



GIRAFFES CAN'T DANCE

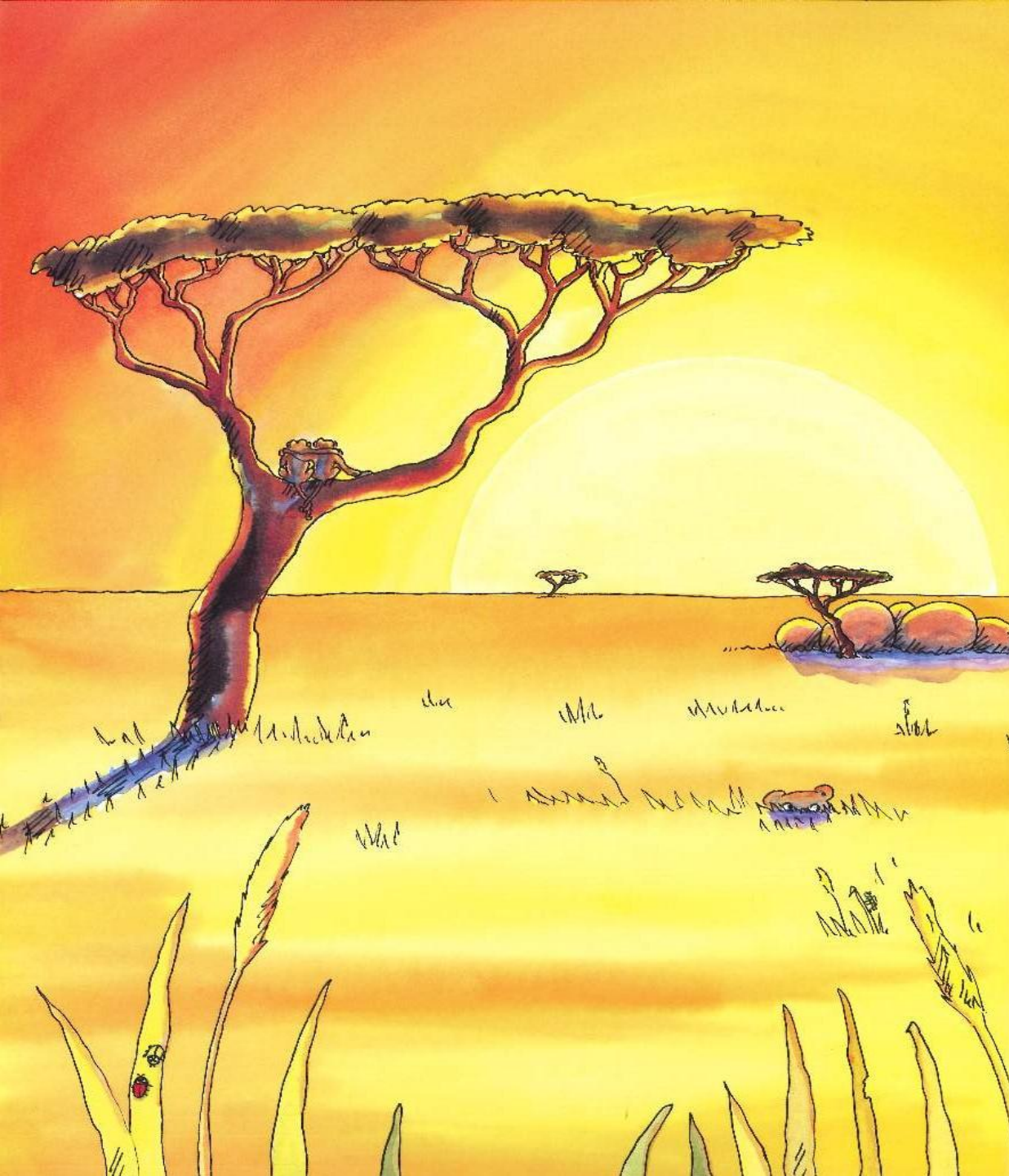
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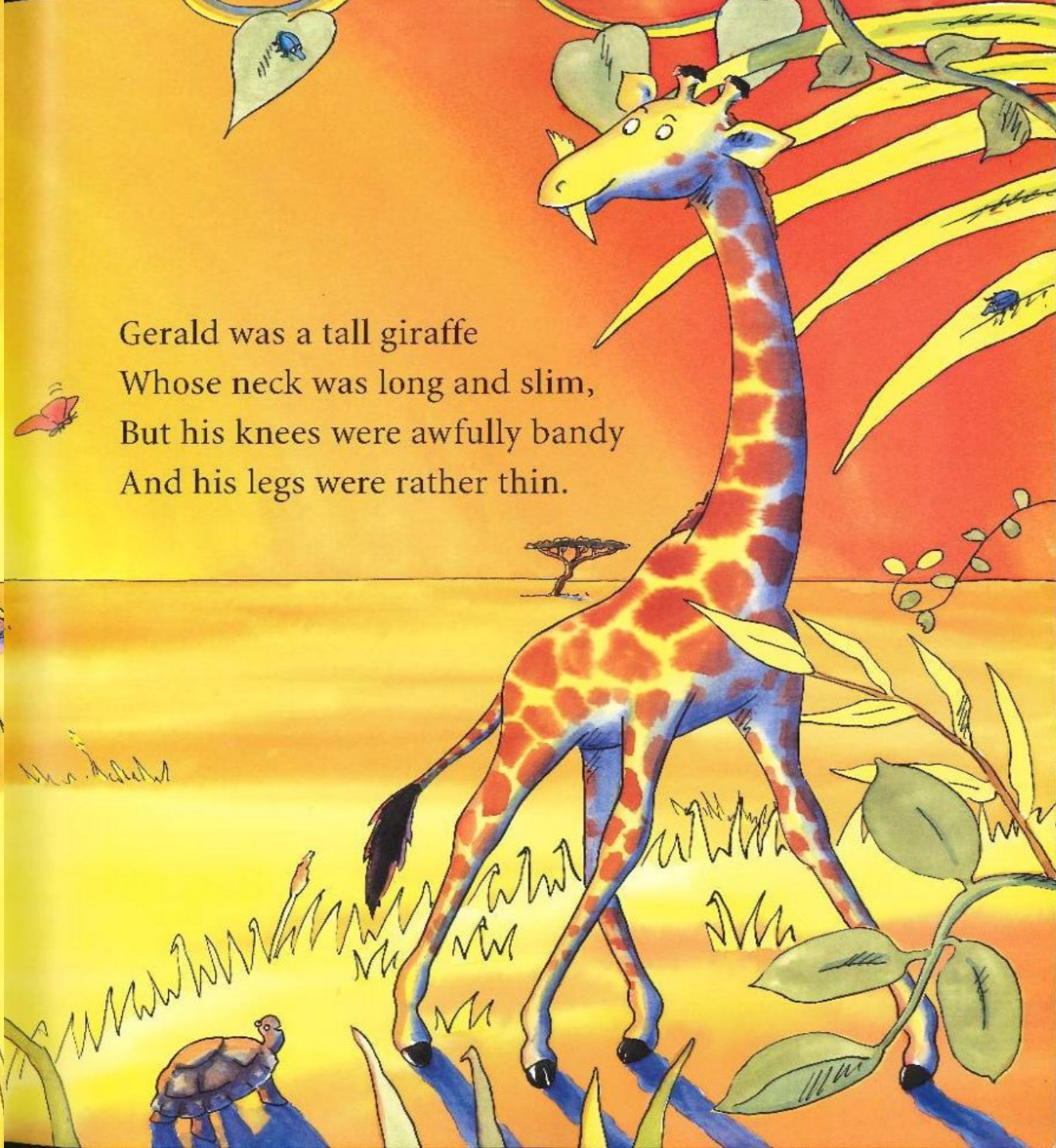


