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The Mice Are at It Again

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Well, since I killed my old tom-cat, with mice we're over-run.
I've ordered traps in by the gross and poison by the ton.
Well I put my Sunday trousers on last night to make a show
But as soon as I got on the street I says "hello, what-o?"
For the mice are at it again, as sure as bees is bees.
They're in and out the early doors(?), they're skitterin' 'round my knees.
Well I try to preserve my wardrobe but still its all in vain,
For as soon as I find the drop behind(?) the mice they're at it again.

Well I went unto a specialist because my hair was thin.
He says "your hair's not fallin' out, you've gone and pushed it in."
Oh but when he put his X-ray on he got a different view,
Saying "now, my boy, I'll tell you where your hair is going to."
"Well the mice are at it again, oh take it for a map."
"I fancy you could do with a little bit off the top."
"Well you look as though you're moulting, but still you can't complain."
"You've been letting your head hang out of the

bed and the mice they're at it again."

Well last week I earned some overtime and like a big fat-head
I hung my trousers at the foot when I got into bed.
The next morning when I awoke I found I had been done.
I asked the Mrs. about it and she says "its ten to one
That the mice are at it again, oh, been up to their tricks."
I said "they must have been hungry for to chaw up 7/6."
For I knew I'd half a sovereign. "That's right" says Mary Jane,
"And they chawed it down to half-a-crown, the mice they're at it again.

Well for to wash my neck I keep some whiskey 'round the place.
Oh the bottle it is empty every morning I can trace.
And I asked the old landlady who'd been drunk the night before,
Or did whe know where my whiskey went and she says "dear, oh Lord!"
"Well the mice are at it again, oh isn't it a shame,
For every night that I get tight, the mice they do the same."
"Well I noticed a couple this morning trying to cool their brains."
"They were running about and their tongues hanging out

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While waiting at a bus stop a lady says to me:
"You're just the saucy surgeon I've been waiting for to see."
Well her voice was full of whiskey and her manner full of grace,
But as soon as she lifted up her veil I says "is that a face?"
For the mice were at it again, oh, talk about a clock,
For when I saw it in the light it gave me quite a shock.
And I says "fare you well, old Solemn(?), your dial'd stop a train,
So take it away and boil it for the mice are at it again."

The following transcription is from the singing of Sean Corcoran on
"Sailing Into Walpole's Marsh" (Inisfree SIF1004)

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