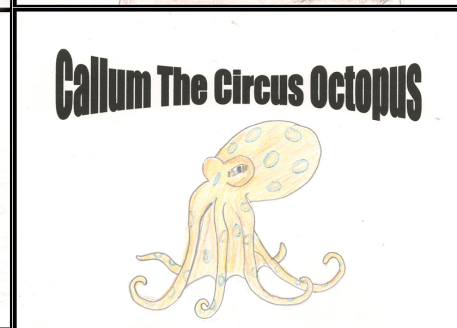
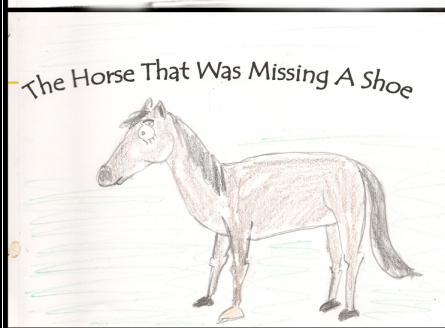
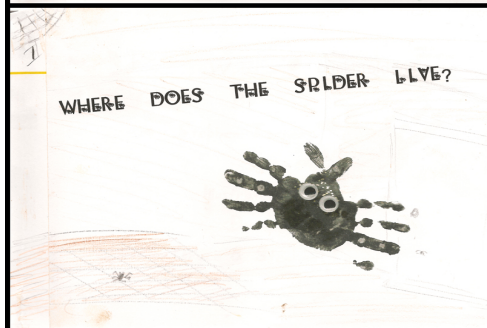
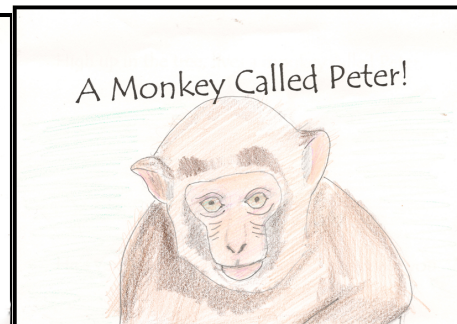
Now flea, it's time to go,  
I'll just give a little blow.





It wasn't that hard, now you see,  
As you hopped right up, and off my knee.





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