

# The Gothic Archies, The Tiny Goat

The tiny goat wanted a birthday party  
And sent out invitations to its friends  
But when the day came none of them remembered  
So it gouged out its eyes with fountain pens

The world is cruel  
And the moon remote  
Suicide was not an option for the tiny goat

The tiny goat was very, very ugly  
And like all ugly things it fell in love  
When twenty years of waiting turned to nothing  
It swallowed lye and lay down on the stove

When the world bites  
There's no antidote  
Who would want to spend forever  
With a tiny goat?

The world's a leech  
Crawling down one's throat  
One would rather be a tick  
Than be a tiny goat