

Imagine me a mouse... I like to eat cheese.
Not Pepperjack, that makes me sneeze.
I'm a regular Houdini, escaping all the time,
Squeezing through holes no bigger than a dime.

Once in a while, I sneak into the barn,
On cold nights and days, the barn is toasty warm.
In the barn lives a cat. His name is Fat Sam.
Most cats like cat food. Sam likes to eat Spam.

The fun in the barn is avoiding all the traps,
The kind made of paper, all sticky like sap.
I grab the cheese, Sam jumps as I flee,
His face full of sticky—who wants to be me?

