

A BABY NAMED BROCK

by Robert Fitt

A baby name Brock just came to live at our house.
And ya know what?
They kept the guy hidden in the *Doctor's* big blouse!
And you know what?
Whether my brother's a beggar or king,
It's amazing our *Doctor* would do such a thing!

I mean, while our *Doctor* is wondrous and good
When you do *that* much for us it's like Robin Hood!
And you know what?
When she'd start to throw-up, she swore she'd get even
But she had the whole baby with no thought of leavin'!
I mean...isn't it great? *Doc* could do that and smile,
While going way—way—past the very last mile?

Our Brock is noisy...yeh! He's a loud little fellow
When Brock is unhappy he lets out a bellow
That rattles the windows and rattles the doors,
And jiggles the dishes and vibrates the floors
So loud you can't hide it inside of our house,
And you *sure* couldn't hide it inside of a blouse!

But we love little Brock, we love him a lot.
But you know what?
We think little Brock is a part of a plot
To make us all helpers (like good little elves),
And you know why?
To make our *Doc* happy in spite of herself!