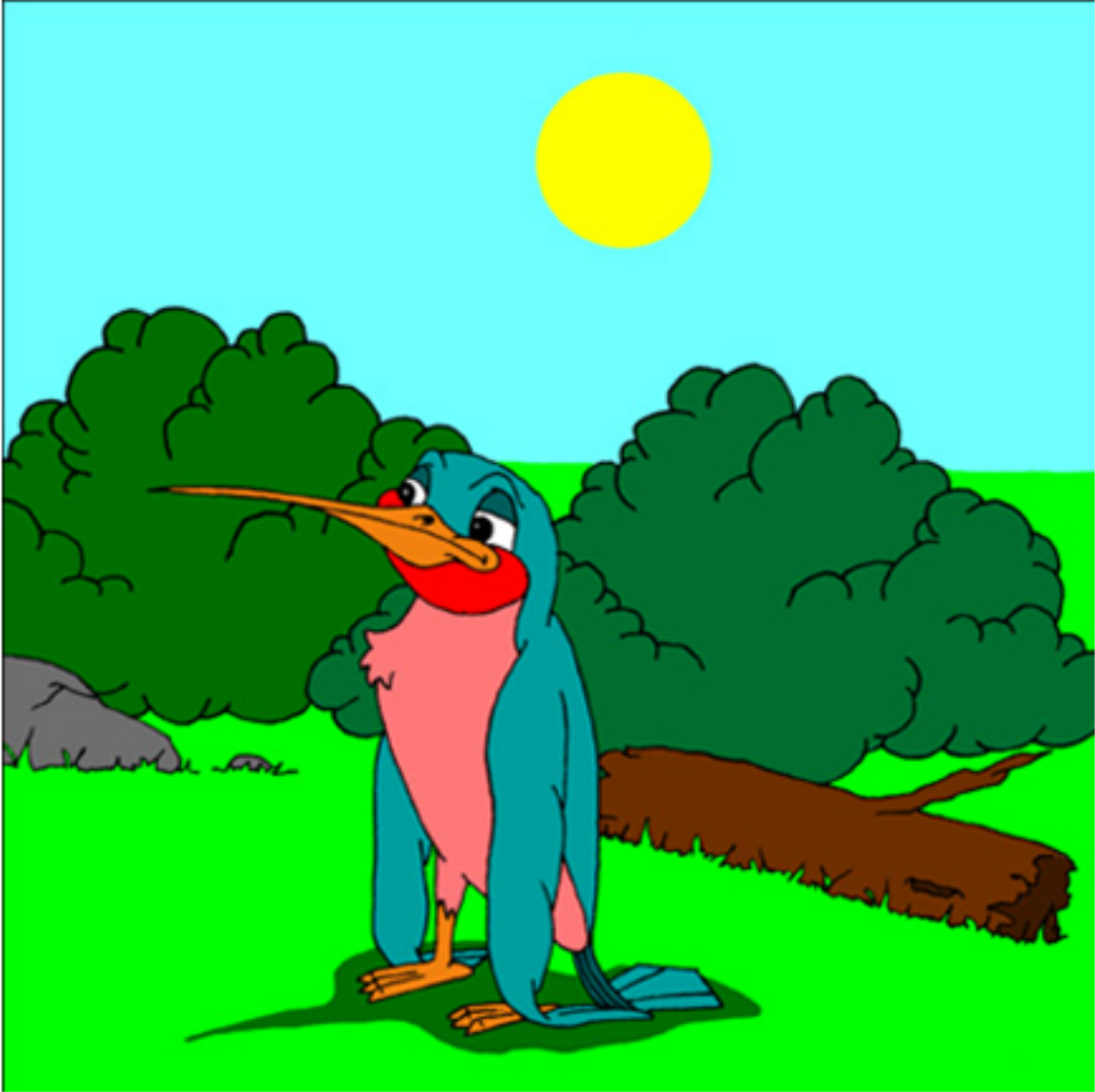




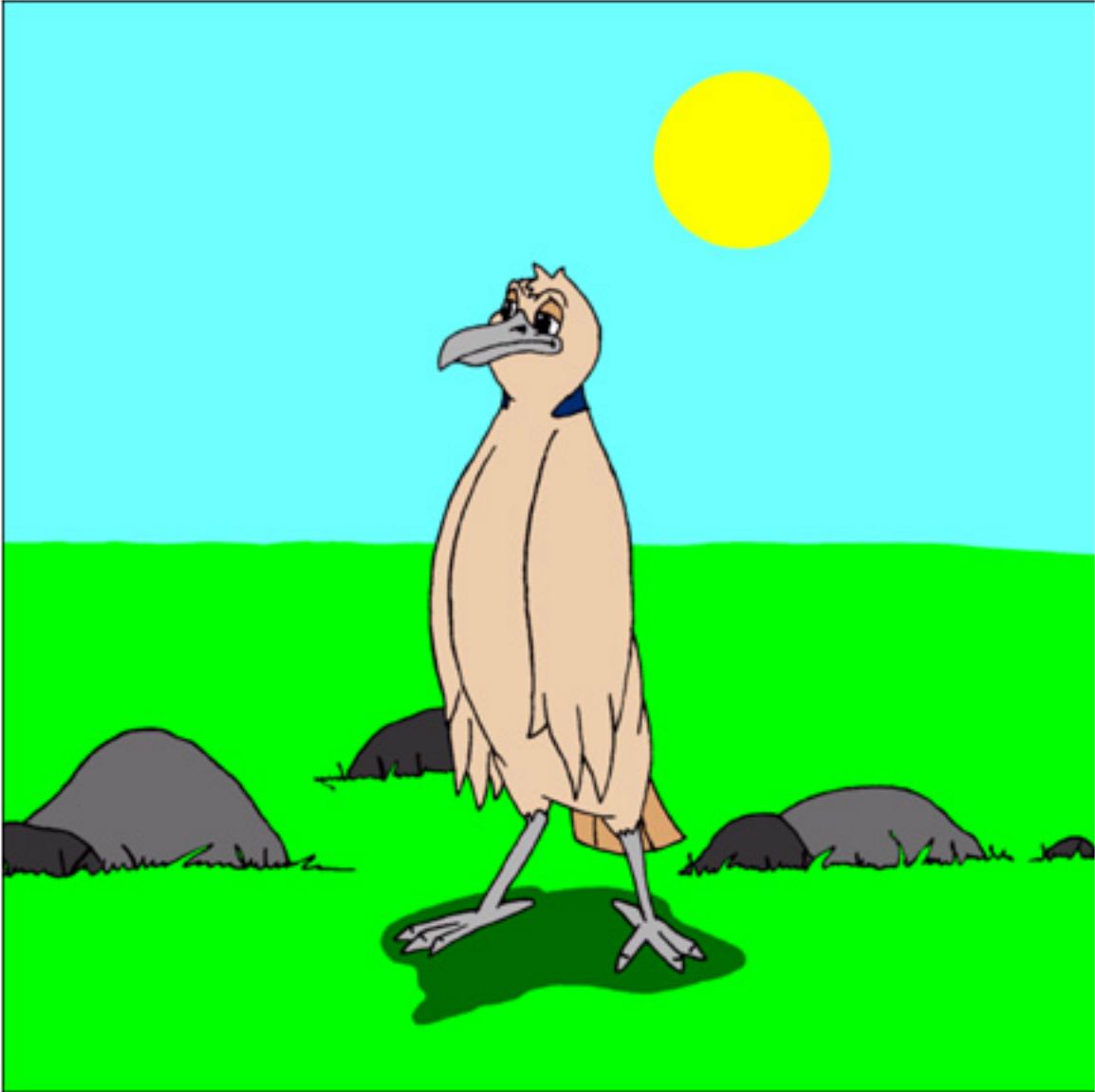
By Thesaurus Rhymewrite



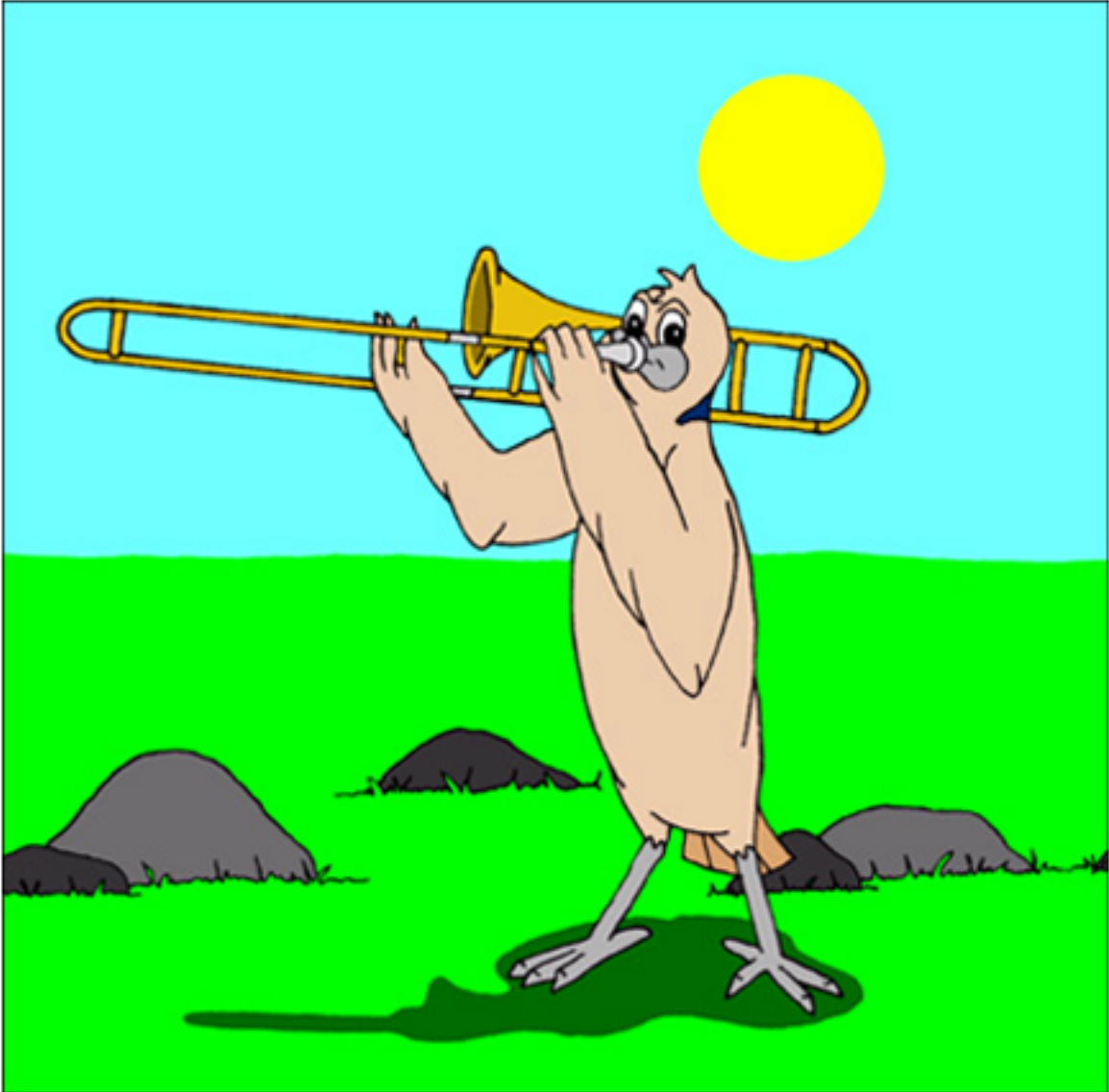
The little hummingbird was in a rut,
All that humming was driving him nuts.



He got tired of his little hums,
So he learned how to play the bongo drums.



The lonesome dove got tired it's clear,
Of singing out where nobody could hear.



He got tired of singing alone,
So he learned how to play the slide trombone.



The owl each night was bored as could be,
Hooting all night up there in the tree.



He got tired of having to hoot,
So he learned how to play the jazzy flute.



That old black crow got tired of the noise,
And raising a ruckus with all of the boys.



