

The Circle of Life

(to the tune of "The Circle of Life")
by W. Lawton, aged 22 1/2

From the day that we start playing korfball
And blinking, step onto the court
There's more to coach than can ever be coached
More to teach than can ever be taught
There's far too much to collect here
More to feed than can ever be found
And the korf standing high
Three point five metres high
Is really tall and it's yellow and round

It's the Circle of Life
And it moves us all
Through despair and hope
Through faith and love
Till we find our place
On the path unwinding
In the Circle
The Circle of Life

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