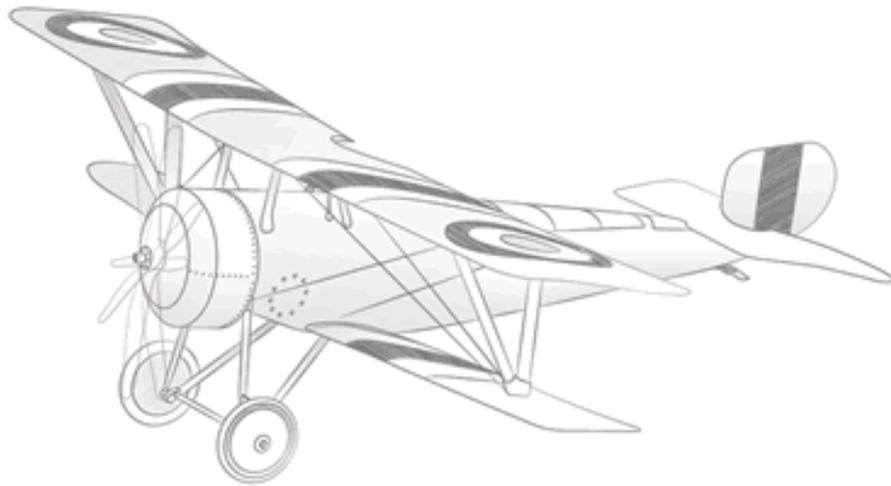


# Anthology of grange\_m



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## About the author

Percy James MacGrangester lives in the East Midlands, in the County of Derbyshire. His poems are from his life's experiences and basic general knowledge of life .

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## The Armistice

Shoot the horses and Pack your bags  
Bury the dead and Lower the flag  
Shed a tear for our fallen friends  
War is over its come to an end  
Sail away to the coast of Dover  
Thank the Lord the war is over  
To a land absent of young men  
Where families will need to rebuild again  
Our beautiful green land full of tears  
Who will ever know their hidden fears  
For that was war plain and simple  
Not a time to quip or whimper  
To tell our story and have our say  
For our tomorrow they gave their today

## The Thrill of the race

A beautiful horse standing still  
Out of the wind but still with a chill  
The start line beckons with a shot of a gun  
They're off and away they run  
Down to beeches and over the brook  
With an ounce of skill and a ton of luck  
Flat out now and down to the chair  
The punters cheer some with despair  
Hot and sweaty as he rounds the course  
Ultimate speeds from this powerful horse

It's homeward now at the crack of the whip  
Come on you beauty what a fantastic tip  
Gallop away on the final straight  
Like a rocket ship full of freight  
The finish line is now in sight  
Time to face the final flight  
Dig in deep and go for the line  
His body is so wet it gives off a shine

One last whip for the final yards  
Who would have thought this was on the cards  
But it's by a nose the victory is won  
This beautiful beast of half a ton  
A beautiful horse standing still  
Out of the wind but still with a chill

## All around you

I'm that voice in the back of your head  
That little sound that wishes you dead  
That voice that that makes you defy  
Gives you the ability to make you lie  
I'm the voice that will tell you to love  
Then I will tell you to be free as a dove  
I'm deceit in all its glory  
With a temper and wit of ultimate fury  
Im the one who tells you to cover your tracks  
To upset people and never look back  
I'm the one who tells you to steal  
To cast out common sense at the spin of a wheel  
I will tell you to bury your head  
I'm all around you and I will be here until you're dead

## The Presidents\' Poker School

I sit here waiting for the time to come  
I have my whiskey and I'll have my fun  
Trouble is coming on the morning tide  
With Big Jimmy and Gerald hitching a ride  
They come with many or sometimes a few  
Ronny is the man Who doesn't have a clue  
But then there's Ike who's white as a ghost  
With his pointed chin and his blanked out pose  
Then there's Bill who loves a smoke  
And makes his fun out of simple folk  
Dicky the master of tricks joins the show  
With his side kick John who can be very slow  
The George brothers next who like a drink  
And make their money out of being slinked  
Lyndon arrives with his persuasive wife  
Who always ends up in trouble and strife  
Finally comes Baraka who I like the most  
He chews tobacco like he's eating toast  
Then there's me the gambling ghost  
My name is Franklin your ultimate host

