

Our Precious Twins

There's two to wash, there's two to dry,

There's two to argue, there's two to cry.

One's in the mud having a ball,

The other has a crayon - just look at the wall!

Some days seem endless, patience grows thin.

Why were we chosen the parents of twins?

The answer is clear at the end of the day,

As we wave goodbye, to ourselves we say,

There's two to kiss, there's two to hug,

And best of all, there's two to love!