

Cream, Pressed Rat And Warthog

Pressed rat and warthog have closed down their shop.
They didn't want to; 'twas all they had got.
Selling atonal apples, amplified heat,
And pressed rat's collection of doglegs and feet.

Sadly, they left, telling no one goodbye.
Pressed rat wore red jodhpurs, warthog a striped tie.
Between them, they carried a three-legged sack,
Went straight round the corner and never came back.

Pressed rat and warthog have closed down their shop.
The bad captain madman had told them to stop
Selling atonal apples, amplified heat,
And pressed rat's collection of doglegs and feet.

The bad captain madman had ordered their fate.
He laughed and stomped off with a nautical gate.
The gate turned into a deroga tree
And his peg leg got woodworm and broke into three.

Pressed rat and warthog have closed down their shop.
They didn't want to; 'twas all they had got.
Selling atonal apples, amplified heat,
And pressed rat's collection of doglegs and feet.