## My Creation

You're the apple of my eye the sun of my days  
You're my creation and I will show you the way  
I put flesh on your bones and lit up your eyes  
I gave you the ability to look at the skies  
I taught you to talk and made you smile  
I gave you legs so you could walk for miles  
I made you honest and to never tell lies  
To be trustworthy in everyone's eyes  
I made you read to take in knowledge  
To be scholar and go to college  
I armed you with skills to protect your life  
I gave you confidence to find a wife  
You're my creation my wonderful Son  
My work with you is a job well done

## The Victim

The Angels of the Lord look down in sorrow  
A pitiful site so hard to follow  
The sadness of life takes its toll  
How can love be so full  
An empty feeling of utter loss  
A life depleted thrown and tossed  
A companion gone and blown away  
To new life so far away  
There stands the fool full of sorrow  
In front of people maybe tomorrow  
Judged and Juried  
Conviction confirmed  
Sentenced passed and Punishment awaits  
Long known friends vanish and vacate  
The fingers point and the tongues may wag  
Rustling in the wind like a brown paper bag  
Little do they know about my story  
They simply make up their own Jackanory  
I was a victim of an heinous crime  
But now my lord vengeance will be mine

## The Harlot

Why do you make feel so insecure  
Is it because of the way you are  
You're beautiful and have all the right intentions  
But you're so manipulative and love the attention  
You would drop your man at the drop of a hat  
Why on earth would you carry on like that  
Woman see you for what you are  
They keep an eye on their men from a far  
You get a kick from married men  
Walking around like a broody hen  
You're a flirt in a skirt that likes a bit of shirt  
You don't really care who you may hurt  
You tell lies and have secret liaisons  
Having your deceptive way in some cafe Maison  
Have some respect for yourself and others  
Don't lower yourself to laying between every man's covers  
Now you're getting old and your looks look stoney  
Carry on like this and you will be incredibly lonely

## Titanical Beast

There she stands this great big beast  
Made of iron a mighty feast  
53000 tones of shear power  
With glass and carpet of pure desire  
Laid down in Belfast for the White star line  
With thoughts of grandeur that were so divine  
Beautiful colours of red, black and white  
Built by Harland and Wolff what a fabulous sight  
You can hear those engines thundering away  
No one will ever keep her at bay  
The smell of new wood in all the rooms  
All the crew exceptionally groomed  
This was the ship that would never sink  
Signed off fit in beautiful blue ink  
But down she went on that fatal day  
To the bottom so far away

## Black Dogs

Comes the day the black dogs run  
Barking and howling blacking out the sun  
They have no manners and never care  
Leave you laying in deep despair  
They make you sad or so they try  
Bring you tears and make you cry  
They drag you down to the darkest depths  
Your powers gone and you feel inept  
No one knows the turmoil you suffer  
Please help me you hear me utter  
They make you drink a bottle or two  
To numb the pain you have another few  
The tablets help for another day  
But soon they're back and you go astray  
Here they come the dogs of hell  
I sit here and I'm under their spell  
End the pain I tell myself  
Kill the dogs and send them away  
So I may see another day

## Art of Conversation

Just for once I want to be heard  
Probably my demands you think are absurd  
I listen to you I hear you cry  
But in reality I let out a sigh  
Some days I want to scream  
Like a tormented reoccurring bad dream  
Why don't you listen when I talk  
You put your nose in the air and away you walk  
It always seems I'm having a moan  
But all you do is play with your phone  
You seem to have me at end of a hook  
Whilst all you do is look at Facebook  
Am I so boring you hear me say  
That makes you text night and day  
All I want is an end to this clap trap  
But all you do is message on What's App  
But now I know the way it goes  
A little bit harsh I think I suppose  
It's not you're fault the way you are  
You even Skype when you're driving the car  
Is it because I'm being misconstrued  
Or is it a case that you're simply rude

