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When I Have Thumbs

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When I have thumbs I will hitchhike everywhere,
I will suck my thumbs,
Sit in the corner and stick my thumb in a plum pie,
And paint a face on my thumb and forefinger, like a puppet,
and make it talk.

When I have thumbs I will learn sign language,
I will give everyone the "thumbs-up" sign,
Smash my thumb with a hammer,
And give people the bird, because I will finally have a middle finger.

When I have thumbs I will count to ten on my fingers
and not have to use my toes,
I will snap,
Play the guitar,
Thumb wrestle,
And when it's all over and I've done all those neat
Things
That only five-fingered people can do,
I'll ask God to take my thumbs away, and then once
Again enjoy the frustration of opening the lid of a
Yoplait yogurt.