

Jethro Tull

"...And The Mouse Police Never Sleeps"

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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

The mouse police never sleeps
The mouse police never sleeps
The mouse police never sleeps

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