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....