Swatting Flies

Crash Test Dummies

Now that I've used up all my ideas Here in my little house by the sea I search for a useable memory, but none comes to me...

In grade one, my teacher could do embalmingShe'd stuff the bodi es of dead little birds She told us if ever we found one, just to bring it to her

And in the science room was an iguana Who lay, very still, in his cageAnd we'd fed him Living flies

Then she'd read the old testament to us: But first she'd remind us the stories were true-And we'd here of locusts, and plagues, and the tortures they'd do

And in the science room was an iguana I remember now...in my house By the seaside Swatting flies