

Suggestion: Create A New Mascot

One that captures our company's deep and ancient traditions? That's almost music to my ears...

We're striping up in the corner
Can't change the teeth in me, I tried to warn her
But you can't blame the kittens for what they're born into
Still it just makes me sick, to take a bite of you
Another stupid magician, let's just make up the rules
As we go along, makes us so dumb we purr
And man, I hate when they fool me with those back-of-the-head masks

There ain't no rest for the tattlers
Blabbin' don't grow on trees
I got bills to pay, I got mice to feed
And I sure want a tasty piece of cheese
I know I can't slow down, I can't scurry back
Though you know, I squeak, I could
No there ain't no rest for the tattlers
Until we close our holes for good

You're gonna go to the record sty
You're gonna give them all your slop
I wallow in mud and I grunt all day
They tell me it's ham, I just don't believe it

I was following the pack, all galloping in their coats
With reins of red tied around their throats
The derby complete, someone gave me some oats

Something in the way she never bleats my way
I'm in love, I'm in mohair
You may question me but eating trash is okay
I'm in love, I'm in mohair
But people say we're bearded the same

Well, we scheme and we sniff but we always blow it
We've yet to bark, but we still might as well enjoy it
Standing at a light leash to each east and west horizon
When the mailman comes, it's a significant crisis
See, it wasn't quite as canine as...

With a purposeful comb and a terrible sound
He pulls the barnyard high-tension wires down
Helpless hens on subway trains
Scream, bug-eyed, as he crows on at them
He wakes up the farmer so the eggs can be found
As he clucks through the buildings toward the center of town

I never realized I was scaled too thin
Till it was too late and I was toothless within
Adventurers came, not a one scored a win
Firebreathing spiral, where do I begin
It all started when I lost my treasure

People mimic attentively
I mean about baboon calamity
I used to think the climbing was obsolete
Until I heard the old man swinging his feet
When the scientists capture you, you're not free
Shock is applied to the body
Teeth are extruded and brains are ground
Then baked into bananas which are passed around

And half an hour later, we packed up our ears
We said we'd send carrots and all those little things
And they knew we were lying but they hopped just the same
Then my dear Uncle Wiggily let us play with his game

All I wanna do is have my venom erased
I'm begging you, pleading you, stop constricting us all
Rattle company, where's a pill for me?
It reads poison eraser, no chaser (in bright lights)
On permanent leave of warmbloodedness
New age slither on a karma collision
Excuse me if I molt

What a strong achievement it was
To find someone who pulls such little self-restraint
I'm a nonbeliever but I believe in these dirty little bovine games
Yokes and ladders abandoned here, love
My horns are long but there's not much down below
I'm only here because I feel the cart deserves a truly sordid end