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8 YEARS SPECIAL RESTRICTED

GOOD COMPANY LEONARD CLARK

Good Company

By Leonard Clark

I sleep in a room at the top of the house  
With a flea and a fly and a soft-scratching mouse,  
And a spider who hangs on a thread from the  
ceiling,

Who gives me each day such a curious feeling  
When I watch him at work on his beautiful  
weave

Of his web that's so fine, I can hardly believe,  
It won't all end up in such terrible tangles,  
For he sways as he weaves, and spins as he  
dangles.

I cannot get up to that spider, I know,  
And I hope he won't get down to me here below,  
And yet, when I wake in the chill morning air,  
I'd miss him if he were not still swinging there,  
For I have in my room such good company,

There's him, and the mouse and the fly and the  
flea.