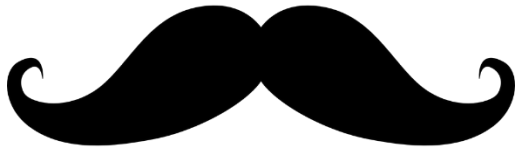




The Moustache Thief

A Poem by Mark Megson



Good grief, good grief
The Moustache Thief
Is causing a sensation
You'll see many a hairless lip
On your next trip
To the policing station

He plucks and he plunders
Every 'tache in town
So there's no hair there
When their owners look down

Horseshoes and handlebars
Pencils and the walrus
Are disappearing everywhere
From Birmingham to Belarus

But the Moustache Thief
Is a lot nearer
Than all the police supposes
And if they looked closer
They'd find him
Underneath their noses!