

Roach Motel

Count Zero

Mr. Pennycounter,
Tell me what's the matter.
Is that my candy wrapper
Stuck inside your gutter?
Your eyes are getting redder.
Your cheeks are bulging fatter.
I'd help, but I'm no climber,
And it's you who owns the ladder.

Inside my roach motel,
I'm a martyr for you.
And since I don't fare as well,
You say it's harder for you.
Inside my roach motel,
I'm a martyr for you.
And when I don't fare as well,
That makes it harder...

Mr. Pennycounter,
Sorry for the clutter.
I'll hop aboard my scooter
And head back to my trailer,
I'll come back in an instant
With some disinfectant
To spray upon your poodle.
(He's sick because I touched him.)

Inside my roach motel,
I'm a martyr for you.
And since I don't fare as well,
It makes it harder for you.