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 usable memory
But none comes to meIn grade one, my teacher could do embalming
She'd stuff the bodies of dead little birds
She told us if ever we found one
Just to bring it to herAnd in the science room was an iguana
It lay very still in its cage
And we'd feed him living fliesThen she'd read the old testament to us
But first she'd remind us the stories were true
And we'd hear of locusts and plagues
And the tortures they knew

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