**MUTANTS**

 by Julia West, etal.

ttto "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

The kids played outside in the fallout.

They ran through the stuff as a lark.

The kids played outside in the fallout

And now they all glow in the dark.

Mutants, mutants, that is the reason our kids are weird.

Mutants, mutants, that is the reason we're weird.

Our Johnny came home from school crying,

Ashamed of his shiny green scales.

He doesn't fit in with the kids there,

'Cause most of the others have tails.

Now Suzie has twenty-four fingers,

That's eight of them on every hand.

There's webbing between all those fingers --

In softball as catcher, she's grand.

The cat went in heat last September,

Escaped to the crater to play.

The cat [had soon fun] last September.

Just look what the cat had today!

Fallout, fallout, that is the reason the cat is weird.

Fallout, fallout, that is the reason we're weird.

Our dog is dark blue with green feelers.

The cat has twelve legs and two heads.

Our parakeet's fur soft and shiny,

His claws, though, could tear you to shreds.