

# I do not want to have a mouse

I do not want to have a mouse.  
I do not like him in my house.  
I do not want to see him creep  
Throughout the rooms while children sleep.  
His time to be here as our guest  
Has gone too long, though I'm impressed  
That he quite simply won't be caught  
No matter what treats we have bought.  
For peanut butter, chocolate, cheese  
He skips right past with mousey ease.  
And every time we plug a hole,  
He finds another, bless his soul.



"I've never had a mouse before  
I couldn't catch," the pest man swore.  
But if you have a mouse at all  
You want one with a load of gall.  
One day perhaps he'll make a slip  
And to mouse heaven take a trip  
But 'til that day he sneaks with stealth  
And thrives with all his mousey health.  
He's cute, I know, and cunning, too.  
He likes Slim Jims. He's had a few,  
But somehow prances past the trap,  
Which only on our toes doth snap.  
Oh, mouse who's been here weeks and weeks,  
Please take your appetite and squeaks  
And skip along to who knows where.  
Where should you go? I do not care.  
But though you're smart and cute and fast,  
Your time to leave our home is past.  
Pack up your things and say goodbye,  
And I will promise not to cry.