

## Mickey's Mechanical House ( from Mickey's House of Villains)

In a humble little house that needed some paint.  
Live a tired Mickey Mouse, trying to sleep, but he can't  
You see the problems were plenty  
in this house that he had  
The roof always creaked and the drafts, they were bad  
The furnace turned on with a clatter and clunk  
Making pipes sputter steam, rattle and plunk  
With a slap and a bang the shutters did slam  
This noise, it continued ad nauseam  
He rolled and he tossed under his pillow and sheets  
Poor Mickey was wishing the sounds they would cease  
I can't take this racket another night longer  
I thought that I could ,but I couldn't be wronger  
The threw off his blankets and slunk to the sink  
Perhaps I'll feel better after a drink  
But the water came out in a way unexpected  
It sprayed from the drain in his face misdirected  
He wiped off his mug in angry defeat  
That the last straw. My decision's complete  
I'm fed up with clanking, ker-slammings, and squeaking  
The whistling and knocking and roof always creaking  
Poor Mickey was irked— A bit peeved, you might say  
His mind was made up that he must move away  
So he gathered his things and emptied each drawer  
The last thing he did was look the front door.  
Then Pluto and he marched up the next street  
Where new houses stood all spiffy and neat  
He found a nice dwelling that drew his attention  
With automatic devices of the latest invention  
This house is electric, said the salesman with pride  
If you push this red button you'll travel inside  
With the flick of a switch and the pull of a lever  
The house it transformed this is really quite clever  
The design's ergonomic.. for comfort you see.  
Grinned the salesman as he pushed buttons 1,2,3.  
The furniture folds right into the wall  
it makes a great short-cut into the hall  
This kitchen is sparkling. It's synthetic steel  
There's even a robot Who can cook you a meal  
But how will the floors here all stay so clean?  
Should dust ever settle, there's a vacuum machine  
Are there shutters that bang, slap, rattle, or slam?  
Not a one, not a bit , not at all, my good man  
I'll take this new house said Mickey with zeal.  
After escrow and closing the contract was sealed.  
This newfangled house is now where I'll stay  
He then thanked the salesman and sent him away.  
So, Mickey settled back in his modern recliner..  
With buttons galore Ah what could be finer?  
Whatever he wanted was his right away  
with a touch of a button, he got a snack tray.  
His chair, it reclined and rubbed his back so..  
Then on came some music and dimmed the lights low  
Said Mickey with a yawn as he scratched on his head  
Oh, it's time for a bath and then I'll toddle to bed  
He pressed the red button and rolled across the floor  
His chair went upstairs through the new bathroom door  
With a splash and a splunk, the brushes did clean.  
Dejected and sad, they both strode away..  
Mickey and Pluto, with nowhere to stay.  
The rays of the morning added sunlight.  
Greeting Mickey Mouse with a warm friendly sight.  
A little wood house that needed some paint  
It wasn't quite perfect, but still, it was great.  
Aw, we could stay here just for a while.  
Said Mickey to Pluto with a wry little smile.

Later that night all warm in his bed  
What a wonderful thing this bathing machine.  
Special arms then conveyed him off to his bed...  
And tucked him in gently, then a story was read.  
Mickey was cozy, all snuggled up tight..  
But he tossed and turned and his thoughts did excite..  
Of buttons and switches and moveable stairs  
Computer control on reclining chairs.  
There's so many things in this house with to play  
I want to stay up. I'll just sleep in the day.  
He leapt from his covers and slid past the clock  
He flung open the door but discovered it blocked  
There stood the robot. Its finger, it wagged.  
Before Mickey knew it, by the seat he was grabbed.  
This just isn't right I don't need a rest.  
I want to get up stop being a pest.  
Mickey scampered away, heading straight for the door  
But the robot was fast and stopped him once more.  
Bedtime is fine, but this is my house  
You're making me angry, don't cheese off this mouse.  
So, he turned and he climbed out of the open window..  
And snuck away quietly on tippy tiptoe.  
But little did he think that out in the back  
The robot was waiting for another attack.  
Enough is enough. I'll take this no more.  
If you want to play rough, get ready for war.  
A bucket of water, that's just the right thing.  
When the robot comes in, I'll pull on the string.  
Mickey readied his plan with his own little trap.  
The robot came in, and then with a snap  
The bucket tipped over and water came out  
It splashed and it soaked him completely throughout  
He sparked and he fizzed that man made of steel  
He jolted and volted and began to unreel.  
Electricity surged in the house all about  
Zapping the circuits and shorting them out.  
Food from the fridge was flung in the air.  
It splattered and spat in the poor mouse's hair.  
He ducked and he dodged but he could not escape.  
The jelly that hit him was cherry, not grape.  
Back into the bath, he was dragged very quick.  
And repeatedly scrubbed with a soap on a stick.  
All sudsy and wet, Mickey Mouse tried to flee.  
But the vacuum was now on a housecleaning spree.  
The hoses, they swung, they flailed, and they sucked  
The brushes whooshed past forcing Mickey to duck.  
He grabbed up a lamp and began to fight back.  
But right at that moment, the recliner attacked.  
Mechanical hands squeezed him up tight..  
But Mickey was valiant, he put up a fight.  
When things looked their bleakest  
And all hope seemed lost  
Mickey picked up the chair and gave it a toss.  
It the controls and smashed them to bits.  
The buttons, they flashed and flickered in fits.  
Mickey spotted his chance to get safely away  
He snatched up his dog, and then he did say..  
This place is a monster, not what I'd call home  
He watched that new house shake, sputter and groan.  
It fell with a crash in less than a minute.  
He turned to his pup and said: glad we weren't in it.  
Mickey Mouse snuggled up and sleep came to his head.  
The furnace, it clanked. It rattled and shocked.  
The shutters flew back, they slammed and knocked.  
The wind, it did whistle, round the chimney it moaned.  
But Mickey didn't stir because he knew he was home.