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## Giraffes Can't Dance

(Script of the book's text)

Gerald was a tall giraffe  
Whose neck was long and slim  
But his knees were awfully crooked  
And his legs were rather thin

He was very good at standing still  
And munching shoots off trees  
But when he tried to run around  
He buckled at the knees

Now every year in Africa  
They hold the Jungle Dance,  
Where every single animal  
Turns up to skip and prance

And this year when the day arrived  
Poor Gerald felt so sad,  
Because when it came to dancing  
He was really very bad

The warthogs started waltzing  
And the rhinos rock' n' rolled.  
The lions danced a tango  
That was elegant and bold

The chimps all did a cha-cha  
With a very Latin feel,  
And eight baboons then teamed up  
For a splendid Scottish reel

Gerald swallowed bravely  
As he walked toward the floor  
But the lions saw him coming,  
And they soon began to roar.

“Hey, look at clumsy Gerald,”  
the animals all sneered.  
“Giraffes can't dance, you silly fool!  
Oh, Gerald, you're so weird.”

Gerald simply froze up.  
He was rooted to the spot.  
*They're right, he thought. I'm  
useless.*  
*Oh, I feel like such a clot.*

So he crept off from the dance  
floor,  
And he started walking home.  
He'd never felt so sad before-  
So sad and so alone.

Then he found a little clearing,  
And he looked up at the sky.  
“The moon can be so beautiful,”  
he whispered with a sigh

“Excuse me!” coughed a cricket  
who'd seen Gerald earlier on.  
“But sometimes when you're  
different  
you just need a different song.”

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“Listen to the swaying grass  
and listen to the trees.  
To me the sweetest music  
Is those branches in the breeze.

So imagine that the lovely moon  
Is playing just for you –  
Everything makes music  
If you really want it to.”

With that, the cricket smiled  
And picked up his violin.  
Then Gerald felt his body  
Do the most amazing thing.

His hooves had started shuffling,  
Making circles on the ground.  
His neck was gently swaying,  
And his tail was swishing around

He threw his legs out sideways,  
And he swung them everywhere.  
Then he did a backward somersault  
and leapt up in the air.

Gerald felt so wonderful  
His mouth was open wide.  
“I am dancing! Yes, I’m dancing!  
I AM DANCING!” Gerald cried.

Then, one by one, each animal  
who’d been there at the dance  
arrived while Gerald boogied on  
and watched him, quite entranced

They shouted, “It’s a miracle!  
We must be in a dream.  
Gerald’s the best dancer  
That we’ve ever, ever seen!”

“How did you learn to dance like  
that?  
Please, Gerald, tell us how.”  
But Gerald simply twirled around  
And finished with a bow.

Then he raised his head and looked  
up  
At the moon and stars above.  
“We all can dance,” he said,  
“when we find music that we love.”