

# Bif Naked, Stumpy The Mouse

I had Cinderella complex with the boys,  
and ballet class gave me some poise,  
I've never ever lied to you or said anything that was untrue.  
I constantly searched for one true god,  
my icy gaze finally thawed.  
I sit before you full of ome,  
in my mouse infested home.  
One morning I awoke for work,  
decided my roommate was a jerk.  
He wanted to rid us of rodents,  
on mouse traps--money he spent.  
He placed them in the kitchen there,  
under the sink, behind the stairs.  
I walked into the bath to do the washing thang  
and from the kitchen I heard a klang.  
I screaming mouse had caught his leg,  
in a mouse trap on this day.  
Squeaking, screaming wailing mouse  
his rodent cries filled this house.  
I started crying cuz,  
I couldn't stand the roommate's extermination plan.  
I ran to the kitchen in my towel,  
with tear-stained cheeks, I was soaking his howls.  
The little mouse dragged leg and trap,  
behind the stove I couldn't get at.  
I froze and didn't make a sound  
he did the same so he couldn't be found.  
but as soon as I did take a step,  
he screamed and tried to drag his trap.  
My bawling in the commotion woke,  
my sleeping roommate he was choked.  
I told him what was happening here,  
and I couldn't hold back my tears.  
I'll take care of it, he said with a smirk,  
now get going or you'll be late fer work.  
He was right. I had to go.  
and we couldn't help the mouse under the stove.  
it was gas, attached to the wall,  
when pulled the explosion would not be small.  
All day at work I cried and felt bad,  
and at my roommate I was mad.  
I didn't mind the holes in our bread,  
or the mouse shit in my bed.  
He wanted them out, he was in a flap,  
he insisted on buying and setting the traps.  
I was young and dumb and I said "okay",  
but I never thought I'd feel this way.  
To hear the mouse scream is what killed me,  
I felt like a hunter, a killing machine!  
I couldn't believe I went along with the plan,  
to get the pests and scorch the land.  
I raced home from work really fast,  
so I could help the little mouse at last.  
My roommate was ontop of the stove,  
trying with a broom handle to knock the trap over.  
I had the stove leaning forward,  
but not too far--we'd blow up for sure!  
Out slid the horrible mouse trap and question-  
nothing but a mouse foot left on.  
He chewed his leg off - the little mouse!  
and was limping around my fucking house.  
I was horrified, I must admit.  
again I cried and felt like shit  
I looked at my roommate and my temper snapped!

I put an end to the evil mousetraps.  
&quot;too fucking bad!&quot; I had to say,  
if yer inconvenienced living this way.  
we'll keep bread and cereal in the fridge,  
and on everything else, we'll have tight lids.  
There's no way I could hurt another being,  
except a cockroach (cuz they have no feelings).  
My roommate had to agree,  
cuz he saw how it all affected me.  
From that day on our little house,  
we shared with stumpy, our little pet mouse.  
and stumpy had friends, lotsa them.  
but I didn't care. I wouldn't give in!  
I loved living in harmony,  
with my roommate, his girlfriends, stumpy, and me.