

# Wandsworth

It was down in London city, back in 83,  
I was starting off a 3 year term in Wandsworth prison, wing 'c'.  
I was sitting on my cold hard bed, unable to sleep that night,  
When my eyes, they suddenly beheld, a very eerie sight.  
Something dark and evil slipped beneath my door,  
And quietly made it's way across the concrete floor.  
I tried so hard to focus on the intruder in my house,  
And then it came quite clear to me, the vermin was a mouse.  
He made his way under my bed to where my goodies were stored,  
Chose himself a Milky-Way, then he reached for something more.  
Well, I didn't mind a Milky-Way cause I had two or three,  
But when he took my last half ounce, he made an en-emy!!!  
I eased up from my freezing bunk, being as quiet as I could,  
Stepped out just behind him and he froze right where he stood.  
I threw a killing 'round house right' which connected to his jaw,  
Grabbed him in a vice like grip and hurled him against the door.  
I was gonna apply the pressure which would bring on his demise,  
When I noticed these tiny tear drops, appearing round his eyes.  
Well I couldn't do it matey, I couldn't kill the beast,  
Then the hairy little creature spoke a story up to me.  
He said "go on mister convict, go on take my life,  
Being a prison mouse, you see, has been all hell and strife.  
He said, "I was born and raised in Brixton, my father was a rat,  
He used to beat me badly but I won't go into that.  
I jumped a dust card heading east and wound up stuck in here,  
They put me in a fraggle's cell to live in constant fear.  
He had me stealing smokes from cells when the cons were all asleep,  
He even tattooed my arm, Pappu, he was such an evil creep."  
And with that, the mouse, he pulled the fur back from his paw,  
And there was skull and hammer and his number there and all.  
Now on hearing the mouse's story, I was sad, to say the least,  
I wiped the tears from round his eyes and let my hands release.