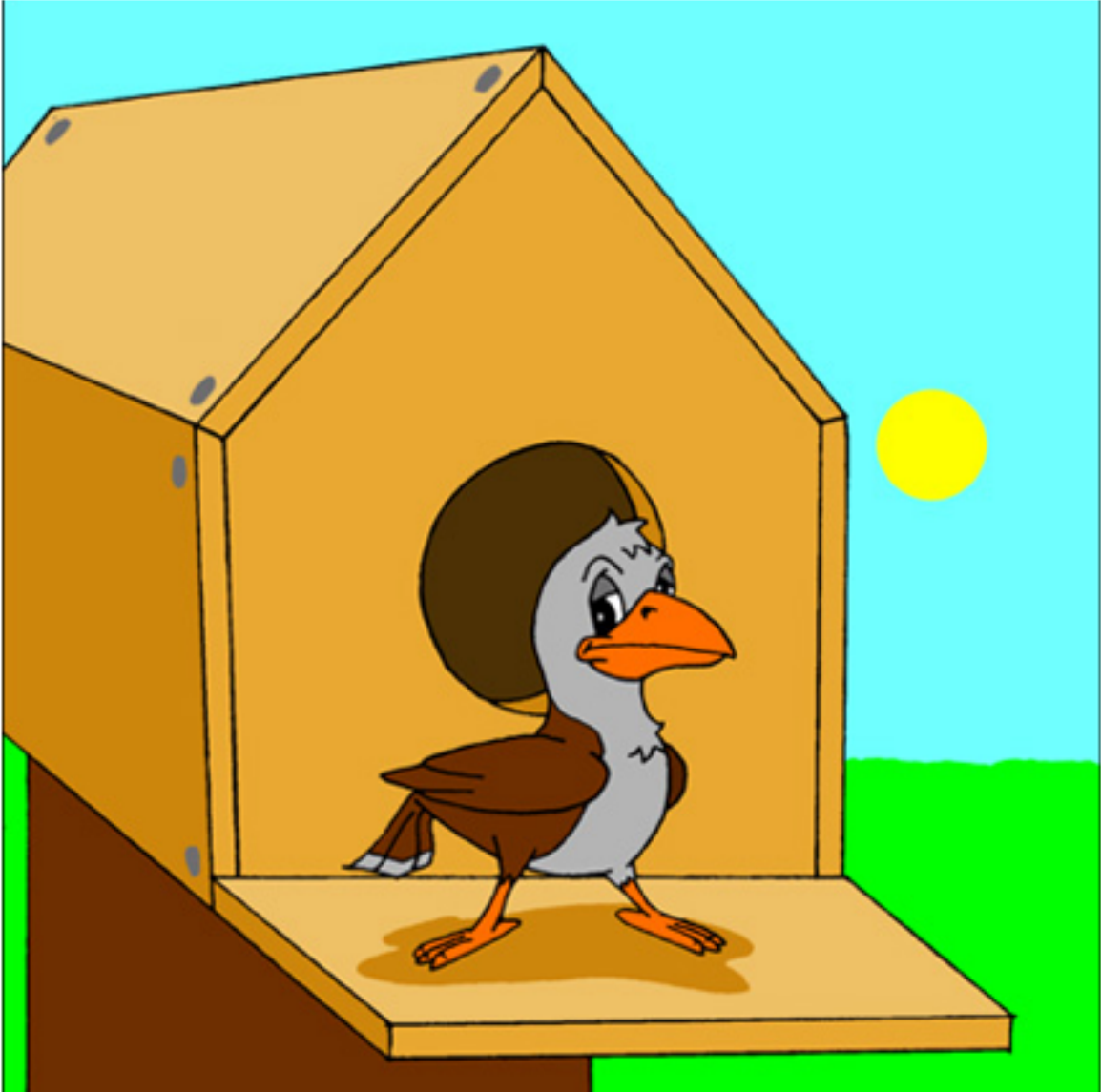
He got tired of all the din,
So he learned how to play the violin.