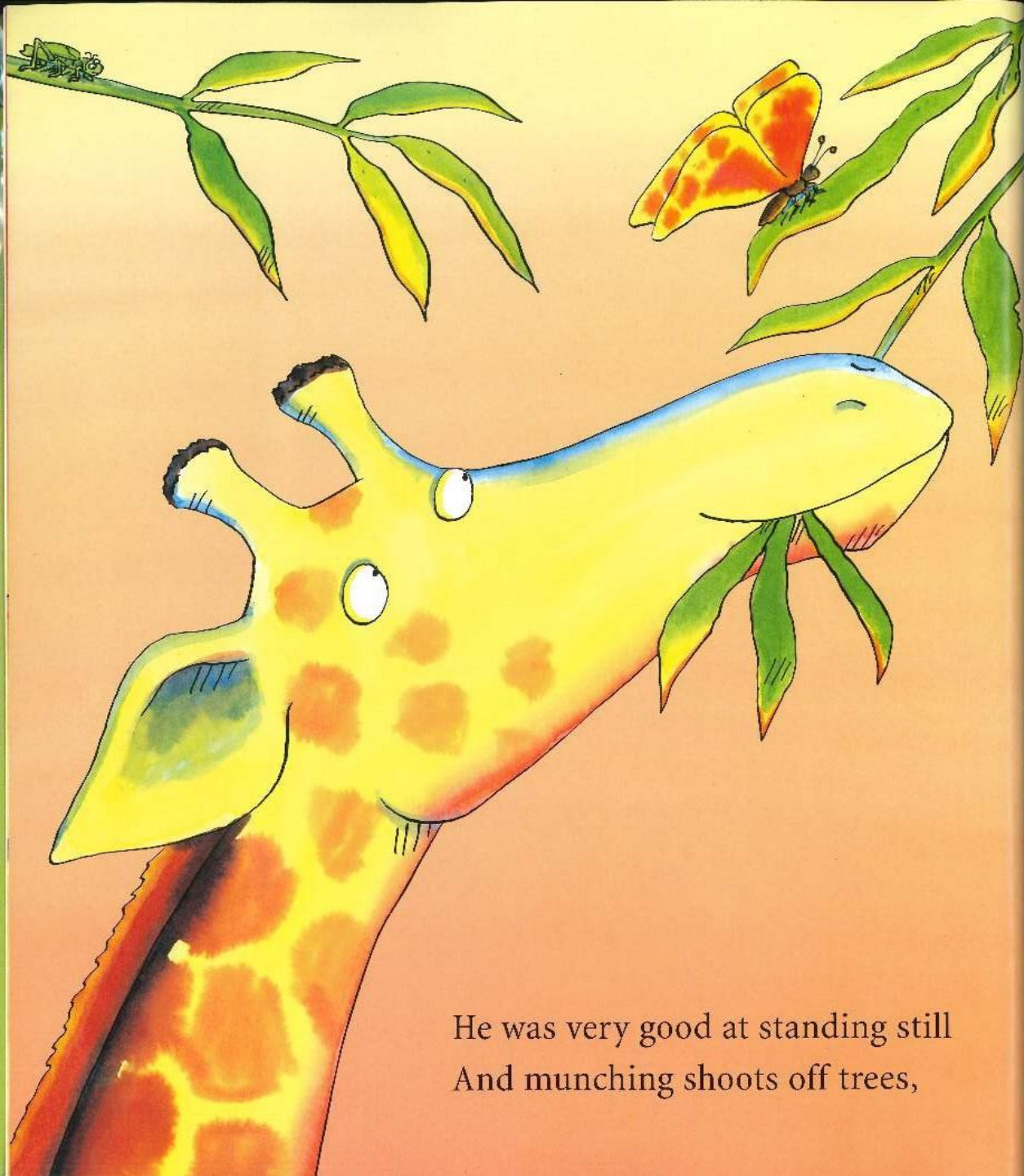
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GILES ANDREAE  GUY PARKER-REES

