



MUBU THE MORPH ORIGIN

As a boy thought of who he'd be
Or a girl thought of who she'd be
Morphs were made of the hopes you see
And that's how Mubu came to be.

For hopes are something we can choose
Sometimes we build, sometimes we loose
Yet it is hope that holds a key
To be a better you, a better me.

Choice is another thing to use
Upon the path of joys and blues
And through the forest find a way
To build a better path and day

Your little Mubu is strong and true
It's hope the better part of you
Regardless of how you look or feel
Listen to it, it's song is real.

To help it find it's journey's end
It must find some helpful friends
To train its strength and make it smart
To realize an end is but another start

The journey is filled with the rules we make
The stuff we choose to put at stake
The qualities that we choose to live
What we collect and what we give

So our Mubu is a special thing
And it consists of what we bring
To make our world a better place
Within the life that we must face.

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