

Wazoo!

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"Wazoo" is a Heidi-ism. Sooz and Ali were teaching her to say "I love you" and this was the result. I know "Awww!!".

♩ = 100



Once up-on a time, I was-n't re ady to be me. I real-ly did-n't want you to ap- pear. I thought it meant a
car- di-gan and slip pers by the fire Be- ing gran- dad was a cause for fear. But then my lit- tle
Hei- di made her en- trance on the stage. That's not a thing for which you can pre- pare. She can wrap me round her
fin- ger u- sing noth ing but a smile. It's a fun ny thing, but I don't care She fills me full of
hap- pi- ness. She co- vers me in glue and she taught me how to say "Wa - zoo".

Once upon a time, I wasn't ready to be me. I really didn't want you to appear.

I thought it meant a cardigan and slippers by the fire. Being grandad was a cause for fear.

But then my little Heidi made her entrance on the stage. That's not a thing for which you can prepare.

She can wrap me round her finger using nothing but a smile. It's a funny thing, but I don't care

She fills me full of happiness. She covers me in glue and she taught me how to say "Wazoo".

She likes to have adventures with her crazy uncle Paul. Making mischief, making sausages for tea.

Going geocaching, tattie-bashing, combing on the beach. They're a major source of entropy.

When I help her with her painting she succeeds in staying clean. And I'm festooned in blue instead.

She's wise beyond her age and size, although from time to time. She wears her pants upon her head.

She makes us watch the Teletubbies, Mr Tumble too and she taught me how to say "Wazoo".

I thought I wasn't ready for another little friend – but – Morag ... I was wrong again.

She looks just like her sister, but she is a scallywag. Full of nonsense with a frisky little brain!

She often drives me bonkers when she rages at the moon. I suspect she really understands.

'cos she turns me into jelly with a twinkle of her eyes and I find that I am putty in her hands.

She winds me up, she laughs at me, she'll do the same to you and she causes me to say "Wazoo".

In a lapse of concentration, I locked Morag in the car. I thought that she would go insane. But.

She thought it was hilarious to see her mum and me ... and a shower of torrential rain.

She tried out every button and she danced to the alarm. While the rain continued to pour.

The button for the headlights took her fancy for a while. But not the one that opens up the door.

We tried to guide her fingers 'til our words were turning blue. But she always makes me say "Wazoo".

Many years ago, their mother was a tiny little girl, fascinated by anatomy.

She told me the accessories upon her tiny frame were different from her brother and me.

She told me men had dangly bits and women they had none. And her chest was nothing like her mum's.

And in a flash of genius that unites the human race. She told me that "we all have bums".

When I look at Sooz and Morag, it's a case of déjà vu. And they make me say "Wazoo, wazoo".

There's Heidi, Morag, Sooz and Ali, also crazy Paul. They drive me bonkers once in a while.

And in return I do the same to them, but all the same. They can always make me laugh and smile.

There's Heidi with her questions and Morag with her rants. While the others drink my beer and wine.

But if you try to hurt them, or to do them any harm. Don't expect a handsome shrine

If they ever go away I can't imagine what I'll do. Cos they all know "Wazoo, wazoo".

For Heidi, Morag, Paul, Sooz and Ali. Glynis has lots of songs! Wazoo, you lot.