

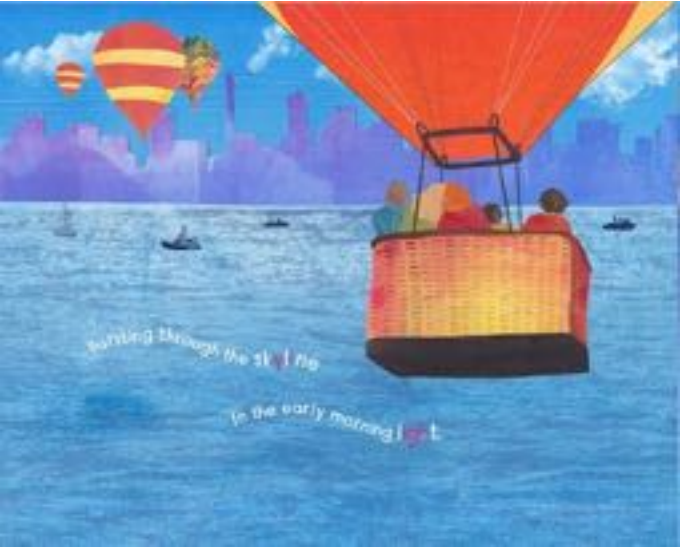


THIS IS THE STORY OF THE 'I'

It's the long, not the short,
So keep a close eye.
Like the 'i' is the wild
And 'igh' way up high

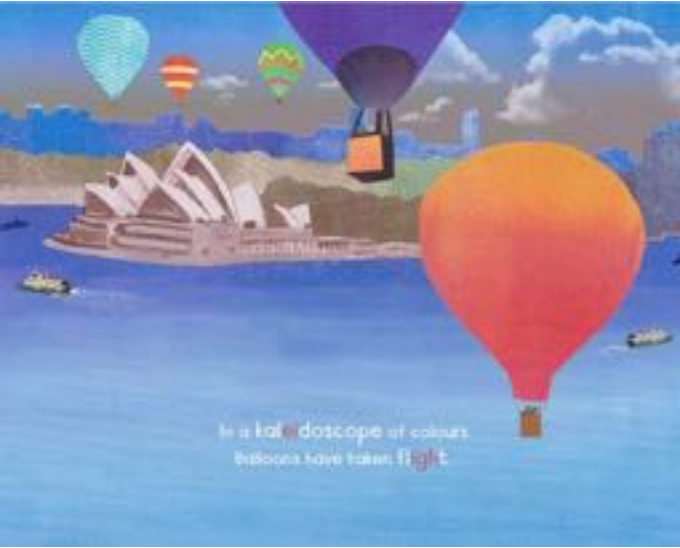
Don't you sometimes
wish you could fly?



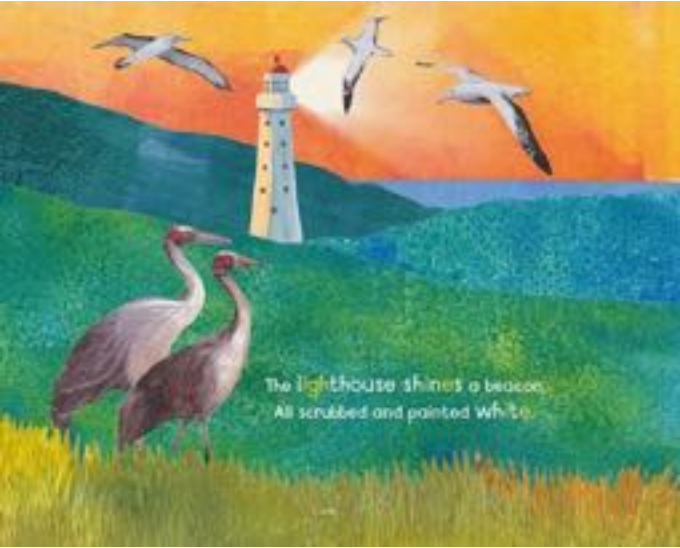


wanting through the sky I rise

in the early morning I set



In a kaleidoscope of colours
balloons have taken flight



The lighthouse shines a beacon,
All scrubbed and painted white.

And beyond a striking sunset,
OM! Such a magnificent sight.