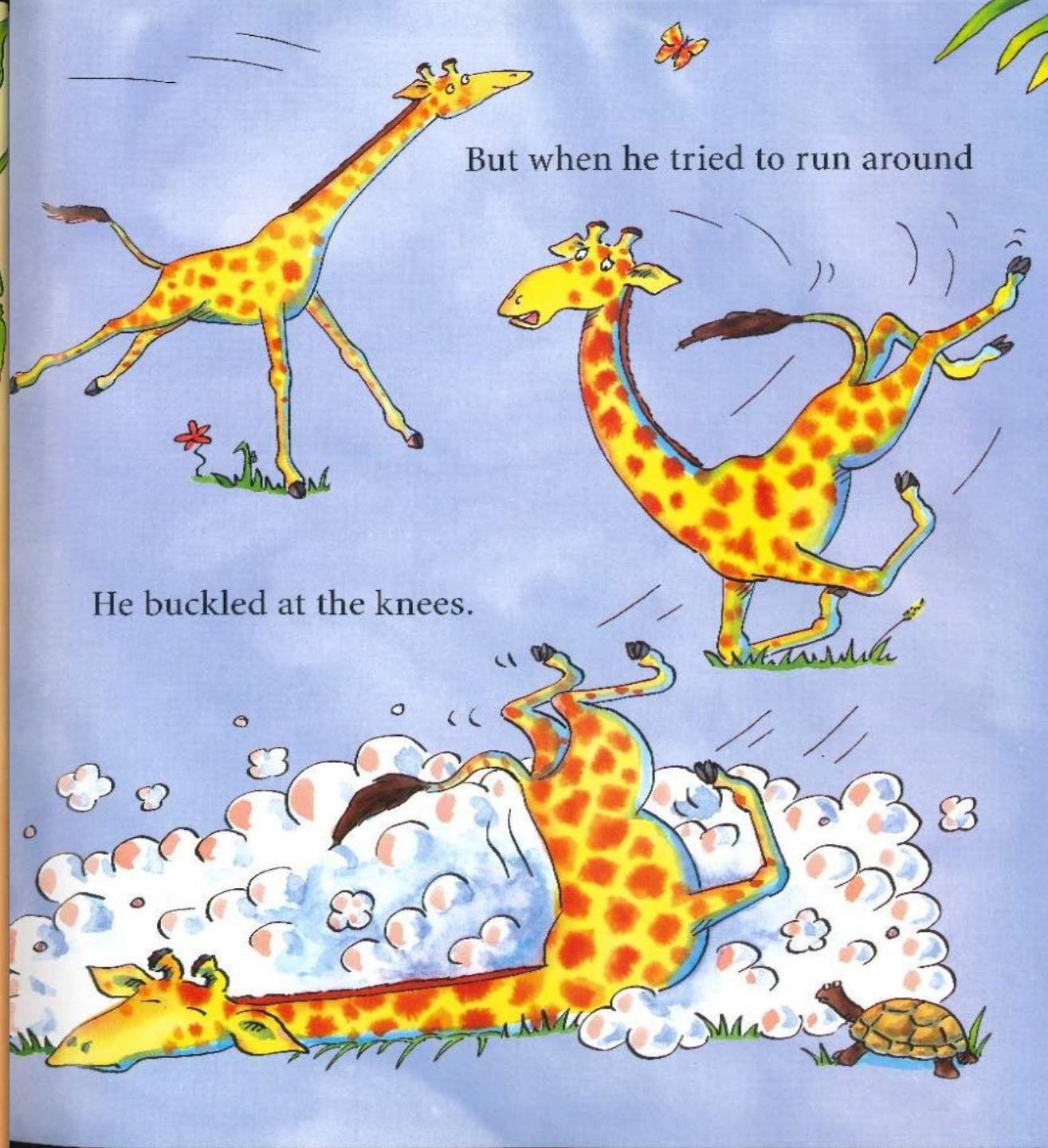


Gerald was a tall giraffe
Whose neck was long and slim,
But his knees were awfully bandy
And his legs were rather thin.





He was very good at standing still
And munching shoots off trees,



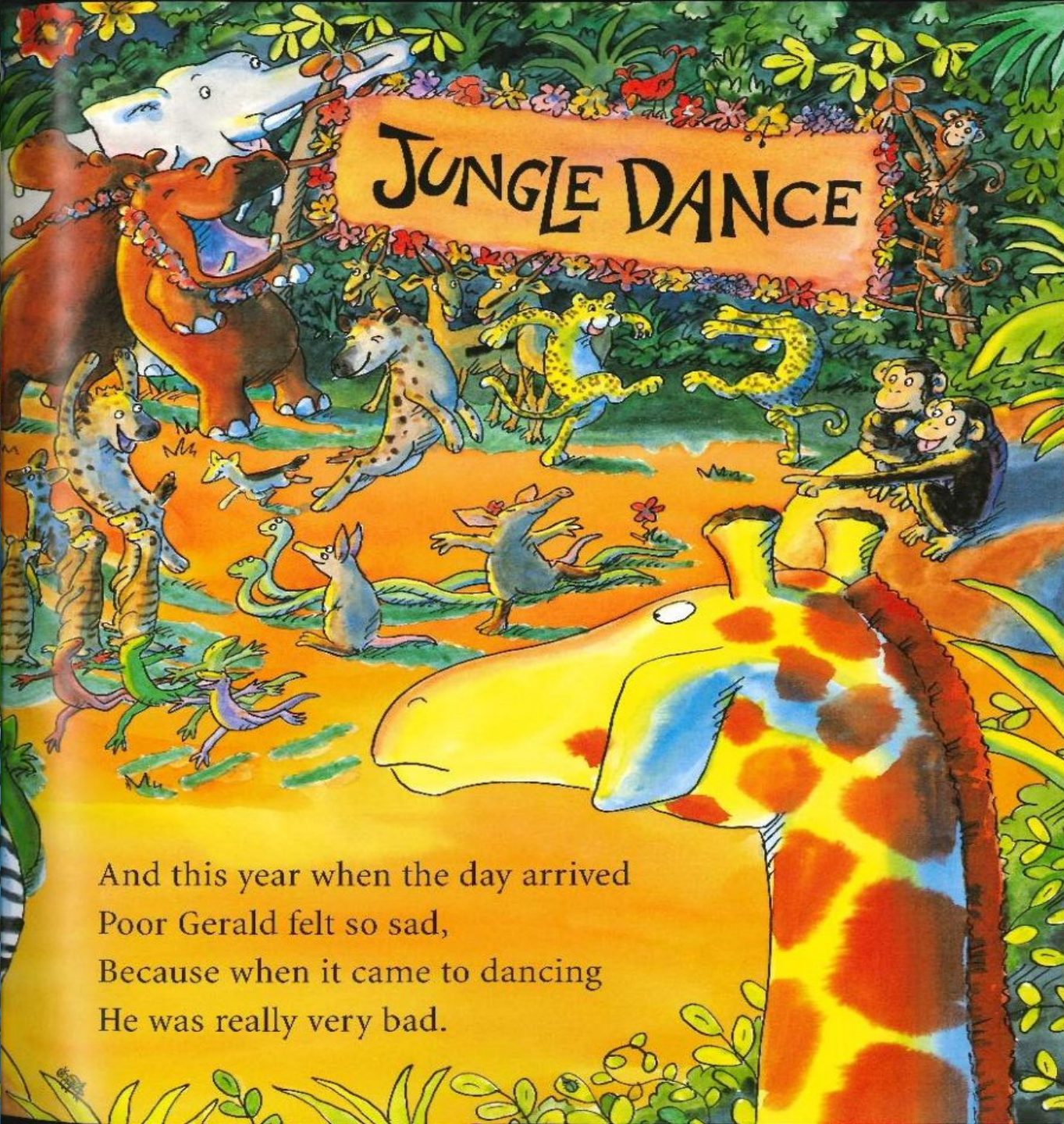
But when he tried to run around

He buckled at the knees.

Now every year in Africa
They hold the Jungle Dance,
Where every single animal
Turns up to skip and prance.

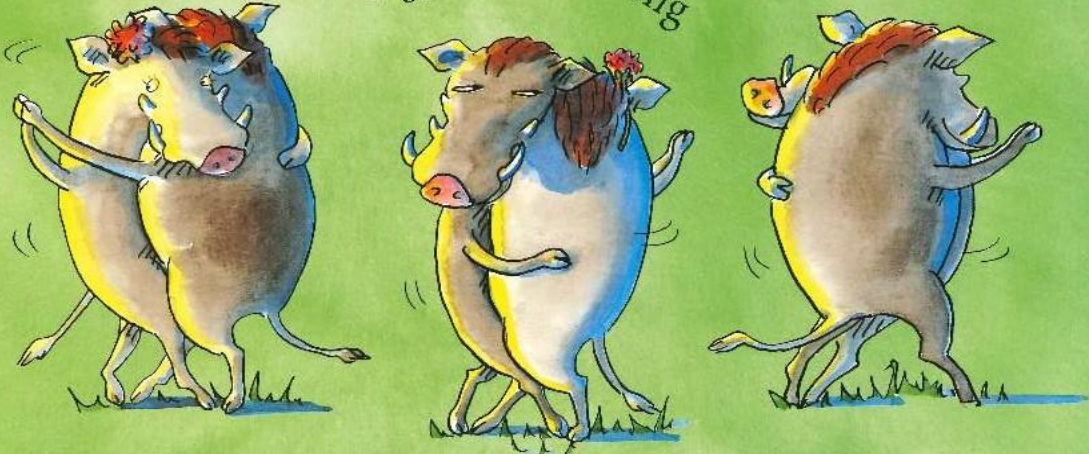


JUNGLE DANCE



And this year when the day arrived
Poor Gerald felt so sad,
Because when it came to dancing
He was really very bad.