## Why

The hat falls down to the floor  
The mind is changed like he's a simple bore  
The lovely evening will have to wait  
He's number 2 in this climate  
How can this be says the gentleman  
I give my all there and back again  
But you don't give a chuff about his simple life  
Yet you say you love him and want to be his wife  
You meet your old flame for Coffee and a chat  
Without a care how do you think he feels about that  
You make him worry and make him sad  
Do really care about your poor old lad  
Off you go with another lie  
You say he's just a friend as time passes by  
But all the time he's in your bed  
That slippery snake who would have said  
What about his wife does she really know  
I bet she doesn't or I'm sure she would go  
Well good luck you hear me say  
You be very lonely some day

## Second Best

Do you know what it's like to be second best  
To be made to feel a spare part or simply a pest  
When you're considered a second or sometimes a third  
That unpopular feeling that's quite absurd  
All the promises that don't unfold  
I wish it was me that was made of gold  
I'm that hard centred chocolate that's full of nuts  
That's left in the box with its lid tightly shut  
I'm the one that's dropped at the drop of a hat  
I often wondered why you do that  
I sit and wait for hours on end  
Is this what it's really like to have a friend  
Even the dog gets more strokes than me  
I'm treated like an unwanted flea  
It's like I'm that bad smell in the room  
As if I'm a bringer of doom and gloom  
I'm always here when you feel you need me  
Like a love sick puppy you know I always will be  
But to make a difference you need to make a change  
You probably don't even notice how I'm feeling rather strange  
Well I have something to say  
You can meet your friend for coffee every single day  
I'm fed up of feeling second best  
I want to feel wanted like the rest  
But I know that can never be  
So I guess it will just have to be me

## The Somme

Take the Schilling off the drum  
If only I knew the pain to come  
A final drink with all your Pals  
Kiss and a cuddle with all the Gals  
Off to war to fight the Crouts  
With your kit bag and a ounce of snout  
Cross the channel and into France  
Then it hits you like blowing glance  
This is war and it won't be nice  
The warm summer air chills you like ice  
Down to the Somme for the battle to begin  
At 730 it would all kick in  
Over the top at the blow of a whistle  
Bayonets ready follow Captain Neville  
He holds a football in his hands all is quiet no one speaks  
With a mighty kick he boots it into next week  
A gallon of rum lads to the man who scores first  
He blows his whistle as he quenches it's thirst  
Over he goes like a galloping Gazelle  
Come on lads it's glory or hell  
Then I saw him the dreaded Hun  
He had the look of death and was about to run  
I shot him dead he fell to the floor  
By the end of the hour there would be many more  
By 630 we were held at bay  
Exhausted and bloody I had survived the day  
Looking around I could see only blood  
Dead men lay flat in the mud  
What's the point someone shouted rather vague  
This is all your fault General flipping Haig.

## Lady of Business

The night is coming the girl is asleep and the lady awakes  
She puts on her make up like decorating a cake  
Where you going her mother questions  
Out for the night she says without any suggestion  
She dresses for business with anyone who cares  
I bet if she knew her mother would despair  
She leaves the house and adopts the walk  
Some want sex others just talk  
But business is business and it costs the same  
Some like it rough some queue for the train  
Men or woman she doesn't really care  
Whatever their pleasure she does it with flair  
She assumes the identity of Daddy's little girl  
Who asks her to do things that makes your skin crawl  
Some woman like to be the man and take her on all fours  
With their huge plastic tools it becomes quite a bore  
Some men are huge and it painfully hurts  
Others are small with just a pump and a squirt  
She hates the taste of their bitter seed  
And punters who want to do the dirty deed  
But at the end of night she goes to bed  
Tossing and turning she tries to clear her head  
For the next day she will be back at school  
This is a business that's sad and cruel

