
The Ice Cream Man

Here he comes, it's the Ice Cream
Man—

playing his jingly-jangly tune.

“Dad, do you have a dollar?”

The Ice Cream Man is coming.

“Hurry up dad! Here he comes, here he comes!!”

His truck is white with a big pink cone on the side.

He floats along the road with his hand waving out the
window.

Gosh, he's so close.

I can smell that rocky road.

“SLOW DOWN,” I scream,

as I run 'til I sweat.

All I want is an eskimo pie...

But the Ice Cream Man gives me the finger
and drives right by.

Melissa Fulks



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