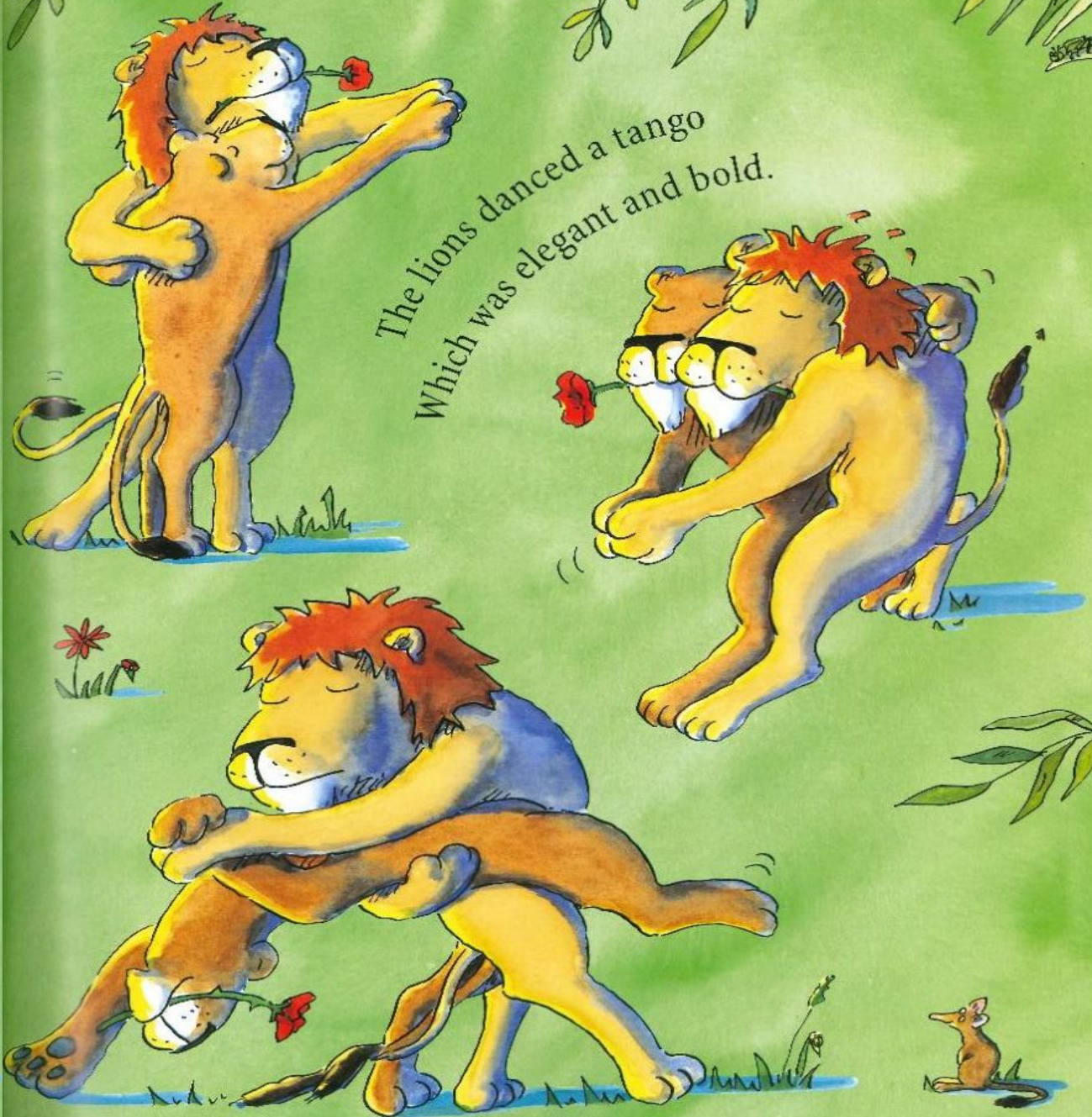
The warthogs started waltzing

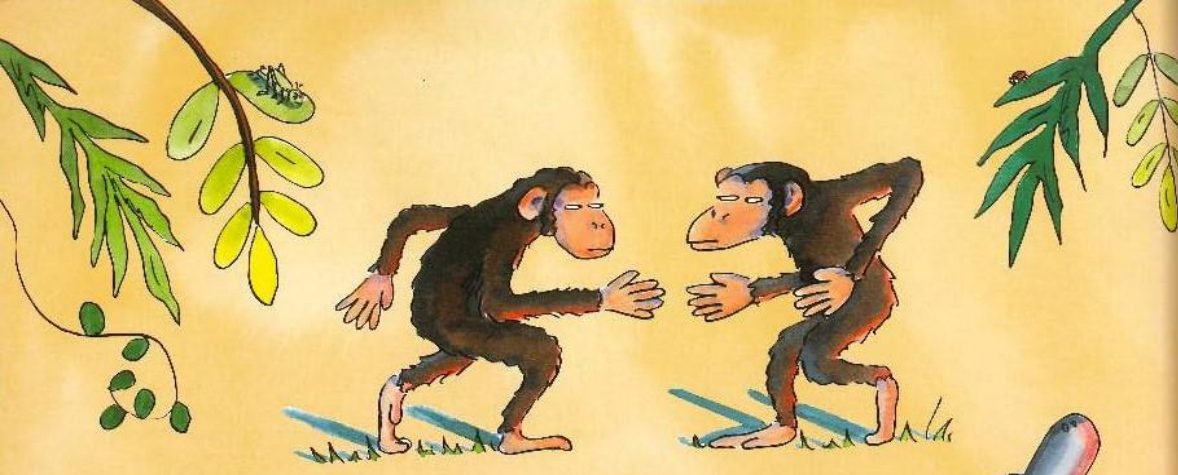


And the rhinos rock 'n' rolled

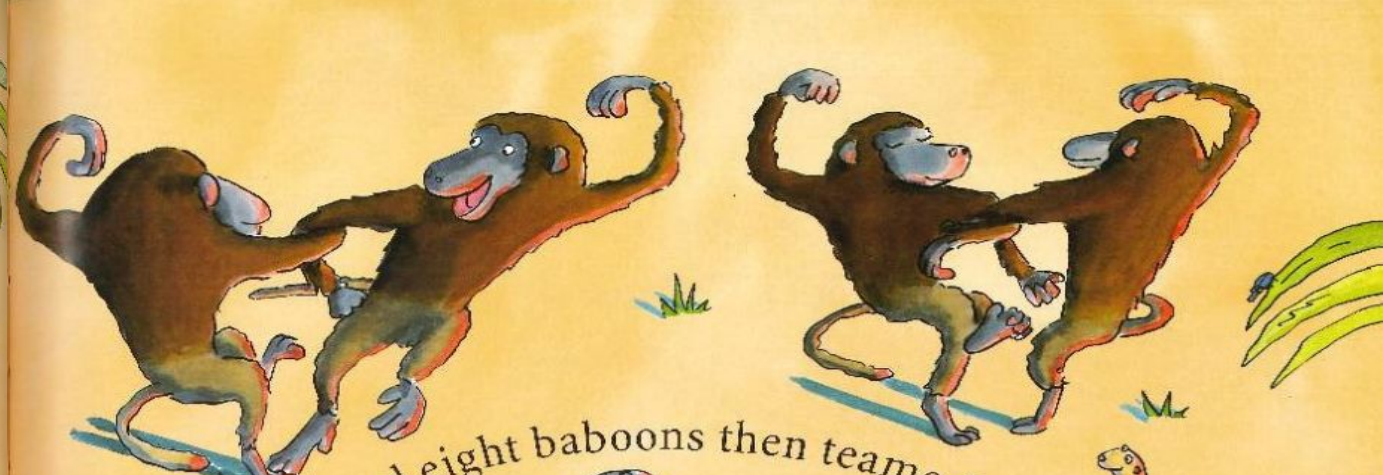


The lions danced a tango
Which was elegant and bold.

