

LYRIC SHEET



“Treehouse”

(Claudia Robin Gunn)

Down at the end of my garden, that’s where I like to play
Down at the end of my garden, I can hide away
In my own monkey apple treehouse that we built when I was three
I love to eat my milk and cookies there for afternoon tea

In my treehouse
In my treehouse

Down at the end of my garden, that’s where I like to go
Down at the end of my garden, you are invited too you know

Cos my own monkey apple tree house can be anything at all
A mountain top - a dragons den – or a castle ten feet tall
We can pretend we’re in a rocket ship that’s headed up to Mars
And we are scientists on the mission to find life among the stars
Maybe make believe it’s a lighthouse warning the ships below
We’re the lighthouse cats, telling all the rats they have to go

From my treehouse
Up in my treehouse

Down at the end of my garden, that’s where I’ll be
Down at the end of my garden, just come and see

Cos my own monkey apple tree house can be anything at all
A jet plane, hot air balloon or a parachute to catch the fall
We can pretend we’re in a pirate ship and we are all her crew
We are pirates with a treasure map and a parrot called Magoo
We can imagine it’s a submarine down at 10,000 feet
Zooming through the ocean depths to find the kraken’s teeth

In my treehouse
Up in my treehouse

LYRIC SHEET



Down at the end of my garden, that's the place I love
Down at the end of my garden, my treehouse is quite enough
In my treehouse (all the space I need)
In my treehouse (you should come and see)

In my own monkey apple treehouse that we built when I was three
I love to eat my milk and cookies there for afternoon tea

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