**Bear in There**

There’s a polar bear

In our Frigidaire-

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 noodles,

He’s munching on rice,

He’s slurping on soda,

He’s licking the ice.

And he lets out a roar

If you open the door.

And gives me a scare

To know he’s in there-

That Polary Bear

In our Frigiditydaire.