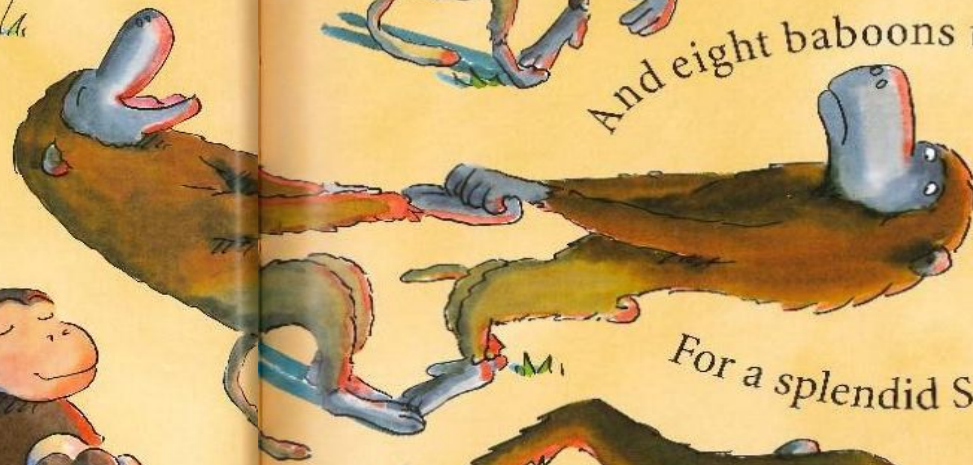




The chimps all did a cha-cha
With a very latin feel,

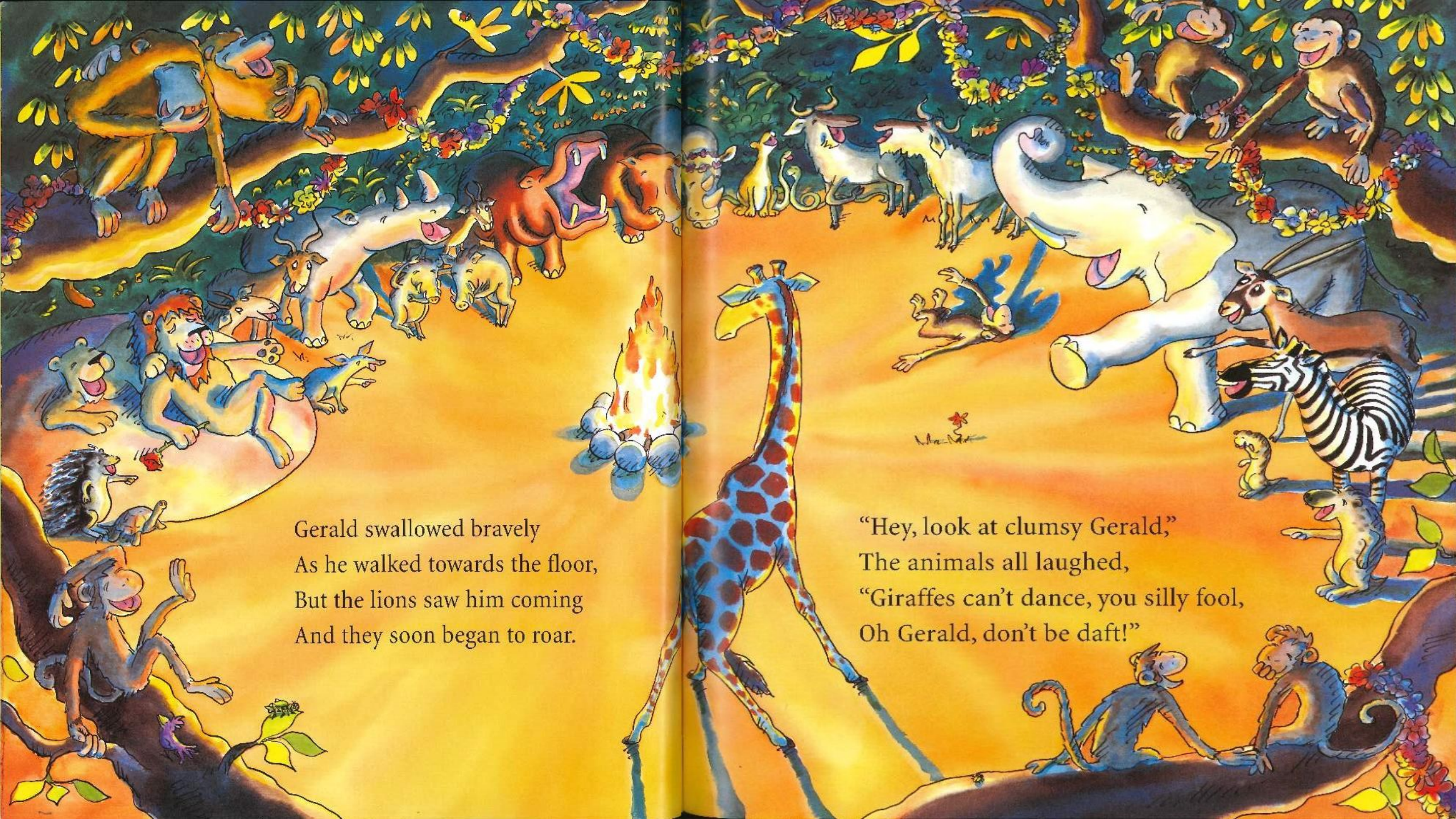


And eight baboons then teamed up



For a splendid Scottish reel.

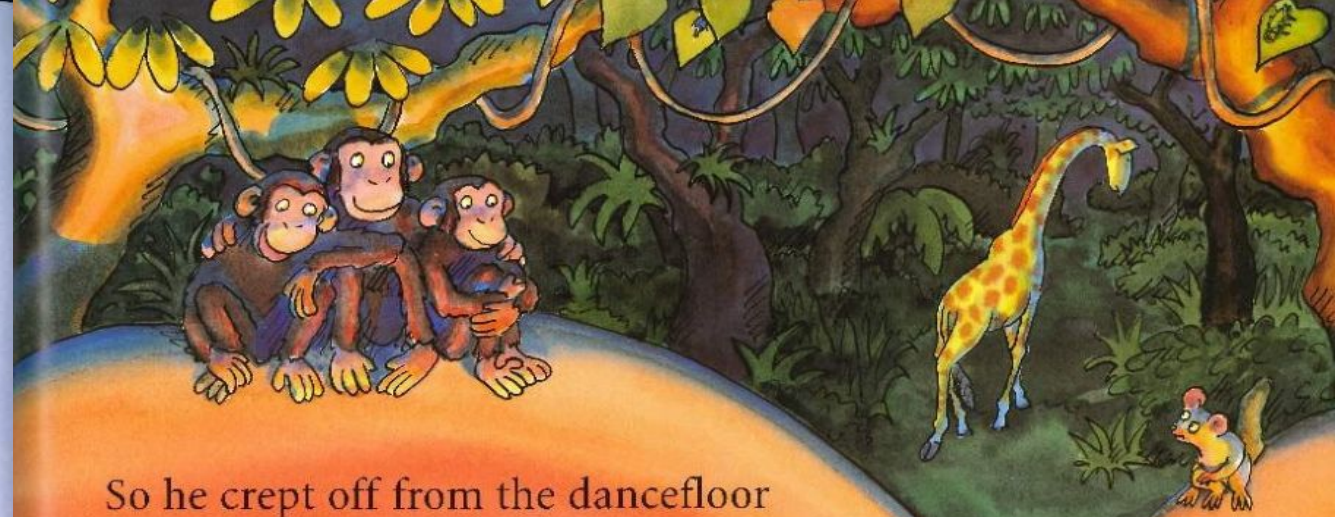




Gerald swallowed bravely
As he walked towards the floor,
But the lions saw him coming
And they soon began to roar.


