

Way up the mountain,
The color of the snow;
The color of those new sheets,
And, yes, that new pillow.

What am I?

A sheet of glass you look through,
The outside world you'll see;
And if the room's too stuffy,
Ask Mom to open me.

What am I?

I wiggle in the ground,
And with the rain come out;
And fishermen use me,
To catch that bass or trout.

What am I?

Way up the mountain,
The color of the snow;
The color of those new sheets,
And, yes, that new pillow.

What am I? ...white.....

A sheet of glass you look through,
The outside world you'll see;
And if the room's too stuffy,
Ask Mom to open me.

What am I? ...window.....

I wiggle in the ground,
And with the rain come out;
And fishermen use me,
To catch that bass or trout.

What am I? ...worm, worms.....