

The Magic London Bus

I once went to London to see all the sights
On a bus that was shiny and red.
But instead of just driving along on the road,
The bus started flying instead!

We floated up high past the trees and the roofs
As we followed the Thames down below.
Our magical journey had truly begun
And the buildings and sights were the show.

The Tower of London loomed over the bridge;
On the ground, ravens stood keeping guard.
The beefeaters saw us, so higher we flew
Trying not to collide with the Shard.

We flew past the Globe with the actors on stage;
Shakespearean lines echoed by.
Then we waved at the people all sitting in pods
Spinning round on the big London Eye.

The Houses of Parliament lay up ahead
And the driver asked, "What is the time?"
His question was answered at once, loud and clear
As Big Ben was beginning to chime.

He landed the bus and we all stepped outside,
Still amazed at the things we had seen.
I promised to visit the city again –
The most magical place I have been!