“Hey, look at clumsy Gerald,”
The animals all laughed,
“Giraffes can’t dance, you silly fool,
Oh Gerald, don’t be daft!”

Gerald simply froze up,
He was rooted to the spot.
“They’re right,” he thought, “I’m useless,
Oh, I feel like such a clot.”



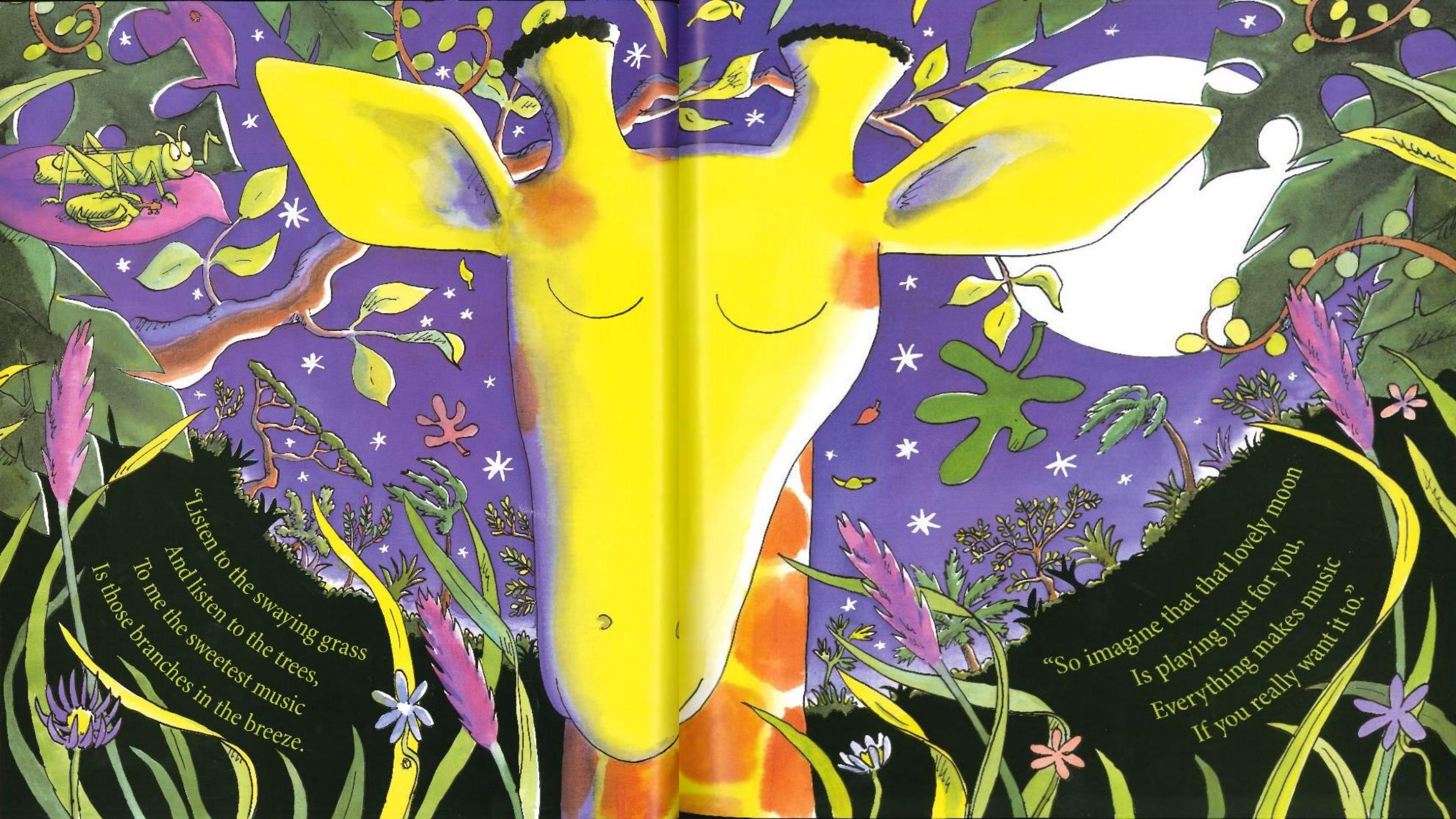
So he crept off from the dancefloor
And he started walking home,
He'd never felt so sad before
So sad and so alone.



A giraffe with yellow and orange spots is looking up at a night sky. The sky is dark blue with a large, bright white full moon and several white stars. The giraffe is surrounded by lush green foliage and trees. In the background, a small monkey is visible in a tree on the left, and a green grasshopper is on a leaf on the right. The scene is illuminated by the moonlight, creating a serene and magical atmosphere.


Then he found a little clearing
And he looked up at the sky,
“The moon can be so beautiful,”
He whispered with a sigh.

“Excuse me!” coughed a cricket
Who’d seen Gerald earlier on,
“But sometimes when you’re different
You just need a different song.”

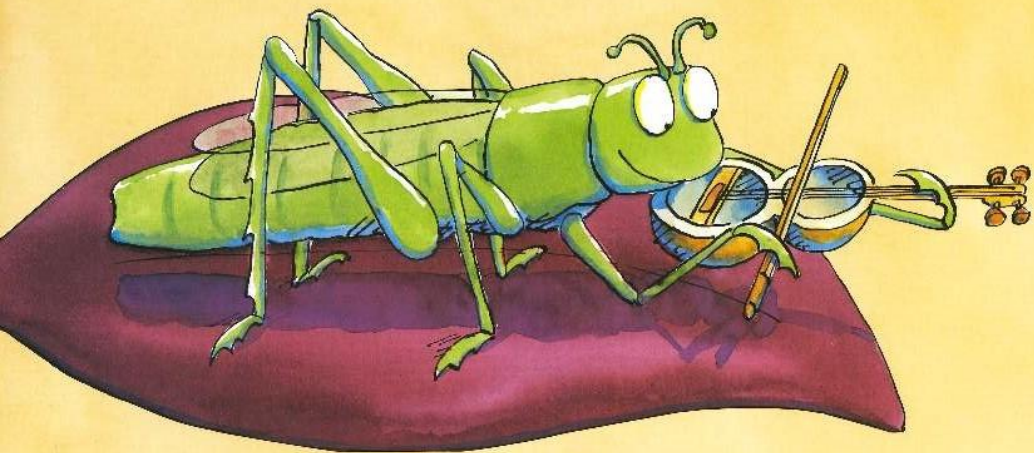


*“Listen to the swaying grass
And listen to the trees,
To me the sweetest music
Is those branches in the breeze.”*

