

THE TAIL OF NEIL NEIL, ELECTRIC EEL

Neil, Neil, electric eel,
Zapped his friends and made them squeal,
He zapped their tails, he zapped their fins
Fried their tongues and frazzled their chins.

He zapped them in the morning,
He zapped them late at night,
He zapped them by the old shipwreck
With all his eely might.

Neil, Neil, electric eel
Kept zapping without pausing,
He simply couldn't understand
The trouble he was causing.

So when the sea folk had enough,
They called a special meeting.
So many of them came along
They needed extra seating.

'My lovely wings are floppy things!'
Moaned Jay the Manta Ray.
'My tentacles are bent-acles',
Hissed Sid the Giant Squid,

‘Now all my gills are growing frills’,
Cried Trish the Angelfish.
‘My pincers look like mincers’,
Snapped Gab the Spider Crab,
‘I really feel that horrid eel
Deserves a nasty jab!’

This fishy meeting grumbled on
For hours into the night,
How to stop that naughty eel
From giving them a fright.

‘Wrap him up in seaweed, then bury him in sand!’
‘Chop him into pieces, wouldn’t that be grand!’
‘Tie him to a spearfish and shoot him at a rock!’
‘Shave off all his slimy scales and stuff him in a sock!’

Then a booming voice was heard by all,
It rose above the rest,
It was Bill the Brainy Brainfish,
Lemmy Lobster's guest,
He said ‘Listen folks it’s simple, in fact it’s just a breeze,
All we need to do, my friends, is steal his batteries.’

They looked each other up and down, this was a great idea,
Without his electrickery, they needn’t live in fear.
So with Bill the Brainy Brainfish,
They hatched a cunning plan,

Inviting Neil the Electric Eel
To tea with Starfish Stan.

Now Starfish Stan was a cookery fan,
The best chef in the ocean!
He baked some cakes,
With plankton flakes
And a cup of his secret potion.

Neil, Neil, Electric Eel,
Swam round to Stans for tea,
He gobbled all the cakes right up,
Leaving none for you or me.
His eyelids fluttered
He coughed and spluttered
Fell deep into a slumber,
He dreamt of seaweed castles, wigs and curried sea cucumber.

And while he slept, in the others crept,
They gave his tail a squeeze.
He gave a grunt, and to be quite blunt,
Out popped his batteries.

Neil, Neil, the Friendly Eel,
Is a different guy today,
Everybody likes him,
'You're OK!' they say.

He helps out at the local schools
Of tiny, tiny fishes,
He pops in to the kitchens
And helps out with the dishes.

His crazy days of zapping ways
Are well and truly over.

He's married now to a nice sea-cow
Who drives a Vauxhall Nova.
They have a little dogfish
Who goes by the name of Rover.
And they live in a shed
Upon the seabed
Just two miles south of Dover.