

Bear in There

By uncertain of author

There's a Polar Bear
In our Figidaire –
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.
With his seat in the meat
And his face in the fish
And his big hairy paws
In the buttery dish.
He's nibbling the noodles,
He's munching the rice,
He's slurping the soda,
He's licking the ice.
And he lets out a roar
If you open the door.
And it gives me a scare
To know he's in there –
That Polary Bear
In our Fridgitydaire.