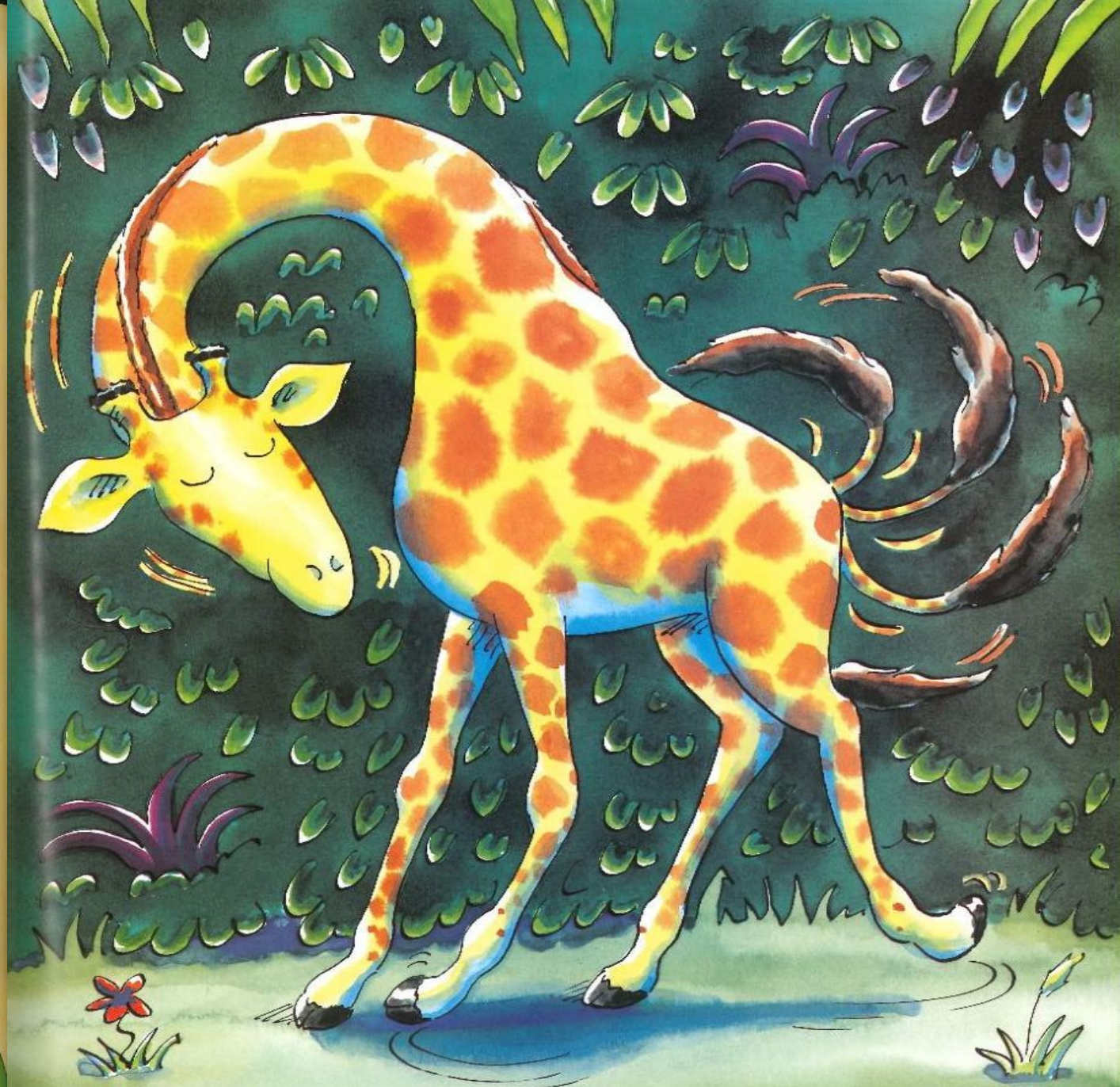
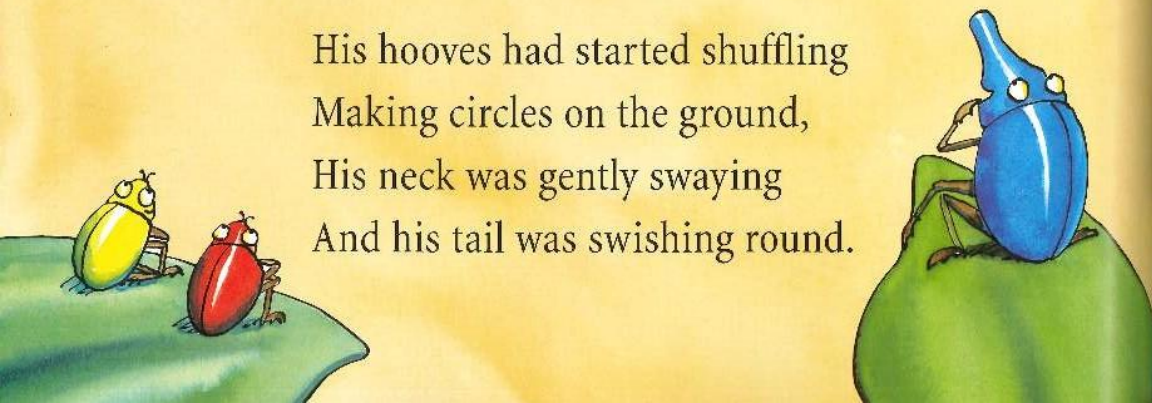
*“So imagine that lovely moon
Is playing just for you,
Everything makes music
If you really want it to.”*



With that, the cricket smiled
And picked up his violin.
Then Gerald felt his body
Do the most amazing thing.



His hooves had started shuffling
Making circles on the ground,
His neck was gently swaying
And his tail was swishing round.



He threw his arms out sideways
And he swung them everywhere,
Then he did a backwards somersault
And leapt up in the air.

