

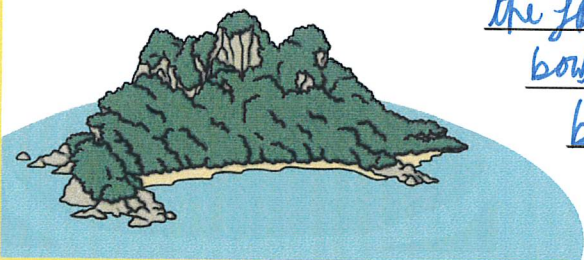
The Desert Island

I will take to a desert island,
a beautiful, cute baby as sleepy as a octopus,
cute puppies playing like a family game,
the rainbow, colourful paint as colourful as flowers,
but I won't take nasty, hot octopus that smells
horrid.

I will take to a desert island,
the jizzing, lush bath bombs that are amazing,
the singing of flags dancing through the wind,
the bells music that is as quiet as a koala,
but I shouldn't take a loud horn that deafens you.

I will take to a desert island,
the fruity smell of blueberries in a fruit salad,
the lovely smell of oranges in jelly,
the fresh smell of apples in a pie,
but I shan't take the stinky, smelly socks that,
smells like rotten cheese.

I will take to a desert island,
the refreshing taste of strawberries in jelly,
the delicious taste of raspberries at a picnic,
the fresh, fruity taste of plum in a
bowl of fruit,
but I wouldn't take the taste
of sour leard that are really sour,



I will take to a desert island,
the soft touch of slime as sticky as a sweet,
the gentle touch of breeze against my face that is calming,
the smooth/bumpy touch of a shell in the sea,
but I couldn't take the watery touch of glue
inbetween my toes.

