

Imagine me a bumblebee...

I go out when it's sunny,
To gather up the nectar used for making honey.
My home is called a bee's nest, I even have a queen.
Sometimes I have to sting, I don't do it to be mean.

I pollinate the crops, so they can grow more food,
Working really hard each day, I do it to be good.
I'm not supposed to fly, my body's way too round,
But I beat my wings real fast, I'm sure you've heard the sound.

If I'm a little bumblebee, and not supposed to fly,
But by never giving up my dreams, I still can reach the sky.
Take a lesson from this bumblebee, and you will surely see,
Nothing is impossible—who wants to to be me?