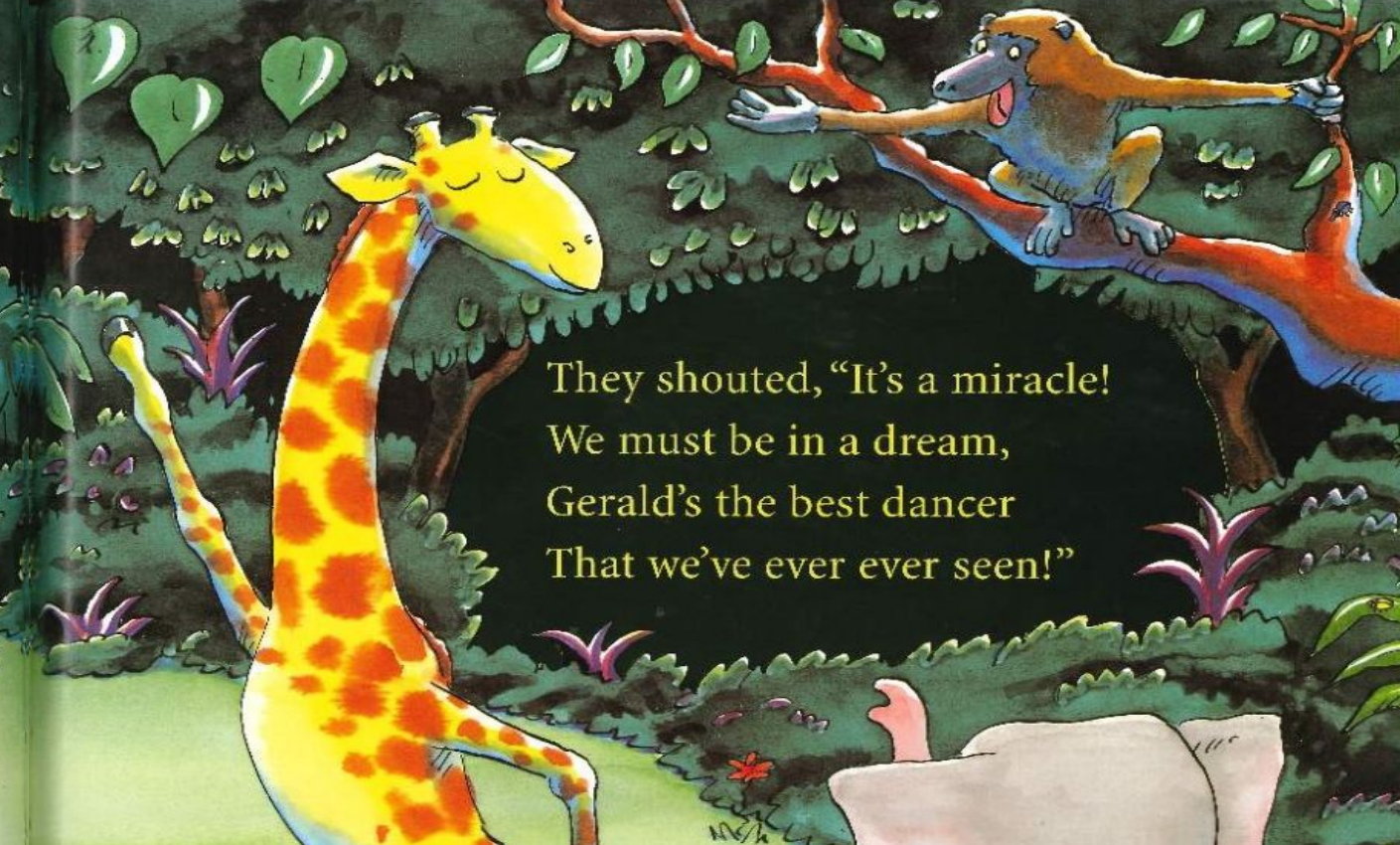




Gerald felt so wonderful
His mouth was open wide,
“I am dancing! Yes, I’m dancing!
I AM DANCING!” Gerald cried.

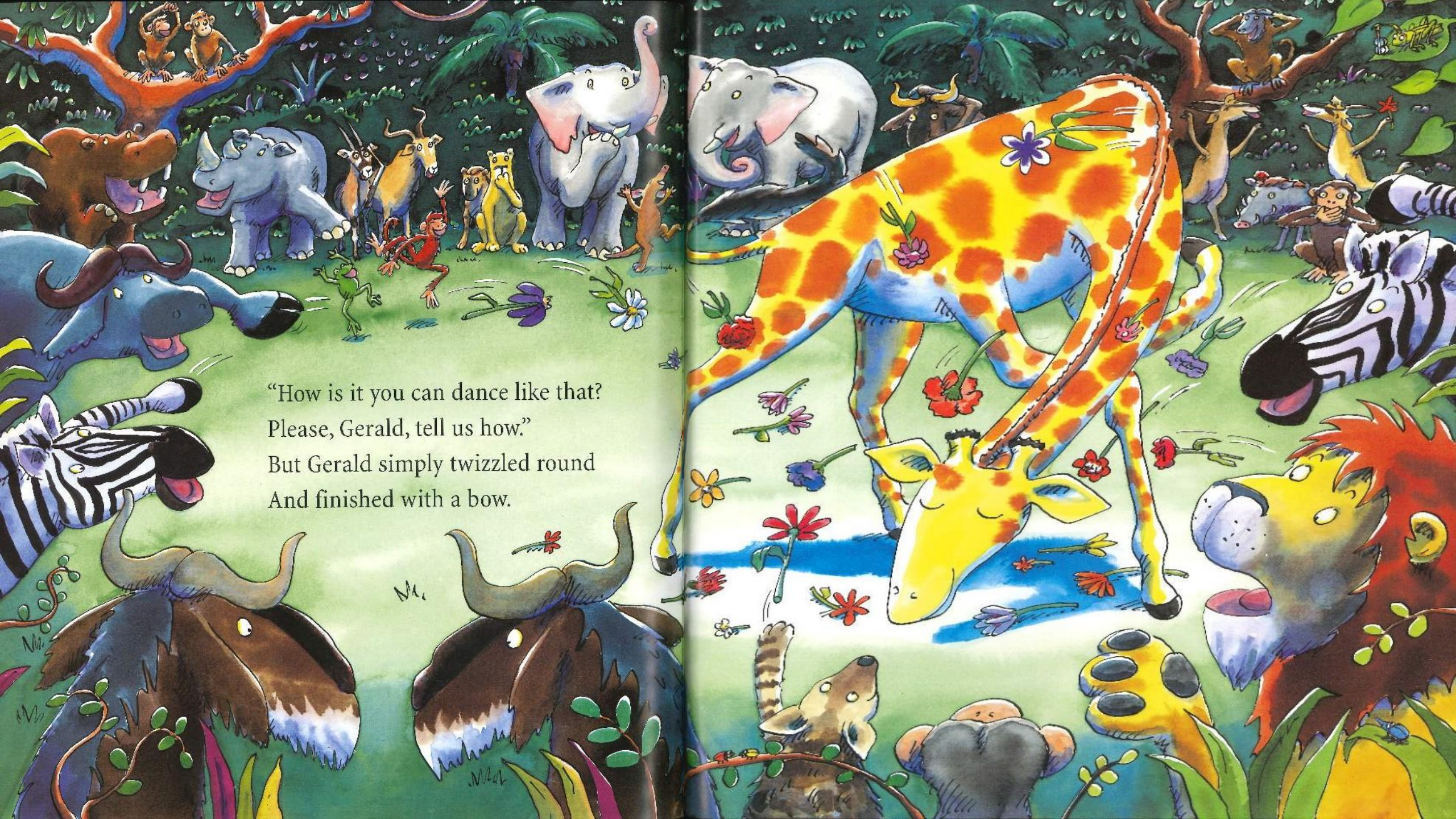


Then one by one each animal
Who'd been there at the dance
Arrived while Gerald boogied on
And watched him quite entranced.



They shouted, "It's a miracle!
We must be in a dream,
Gerald's the best dancer
That we've ever ever seen!"





“How is it you can dance like that?
Please, Gerald, tell us how.”
But Gerald simply twizzled round
And finished with a bow.

Then he raised his head and looked up
At the moon and stars above.
“We all can dance,” he said,
“When we find music that we love.”