## Forever Here

Autumn is here  
The leaves are brown and the sky is clear  
I have lay in this bed for many a days  
Staring at the window I'm feeling betrayed  
I slip into sleep and dream of better times  
I dream of being a child and nursery rhymes  
I have such an empty life  
I miss my family I miss my wife  
I think of holidays to exotic places  
Getting drunk and all the disgraces  
I pray for the end but it never comes  
I hear life outside and my heart beats like a drum  
I wish my legs would carry me away  
But these wounds hold me at bay  
I am one of gods children who went to battle  
I watched my friends slaughtered like cattle  
I wish I could end the terrible dreams  
That leave me crying and break the night with screams  
I want to be carried away by angels to heaven  
To meet my maker the god I believe in  
If god won't have me the devil will  
I could make my peace with the people I killed

## Witch?s Spell

The scarecrows gather their pumpkin heads  
There's a lot of banging from the garden shed  
It's October the 31st and it won't be good  
No trick or treating like children should  
The evil witches have cast their spell  
Unleashing the grassy scarecrows from hell  
Total destruction of Halloween  
On a grand scale that's never been seen  
The scarecrows mission that they must complete  
Is to capture children for the witches to eat  
Into the cauldron they will go  
With a pound of frogs chucked in with a throw  
They will make a stew of great delight  
That will keep them full until next Hallows night  
But if you want to prevent their affray  
And make the scarecrows go away  
Find a picture of Donald Trump  
Nail it to your door with a great big thump  
But if you're scared they may still get in  
Find a picture of Hillary Clinton

## Bonfire Night

It's November the 5th, Bonfire night  
There is plenty of banging and fires alight  
Catherine wheels spin through the air  
Rockets bang and give everyone a scare  
But do you know the reason why  
Why we light a fire and burn a guy  
Four hundred years ago there was going to be such a bang  
When a chap called Guido made a plot with his gang  
In the Duck and Drake plans were made  
To release hell in a religious tirade  
The opening of parliament by the King  
Was going to be the scene for a treacherous thing  
When the King walked in and the politicians sang  
Gunpowder would explode with a terrific bang  
But loose tongues and untrustworthy friends  
Would spoil the plot and bring it to an end  
Guido and his mates would all be hung  
Chopped to pieces and up they would be strung  
For centuries past the plot would be remembered  
On or around the 5th of November  
So the reason why we light up the sky  
Is due to a plot by a man whose real name was Guy.

## Dear Don

Dear Don, I hope you're well.  
How's things going one can never tell  
Did it go well with our dearest Teresa?  
I saw you holding hands and trying to tease her.  
What's the plan with this big old wall?  
Will the Mexicans pay the cost? That won't be small!  
What you going to do with all America's foes?  
I bet that little problem is keeping you right on your toes!  
Anyway, I have a plan that will keep them all out.  
It will certainly work, without a doubt.  
Give your mate, Farage, a little call.  
Ask him to send a selfie for the Oval Office wall.  
Get it copied and put on every passport visa.  
That will stop them coming and be a real red neck pleaser.  
Just while I have you, I've been pondering a question.  
It's not an accusation, but merely a suggestion.  
I promise Don, there won't be another.  
But is Boris Johnson your long lost brother?  
Anyway Donald, I've got to go.  
If there's anything I can do please let me know.  
Just for the record, I think you're doing a good job.  
Unfortunately the wife thinks you're a total knob.

## The Fire.

Come inside it's warm in here  
Put your feet against me and have no fear  
Let me remove the terrible chill  
I'll warm your soul until you've had your fill  
I'll make you snug until you fall to sleep  
You'll dream of sheep and little Beau Peep  
You will never stir or even wake  
I'll keep you warm like a freshly baked cake  
But everything in life has a price  
I'll do it once or even twice  
I don't take cash or Chip or pin  
Not even vodka, whiskey or gin  
I want something better than that  
I don't want conversation or easy chat  
I can make you happy and satisfy your lust  
But all the time in me you must trust  
Are you prepared to do a deal  
And sign the contract with a spiritual seal  
I want something as dark as coal  
If you let me warm your feet I will take your soul

