

Mice

Michael Franks

How come the mice
All the cute ones with their furry little suits on
The gals and misters with the pretty little whiskers
All want to stay?
What's with the mice
Are they Catholic with those families?
Enough said.... I confront them
With a minimum of bloodshed
The "Have-a-Heart" way

But if you pull back to some point in the stratosphere
From that great height it's like mice we all must appear

Think of the mice
Always grateful when the slightest little crumb drops
Finding dinner in the dreadlocks of the dust mop
Never too proud
(Maybe we should be more like
Mice) not as noisy as a chipmunk or a squirrel
If they argue it's completely intramural
Never too loud