WILKINSON, H.E.  
  
  
**Topsy-turvy Land**  
The people walk upon their heads,  
The sea is made of sand,  
The children go to school by night,  
In Topsy-Turvy Land.  
  
The front-door step is at the back,  
You're walking when you stand,  
You wear your hat upon your feet,  
In Topsy-Turvy Land.  
  
And 'buses on the sea you'll meet,  
While pleasure boats are planned  
To travel up and down the streets  
Of Topsy-Turvy Land.  
  
You pay for what you never get,  
I think it must be grand,  
For when you go you're coming back,  
In Topsy-Turvy Land.