

## ...And the Mouse Police Never Sleeps

Jethro Tull

Muscled, black with steel-green eye  
swishing through the rye grass  
with thoughts of mouse-and-apple pie.  
Tail balancing at half-mast.  
...And the mouse police never sleeps ---  
lying in the cherry tree.  
Savage bed foot-warmer of purest feline ancestry.  
Look out, little furry folk!  
He's the all-night working cat.  
Eats but one in every ten ---  
leaves the others on the mat.  
...And the mouse police never sleeps ---  
waiting by the cellar door.  
Window-box town crier;  
birth and death registrar.  
With claws that rake a furrow red ---  
licensed to mutilate.  
From warm milk on a lazy day  
to dawn patrol on hungry hate.  
...No, the mouse police never sleeps ---  
climbing on the ivy.  
Windy roof-top weathercock.  
Warm-blooded night on a cold tile.