



Mr. Whisker

[Litmus A Freeman](#)

Mr. Whisker shaved his head every single day
He could have led a life instead he shaved his days away
He'd never been unshaven seen apparently they say
It'd always been the one routine from which he could not stray

He had a clear obsession for smooth, un-stubbed skin
Kept his razor and his shaving foam in a special 'Grooming Tin'
And when he woke, before he spoke each day would begin
With a double check of his face and neck for any hairy sin

For stubble thick or thin
But a rogue hair on his chin
Saw his *patience* wearing thin
In a war he aimed to win...

For Mr. Whisker had a dimple, from which the hair emerged
From a pimple *in* the dimple, which just could not be purged
He badly tried until he died to put that hair to rest
But alas it seems his hair-free dreams never passed fol-licle test

So, Mr. Whisker missed a whisker every time he shaved
He'd go outside but couldn't hide that whisker where it waved
One day he took a risk, and used a whisk, a-twirling as he raved
And with the whisk a compact disc! But his face could not be saved

A clear complexion was what he craved
Into his plight he caved
By his obsession he was enslaved!

He tried so hard (even shaved with lard!) a hairy war he waged
But that one rogue hair was always there as the pimple, reddened, raged
It laid him low and even though the barber he was paged
He didn't know how to make it go, so his poor skin badly aged
From that hairy war he waged
In sanitary he was caged
But that hair was n'er be-swaged...

Yes Mr. Whisker missed a whisker all his shaving days
And now he's gone we sing this song to remind us that he pays
The painful price of paradise sought in obsessive ways
As he can be found shaved in the ground with the rogue hair where he lays

Which 'airily marks the place
Where his poor, raw, razored face
Was laid to end his craven phase
Where many pilgrims flock to gaze
At that roguish hair they go to stare...

At the whisker Mr. Whisker missed
Beware!