## The Aliens

The Aliens appeared in the afternoon sky  
Such a shock for the Naked eye  
Bringing invasion like a menacing Dragoon  
In their space ships that looked like balloons  
The people tried to talk to the alien beings  
But a deadly silence was frighteningly chilling  
Then it happened at a quarter past four  
A terrible noise like a dragons roar  
A weapon that produced a deadly flame  
Shot to the ground like a speeding train  
Fire engulfed the cities and towns  
The fire was like a wave and the people drowned  
By six o clock the earth was alight  
Such a deadly surprise that couldn't muster a fight  
Centuries of history were simply destroyed  
Years of complacency that really annoyed  
By eight o clock the world was no more  
Burned by a being that travelled a far  
Their work was done and away they moved  
Silently into space to another planet they drove

## The Oil Man

The black gold sits underneath the earth and sea  
Owned by country's monopoly  
At the flick of a switch a country halts  
The people are so blind at the belonging fault  
Why do we depend so much on oil  
That thick black stuff that brings toil and trouble  
The magnates have forgotten what it's like to be poor  
Listening to whinging governments is probably a bore  
Do they stop to think about the everyday man?  
Who struggle to buy petrol not to mention a bean can  
Countries are held at gunpoint for this rotten fuel  
A despicable practice that is really cruel  
But all the time people are dying of cold  
Due to the cost of the extortionate black gold  
People walk for days for a simple ration  
Where is your decency and living compassion?  
But a question I have for when it's no longer needed  
When all the oils gone and been completely succeeded  
An answer that will probably keep everyone amused  
But at this time makes me confused  
How will you get your daily bread?  
Or care for your children and ensure they're well fed?  
Will you become one of the many  
Who struggles to survive always looking for a penny?  
I hope that's not ever the case  
And you never ever stare poverty in the face

## The Invisible Man

There he stands the invisible man  
No one sees him even if they can  
He stays alone in his sad little house  
He's given up talking so he's quiet as a mouse  
His world is empty not full anymore  
The pain on his face is not easy to draw  
His heart is empty and kind of hollow  
The story is sad and so hard to swallow  
He's asked questions a thousand times before  
With empty promises that have left him sore  
What is the point the chap enquires  
Shall I die right here and simply expire  
The unhappiness shows in his dull sunken eyes  
His cheeks are streaked with the tears he cries  
The clothes he wears are ripped and torn  
Even the suit he wore when he was just born  
All he wanted was a simple little chat  
But no one would listen or recognise that  
Now his days are drawing to an end  
His heart is broken and it will never mend  
It's so easy to be avoided or ignored  
To be judged insignificant and simple bore  
If he could change one thing in his ability  
It would be a man who was without invisibility

## Seasons War

The King of winter drops to his feet  
Queen Spring is here with her armardarous fleet  
Undoing the decay that winter brings  
Bringing in life as you hear the birds sing  
Evidence of battle still lies in the shadows  
Mounds of snow in the cold dark fallows  
But the queen is quick with her paint and quill  
Colours of the rainbow over the land she does spill  
Animals jump and run all gay  
But beware the king for he will have his say  
We need to get to May before we hold him at bay  
Prince Summer arrives on his chariot of sun  
Shooting warmth from his powerful gun  
Baking the earth like a gigantic cake  
With an appearance that seems rather fake  
Beware the brown lady the winter King's daughter  
Planning revenge and orchestrating slaughter  
Princess autumn will pave the way  
Stripping trees and blowing them away  
Clearing the land of beautiful life  
Bring in decay with trouble and strife  
The King he sits not far away  
His time is coming and he wants his pay  
His beautiful daughter has made him proud  
Ready for the land to wear his shroud

## Multi Tasking

Pots were crashing  
Glasses were smashing  
Water was pouring over the sink  
Facebook was pinging  
Smoke alarm ringing  
Chaos was reigning supreme  
Food was burning  
Yoga she was learning  
Multi tasking was attempted here  
Dog is now awoken  
Whilst things are being broken  
When will this madness end ?  
Doors are being slammed  
Dishwasher being rammed  
Another thing comes into her mind  
Lists are being made  
Whilst previous ones fade  
Nagging is surely on its way  
Clothes were being washed  
The kettle is all boshed  
Now there's water all over the floor  
Rescue is here  
Before the Pinot cheer  
The day is saved again  
To be a kitchen master  
Multi tasking is not faster  
So don't do it again

