

The Senses

The senses, the senses
I love them so much
I feel hot and cold things
With the sense that's called touch.

I see animals, I see colours
I see dark I see light,
I see all these things
With the sense called sight.

My favourite sense is
The sense of taste,
I eat all my food
And there's no waste.

You're not always listening
just because you can hear.
They call it turning a deaf ear.

My mum doesn't have
a great sense of smell.
Sometimes she says it is just as well.

Happily I have all my senses complete,
From the top of my head
to the end of my feet.

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