

# 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 me  
In 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 her  
And in the science room was an iguana  
It lay very still in its cage  
And we'd feed 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 hear of locusts and plagues  
And the tortures they knew  
And in the science room was an iguana  
I remember it now in my house by the seaside  
Swatting flies

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