

Twisting across the garden,
dripping with morning dew;
skipping along the bumpy path,
I tripped and lost my shoe.

It hopped into a nearby stream,
giggling all the way.
I'm hoping that I'll find it soon
but I like being barefoot today.

For many years I'd hoped I'd find
my little pink prodigal shoe
and maybe, if you're really lucky,
this will happen to you.