## The Mariner

I am a sailor from times gone by  
This story I tell with a tear in my eye  
A sailor boy I was pressed with a bang  
A naval career at the blessing of a gang  
    The world's oceans I sailed far and wide  
I served a king that I couldn't abide  
I was thrashed with the cat  
For stealing fat  
We hunted whales for food and oil  
Killed pirates and raiders we enjoyed the spoil  
We lived for the prize and the coin on the drum  
Whilst drinking French brandy and naval rum  
We fought the French all over the sea  
Whilst watching water as far as we could see  
The ocean was cold in the dead of night  
It made people die without a fight  
I observed the sun setting in a beautiful sky  
The dolphins leapt and brought a tear to my eye  
A swashbuckling adventure I did live  
For another life, what I would give  
I hope one day I shall return to home  
But till that day this Ocean I shall roam

## Painted Smile

The painted smile appears like a rose  
With gleaming colour and a big red nose  
His flappy feet slaps when he walks  
He only acts and never talks  
His yellow wig is gold like a fire  
But making people laugh is his only desire  
He gets great pleasure from entertainment  
Holding his audience in great containment  
But underneath the makeup is a sad old grin  
With torture of pain like a sharp jabbing pin  
He knows nothing can help him with his life  
No money or car or even a wife  
His darkness his depression that holds him at bay  
With horrid thoughts that comes everyday  
No medication will help this clown  
Just cheer and laughter and a hideous frown

## A New Hope.

A massive flash  
Followed by a tremendous bang  
Making the tide of life ebb away  
Exposing a hidden sand of broken dreams  
Small pools of water that hold memories, remain  
Ripples boil, stagnate and never evaporate  
The wind blows increasingly stronger  
Blowing me gently towards the great unknown  
The once glowing sun turns grey with ashes of sadness  
Song birds fall silent and fall from the sky with burnt wings  
The beast that lurks in the shade consumes the corpses  
Painted shadows of children appear on the wall  
Money with no value burns whilst coins melt to a molten mess  
Watches stop as the world shudders to a halt  
Laughter turns to screams with a menacing tirade  
A dog turns to ashes whilst a burning pram rolls in the wind  
The fire of a once sleeping dragon engulfs the world  
The ever present stench of roasted death fills the air  
A poison follows that brings an illness that will last for many years  
The now ancient scorched earth is void of green plants and trees  
Except there is one hope  
A pink flower peeps through the ash  
A beautiful lady dancing in the gloomy sunshine  
Her prickly leaves to defend her charms  
She is the start of something new  
This is the alpha after the omega  
A beginning after an end  
A new hope

## Pool Hustling Presidents.

Here they come with their wooden sticks  
The presidents are back with all their tricks  
It's time for a game of good old pool  
Who will look daft and play like a fool  
I'm in says Lincoln, with his black top hat  
He polishes his cue like he's pruning a cat  
The peanut man Jimmy, enters the room  
When he pockets the black it goes in with a boom!  
The cigar smoking Clinton orders a whiskey  
Better not tell his wife he's come with Lewinsky  
The Georges rack the balls with prestige style  
But when Dubya counts them it takes him a while  
Baraka jokes about the size of his cue  
But with his accurate aim it will see him through  
Ike wants to break and he won't be second  
He's going to win or so he reckons  
Dickie is here with his pool hall tricks  
He can hide the balls as quick as a flick  
Ronnie fouls and pockets the wrong ball  
It's all in the game he says with a drawl  
Ford is slow and takes his time  
You can hear a clock tick and occasionally chime  
Johnson and Kennedy want to play doubles  
But when the Roosevelt's agree they know they're in trouble  
As the smoke clears from Wilson's pipe  
There's a new chap chatting a lot of tripe  
The new member of the club is leaning against the panels  
He's almost broke after paying Miss Daniels  
Finally Washington wins with a tussle  
You've got to watch these presidents when they try to hustle

