

Jaromir Nohavica, A Mouse at Summer's End

Everyone is sleeping only we are up
Were the last two in the whole house
I am writing a literature paper up
And following me she peeps out
A grey mouse from some field apparently
Summers end and reappings begun
But just think about how painful it could be
to be scythed and cut by someone
But it s not a pal in distress Im thinking
Calmly stay and Ill fit you in
Before someone comes youll rise in the morning
Well meet again at evening
Into the night we will both scratch together
You with your teeth and I a pen
That we have different coats is of no matter
But just our take on creation
Its summers end and I am full of regret
killers are going through the land
If it harms you or not who can assess it
So Im offering you asylum