



The Hare Jumped Over The Bed

When you start with a hare jumping over a bed,
It's hard to know what is left to be said,
But consider it's late night, and you can't sleep,
Why not count rabbits instead of sheep?

But counting has failed me whenever I've tried,
Leaving me frazzled, and my brain fried,
So I'm focusing on nature idioms – now that's splendid,
And I'll think about origin and meaning intended.

I'll start with "that really gets my goat",
To help me sleep in my bed-like boat,
But I'd rather be "happy as a clam",
For that's the type of guy that I am.

Now sailing in a bed could be better,
If "birds of a feather flocked together",
But then I should worry about "pecking order",
Oh, hell - am I a man or "weak as branch water"?

I'm back to my bed floating on pink air,
The ride's "dirt cheap", a reasonable fare,
And I must say I'm enjoying this time with the phrase,
And "I'll wring your neck" if it fails to amaze.

I'm the "salt of the earth" come "home to roost",
And I've got some "hard bark" which you might deduce,
Still I call out to Earth Church for help on this frolic,

Can it help, you say, well “Is the Pope Catholic?”

“Come hell or high water” Earth Church will be there,
To bring me some sleep, to give me some care,
And I can hear an insistent voice from the vapor,
Shouting “You know you can’t fool Mother Nature”.

And I look up to see if the rabbit’s still there,
But “The cat’s got my tongue” as I mime at the hare,
As hard as I try, the words will not come,
“I’m beating a dead horse” yet havin’ fun.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Where talking to the rabbit
Will get you “hogtied” too.