

The Carpet Crocodile

If you wanted to find a crocodile
You could visit Australia, or the banks of the Nile
But there's one place you haven't thought of I'm sure -
There might be one living in your bedroom floor!

They swim in your carpet and hide among toys,
Making easy meals of messy girls and boys.
They can camouflage themselves in any pattern or pile,
Fine Persian rugs, or checkerboard tile.
They study you with marbles for eyes,
Waiting to strike with a nasty surprise!
They've thumb-tacks for teeth, all crooked and fierce -
Splendid-for-slicing and perfect-to-pierce
The flesh of small feet, or for lopping off legs;
I've seen many a child left walking on pegs!
One could be ready to leap up and bite
When you're climbing to bed last thing at night,
Or perhaps in the morning when you put on your slippers,
Take the tips off your toes with its nasty sharp nippers!

One thing to save you, keep your feet safe and well -
These beasts have a particular fine sense of smell.
So some advice to protect you from carpet crocs -
Be safe, be smelly, and don't wash your socks!