

Swatting Flies

Crash Test Dummies

Now that I've used up all my ideas
Here in my little house by the sea
I search for a useable memory, but none comes to me...

In grade one, my teacher could do embalming
She'd stuff the bodies of dead little birds
She told us if ever we found one, just to bring it to her

And in the science room was an iguana
Who lay, very still, in his cage
And we'd fed him
Living flies

Then she'd read the old testament to us:
But first she'd remind us the stories were true-
And we'd here of locusts, and plagues, and the tortures they'd
do

And in the science room was an iguana
I remember now...in my house
By the seaside
Swatting flies