

## Mr. Mouse

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You epitomize in the blood of Christ  
You're dead to us a roll up creep

I'm tired of crying  
My throat is dry  
We can share some wine to drink  
With a small child  
Under my arm  
But he can't see

A bird got shot squawked in pain  
He torched your house and your child  
We lied awake in bed  
But he comes inside

Burn this town down  
Tear it to the ground  
But we caught your lies