

Shelley's Kid Sister

My friend Shelley's kid sister
Has developed awful habits
Like picking up and kissing
All her fluffy little rabbits.

She is totally disgusting,
She is absolutely yuk.
When she's heading off to bed
She takes her favourite mallard duck.

She gave the goldfish mouth to mouth
And I admit that saved its life,
But she wasn't so successful
When it was the vicar's wife,

Who was out reclining in the sun
Not a worry in her head.
When Shelley's kid sister saw her
She thought that she was dead,

So pounced upon her instantly
Knocking her to the ground.
You should've seen the look she got
When she finally came round.

That kid found a praying mantis
An abandoned orphan from afar.
She took it home, 'on her face,'
And popped it in a jar.

In her room she kept a mouse.
She fed it tasty bits
Until her mother saw it
And then had forty fits.

Shelly's kid sister is disgusting!
I don't know what to do.
The problem is, Shelley's my twin,
So that kids my little sister too!

