

But That's Ok By Me
By: Jake Dobbin

I fly down the hill on thin plastic
Not going anywhere

But that's ok by me

There are kids all around me
The puffy snow cushions my fall but hardens on the hill
It sticks to my gloves

But that's ok by me

I am weighed down with snow on my way home
It melts off my hanging coat while by the fire
The snow has not let up all night long

But that's ok by me