

Wet Again

by Barry Louis Polisar

Wet again, Wet again
Looks like I'm wet again
Wet again, Wet again
Looks like I'm wet again

Sitting on the sofa, on my lap
My baby brother is taking a nap
He wakes up, he runs straight
To the bathroom; it's too late

We take my sister to the store
She has a drink, than a couple more
We ride back home; the seat is wet
Her pants are damp; it's not sweat

Driving in the car, up our street
The dog right by me, on the seat
All of a sudden I feel something
The dog looks guilty; his tail is thumping