

## The Mizzog

The Mizzog's like a Fairy or a spirit if you like  
He dashes in between us on his special 5-wheeled bike  
You'll never see him coming but you'll know it when he's been  
Because his nasty business is to make you act quite mean

As soon as you get angry he smiles and claps his hands  
'Cos that's just what he needs for his nasty little plans  
He feeds off angry energy and once you let him start  
He'll take control of what you think, put poison in your heart

He turns up all your energy so he can play his game  
He'll fill your head with nasty words for calling people names  
And when they try to calm you he'll make you scratch and kick  
Sometimes he goes a bit too far and really makes you sick

And all this time you're helpless, just wanting to feel better  
And have a hug with Dad or Mum if only you could let her  
But the Mizzog's in control of you and that's not in his plan  
He loves it when you hurt yourself and everyone you can

Eventually he tires of you as your energy's run down  
And he hears another angry voice somewhere in the town  
That's when he gets back on his bike and heads to pastures new  
And leaves you with the mess and all the hurt he made you do

Tired and feeling sorry for just how things turned out  
You can't help feeling silly for what it was all about  
It started with the smallest thing that made your anger rise  
You're left with pure embarrassment and tears around your eyes

So next time something happens and you feel an angry rush  
The best thing you can do is count to ten and keep a hush  
'Cos the Mizzog's always listening, he's never far away and  
He'll speed his way towards you if you let him spoil your day