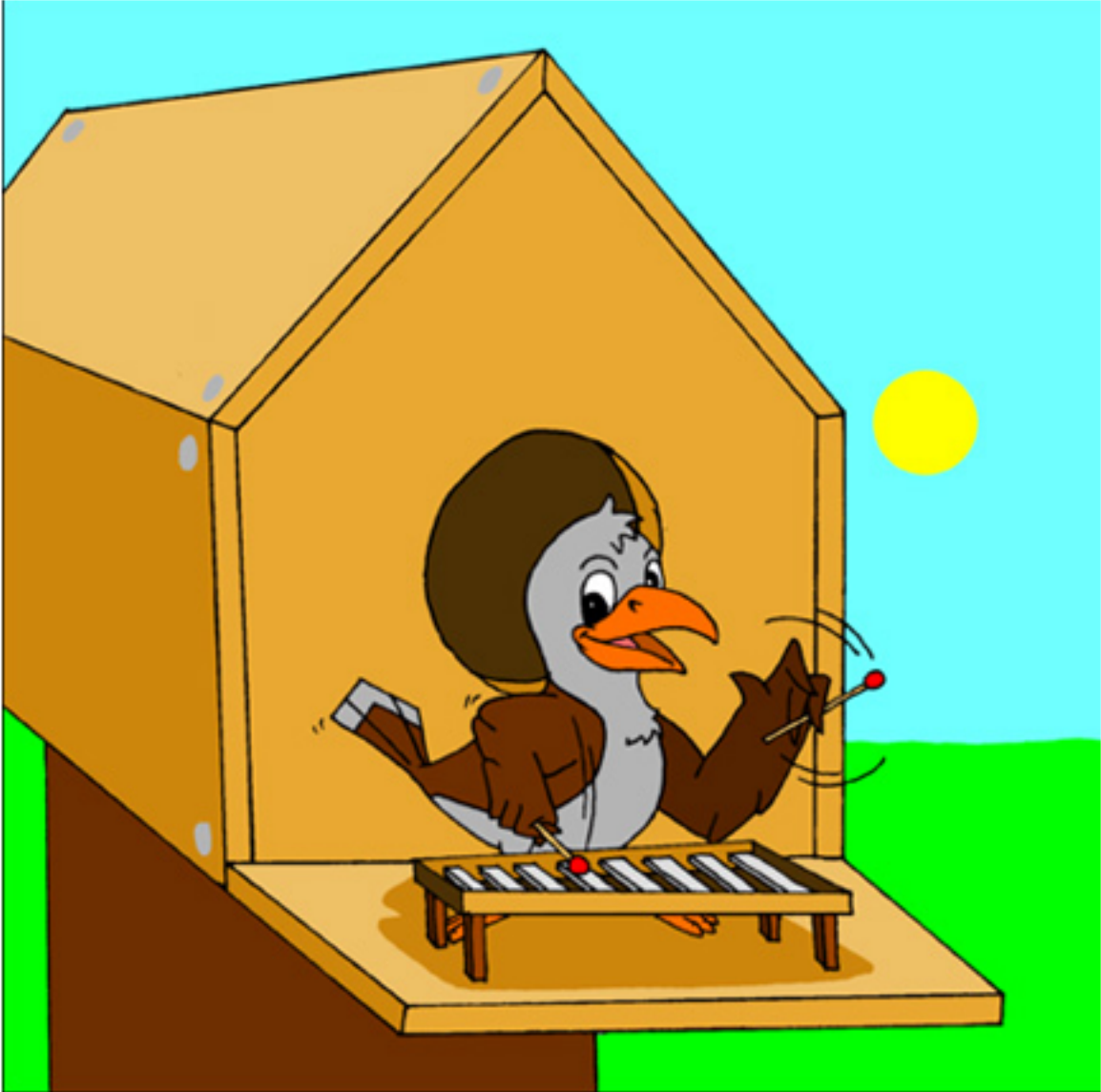
Now this old duck was tired as could be,
Of all his quacking monotonously.



He was tired of quacks alone,
So he learned how to play the saxophone.



The sparrow was tired of all the rote,
The same old song and the same old note.



The song he sang had gotten shrill,
So he learned how to play the glockenspiel.



The birds started getting so many fans,
They all got together and started a band.



They hired an agent, a picky woodpecker,
And they all became famous when they made
a gold record.

And that's the story of the Birds in the Band.