

\_\_\_\_\_ 's Many Colored Days

Some days are \_\_\_\_\_. Some days are \_\_\_\_\_.  
On different days, I'm different too.  
You'd be surprised how many ways I change on different colored days.

On \_\_\_\_\_ days, how good it feels.  
To be a horse and kick my heels!

On other days I'm other things.  
On bright blue days I flap my wings.

Some days, of course, feel sort of \_\_\_\_\_  
Then I feel slow and low, low, Down.

Then comes a \_\_\_\_\_ day. And wheeeeeee!  
I'm a busy, buzzy bee.

Gray day...everything is gray.  
I watch... But nothing moves today.

Then all of a sudden, I'm a circus seal!  
On my \_\_\_\_\_ days, this is how I feel.

Green Days. deep deep in the sea.  
Cool and quiet, yep, that's me.

On \_\_\_\_\_ days, I'm sad. I groan.  
I drag my tail. I walk alone.

But when my days are happy \_\_\_\_\_,  
It's great to jump and just not think.

Then come my black days; MAD and LOUD.  
I howl.  
I growl at every cloud.

Then comes a mixed-up day.  
And WHAM!  
I don't know who or what I am!

But it all turns out alright, you see.  
And I go back to being...me.