

Twins

There're two to wash, there're two to dry
There're two who argue, there're two who cry
One's in the mud having a ball,
The other holds a crayon – just look at the wall!
Some days seem endless, my patience grows thin.
Why was I chosen to be the MOTHER OF TWINS?

The answer comes clear at the end of each day,
As I tuck them in bed and to myself say;
There're two to kiss, there're two to hug,
And best of all, THERE'RE TWO TO LOVE!