

Monster in My Closet

When my mom tucks me in at night, I make her open my door.
When my dad gives me a hug, I tell him to check my floor.
They both laugh and tell me I worry a lot.
But I know something that they do not.

There is a monster living in my closet.

He comes out late at night when no one else can see.
He tries to eat my toes, tries hard to scare me.
But I am not afraid of him, I am not a coward.
I only want to make a friend; I think I'll call him Howard.

There is a monster living in my closet.

He slinks around my room and gets into all my stuff.
He eats my hidden candy, he can't seem to get enough.
I want to catch this monster and make him my new pet.
If I can't have a dog or cat, he's as good as it gets.

There is a monster in my closet.

He likes to stay hidden so no one will believe.
But I'm going to set a trap so everyone can see.
That the monster in our home is really very kind,
And that having one for a pet is really very fine.