

Otters Love To Play (Play Play)



by John Benjamin, Teacher-Naturalist

Verse 1

People always ask me
Everywhere I go
What's your favorite weasel?
I really need to know.
I always pause a moment,
It's not easy to decide
So many awesome mustelids
Appearing in my mind

There are **minks** that hunt along the creeks
Pine martins in the trees
Long-tailed weasels search the rocks
For chipmunks, don't you see?
I love the little **ermine** and the **fisher** strong and brave
But there's a certain swimming weasel
That just might be my fave
Because....

CHORUS

Otters love to play, play, play!
Every single day, hey hey
Though they take some time for napping
And catching tasty prey
Otters sure love to play **CLAP CLAP** (4 times)

Verse 2

By rivers, lakes, and ponds
river otters can be found
hunting fish and crawdads
and swimming all around
With oily hairs to keep them dry,
Soft fur to keep them warm,
Webbed toes to help them paddle
Perfect for a watery home

They make their dens in riverbanks
And snuggle to stay warm (Aww!)
Stay active through the winter
'Cause they're warm-blooded endotherms
After hunting up some breakfast,
A slippery wriggling fish,
And a little bit of grooming,
Then you know what time it is!

CHORUS