

## Regina Spektor

### "Dead Rat"

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There was a dead rat beneath the windows of my  
building  
Of my building, of my building  
And (a) children would point sticks at it  
And poke

And (a) when it got itself all frozen dead the night  
before  
While Mr. Jones and Ms. Gonzalez were out having a  
good smoke  
Having a good smoke

Old Charlie with a walker  
Was out thinking in Milwaukee  
As he downed another good essential beer

And so he hadn't noted that the cold winds were the  
closest  
And so he hadn't noticed that the night was drawing  
near  
But what's one less in a world of so many  
When only mushroom clouds can leave ripples on our  
souls?

What's one less?  
Either way we got a mess  
And no one hears the call anymore  
Anymore, anymore, anymore

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