Tall Tales in Burgundy

Humming a little tune for you all

Gather close to hear the flock story
Of a tiny bird seeking his glory
He stands short but he talks very tall
He's the proudest and smallest of all
In a burgundy knit sweater so fine
With a red beanie crossing the line
Since the morning his shell started breaking
He has kept this whole wardrobe from taking

Oh Barnaby The Beanie bird
With the tallest tales you've heard
Wrapped up in his red and bright
Warmest friend in day and night

Did I tell you about the great cold
When I braved out the winter so bold
I searched high and I searched for my hat
Nearly frozen right there on the mat
But wait now just look up ahead
It is right on my crown and it's red
Yes he tells it with theatrical flair
While the other birds silently stare

Oh Barnaby The Beanie bird
With the tallest tales you've heard
Wrapped up in his red and bright
Warmest friend in day and night

Some say that the beanie's a part of his head
They have never seen anything else there instead
Is it glued is it stitched or just part of his style
He just winks and he gives you a whimsical smile

Oh Barnaby The Beanie bird
With the tallest tales you've heard
Wrapped up in his red and bright
Warmest friend in day and night

He didn't really lose it you know
It's just where the tall stories grow
Goodbye Barnaby
Until next time little friend