The Sleepy Giant

Natalie Merchant

My age is three hundred and seventy-two.
I think, with the deepest regret,
how I used to pick up and voraciously chew
the dear little boys that I met.
I've eaten them raw, in their holiday suits,
eaten them curried with rice.
I've eaten them baked, in their jackets and boots,
and found them exceedingly nice.
But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare,
I think it's exceedingly rude
to do such a thing, when I'm quite well aware,
little boys do not like being chewed.
Little boys do not like being chewed.
So I contentedly live upon eels,
and try to do nothing amiss,

pass all the time I can spare for my meals
in innocent slumber like this.
Innocent slumber like this.
(More eels my lady?
Perhaps some bubble and squeak,
or a little toad in the hole?
A Lyconshire hot pot, perhaps?
That would be nice.)
And so now I contentedly live upon eels,
and try to do nothing amiss,
pass all the time I can spare for my meals
in innocent slumber like this.
Innocent slumber like this.
Word to your mother.

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