



## Bat in the Box

There's a bat in the box  
In the back of my car  
He was found on the clock  
just above the sweetie jar

The task was mine, to get him down, a job none too appealing  
So there I was, upside down, hanging from the ceiling  
Rubber gloves, protective mask, I grabbed him by the wings  
My Uncle Fred, it's what he said, he knows about these things

There's a bat in the box  
And I'm trying not to scream  
It wouldn't be as scary  
If it wasn't Halloween

We park the car, remove the lid, then stand some ten feet back  
But nothing moves, the bat's asleep, we haven't got the knack  
Flashing lights, blues and twos, the police are on their way  
'There's been complaints', the first one states, I don't know what to say

There's a bat in the box  
And a copper on the phone  
He's getting proper angry  
How I wish that bat had flown

I turn around, my Uncle Fred, is shaking our friend free  
A scraping noise, a burst of life, the bat's soon in the tree  
'The nick of time,' the policeman chimes, 'I'm glad he's got away.  
But next time use your brain and call the RSPCA!'