

Nits

I caught a nit
and I had a fit.
Concealed in my hair,
like it wasn't there.
But I coshed it,
I squashed it,
I thoroughly boshed it,
and now I've got nit-juice
everywhere.

I caught a nit
and Mum had a fit.
She got some shampoo
sticky as glue
she lathered it,
slathered it,
slobbered and blathered it
generally making
the biggest to-do.

And so I've been plied
with insecticide -
I must say it's tough
to be covered in stuff:
butoxide,
thuroxide,
and all sorts of noxides
and now my poor scalp
is a cloud of dandruff!

So much for the nit,
I felt a right git.
So I headed to bed
with a pain in my head.
Now I'm tossing,
I'm turning,
and finally learning
to do what baboons do
and EAT them instead!