

Bloom On, Rats In A Trap

You little fat mouse
with your jelly-belly full
with your stinky greasy hair
and the ring around your wool,
You little sleazy mouse
with your merely snooty glass
you keep drowning down your wisdom
on your stuck-up brainy clash.
And you squeak and you squeak and you squeak....
Rats in a trap, like Rats in a trap,
that's all you've been made for, going down going up....
You little burgeon mouse
with your head inside your books,
you keep thinking like you've been said
(and) you've been forced to act like crook,
You little cupid mouse
with your lips licking the cheese
don't you know you squelch this beauty
when you yearn genital tease.
And you squeak and you squeak and you squeak....
'Cause you're Rats in a trap, like Rats in a trap,
that's all you've been made for, going down going up....
You see it's so simple
and you can't ignore the fact
you've been told to feel the fear and
so they got control your act,
So you trampled underfoot mouse
you can't fight against your fate
with the way you let it growing
don't you think it's now too late?
'Cause you squeak, only squeak, you can squeak.....
Like Rats in a trap, No Rats in a trap,
Not all you've been born for, turning downside up....
No more Rats in a trap, No Rats in a trap,
Not all you've been born for, turning downside up....