

## **UNDER THE PICNIC TABLE**

The Queen of Sheba's arrived. The tablecloth is spread like a flag in the mire.  
They act like we ain't alive. Her trained attendants put the sauce to the fat in the fire  
It's enough to recall a feeding frenzy set off by a crust in the wind.  
Pride's the worst thing to fall. Just don't imagine unemployment will spare you from sin.

*Chorus:* I'm under the picnic table. We're just interchangeable slaves,  
Bodies broken and minds unable, perfecting methods to pray.  
I'm just a rat with divinity showing, a cover story in rage.  
Mice spouses and little mice children are on starvation wage.

Here comes the King of Siam with that royal routine and hors d'oeuvres for his court.  
He's such a generous man. His footservants leave crumbs out of reach for the sport.  
It's their favorite repast-choking with laughter, lean back, let their princes give chase.  
There's always carrion birds and an owl or two to keep that corporate look off your face.

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