## The Thief.

Through the key hole I spot this man  
He's walking around whilst drinking a dram  
I will have to take it very slow  
When he settles, in I go  
Up to the bedroom and hide under the bed  
I will have to be quiet as if I'm dead  
Then when he's asleep my work will commence  
I'm after anything with a price that's immense  
Jewellery is the favourite and easy to sell  
The household silver goes just as well  
Even the cat or the family dog  
I'll pinch anything if it's easy to flog  
But what shall I do if I get disturbed  
Will I beat in his head or would that be absurd  
I could do a runner and get the hell out  
But what if he catches me with a great big clout  
Then there's the plod, the boys in blue  
Who will chase me down and stick like glue  
They will bust my ass and lock me away  
I will be doing porridge day after day  
Or should I think and not go in  
I could walk away, free from sin  
But a crook I am, simple and fair  
I love the risk and the ultimate dare  
I'm not a bad man by any means  
The ultimate thrill is always in my dreams  
Perhaps today I should have a good think  
If I go in this house I will be in the clink



## That Special Box

A box of chocolates is such a surprise  
But to your diet they are great demise  
There's more than one, in fact they come in pairs  
There's even more when you go down stairs.  
They tempt you with their sexy smell  
The thought of their flavours is simply swell  
That little voice in side your head  
Will it be soft centred or toffee instead?  
Let's try the orange or the Lemon cream for starters  
Stay out the second layer or she'll have your guts for garters!  
Then there's that strawberry cream that's sweet as a bell  
Much better tasting than the Caramel Well  
Oh my word, the praline square!  
Should I have two or will that be unfair?  
There she stands, the hazelnut whirl  
Her rigid erect nut stands out like a curl  
It's desperate measures the butterscotch is last  
Like two ugly sisters they won't be gone fast  
Chew off the chocolate and sling it at the dog  
He'll be on it like a leaping frog.  
I look around like a cunning fox  
Before I move onto the second layer of the box  
I lift the plastic shelf out of the way  
My hands are trembling as I throw it away  
To boldly go - I quote captain Kirk  
As I give the box a good old firk  
Disappointment hits me like a shot in the eye  
I'm so sad I think I will cry  
I feel like Scott when he stood at the Antarctic  
Utterly distraught and very apoplectic  
To my horror, the strawberry creams been eaten  
It would appear I've been truly beaten  
Wait a minute the box is almost full

I contemplate a plan through my chocolate drool  
That voice came back in a pennywise fashion  
Eat them all before she comes back in  
Down they slid like expensive oysters  
The box was empty like a cathedral cloister  
On my gosh what have I done?  
I need an idea or I will be seriously undone  
Quickly thinking, I staged a plan  
Then it hit me like custard flan  
like a galloping horse out of the fog  
That naughty animal - I will blame the dog!

## The Fly

I spy with my little eye  
Said the buzzing creature that resembled a fly  
I watch your life from up above  
As I swoop around like peaceful dove  
I see the games that you play  
What you do when your husbands away  
Your money is safe under that floor  
But if I were you I'd lock the door  
You dance around naked all through the house  
Whilst under your fridge hides a mouse  
I see you bathe and wash your hair  
Whilst I sit on the ceiling and have a good stare  
I listen to your music that seems rather hip  
Watch you drink vodka with a great big sip  
I smell your face whilst you're asleep  
Watch you dream of little beau peep  
I lick away at horrible things  
They say I'm harmless because I don't have a sting  
When you put out your dinner I see my chance  
In I go at a speeding glance  
I lick away with my mucky tongue  
Spreading disease so it all goes wrong  
I watch you lay down and be terribly sick  
Before you bend over like a broken stick  
I'm waiting my time like a good little fly  
My meal will continue when you die  
Oh my god she's got a rolled up newspaper  
Swings it around like a window draper  
She catches my head and down goes this midge  
I fall on floor in front of the fridge  
Then out he comes this snarling mouse  
There will be no more buzzing around this house  
Inside his belly and I open my eyes

An Aladdin's cave with such a surprise  
I'm not scared and certainly won't freeze  
I quite like the smell of Stilton cheese  
So this is a story about the fly of the house  
Who was hit by a newspaper and devoured by a mouse  
Now I live in a wet warm belly  
Full of surprises that are lovely and smelly