

Three Mice With 20/20 Vision

Three mice with 20/20 vision,
ate a hole in the television,
nibbled on the phone-line,
nibbled some more,
made a cosy nest in her underwear drawer.

‘Why me?’ the farmer’s wife wailed.
‘You shouldn’t have cut off mum and dad’s tails’
‘Are you trying to ruin my life?’
‘That’s for getting loose with the carving knife.’

Three mice leave a wee-wee trail,
across her toothbrush-she’s growing pale,
nibble on her lipstick,
nibble some more,
shake their twisted tails and dance on her floor.

‘Why me?’ the farmer’s wife wailed.
‘You shouldn’t have cut off mum and dad’s tails’
‘Are you trying to ruin my life?’
‘That’s for getting loose with the carving knife.’

Three mice hear a sinister sound,
she’s sharpening up the carving knife-their hearts start to pound,
hide under the table down upon their knees,
saying ‘won’t someone come and save us please?’

In a vision they hear heaven’s bells ring.
Three blind mice come down with angel’s wings,
and they tell them...

This must stop, this vengeful tyranny,
forgive her and friends you may still be.

Three mice with 20/20 vision,
fix the hole in her television,
pick a bunch of flowers, make her cups of tea,
in the evening time they snuggle on her knee,

‘You three!’ the farmer’s wife wailed.
I’m sorry I cut off your mum and dad’s tails
It was a dark, dark time in my life,
I promise to be careful with the carving knife.