

# Why Own a Parrot?

*Author unknown*

Why own a parrot? There's a danger you know.  
You can't own just one, for the craving will grow.  
There's no doubt they're addictive, wherein lies the  
danger.

While living with lots, you'll grow poorer and  
stranger.

One parrot is no trouble, and two are so funny.  
The third one is easy, the fourth one's a honey.  
The fifth one delightful, the sixth one's a breeze,  
You find you can live with a house full with ease.  
So how 'bout another? Would you really venture?  
They're really quite easy but oh, Lord the feathers!  
With birds on the sofa and birds on your head,  
And perches in the kitchen, it's no bother you said.  
They're really not trouble, their manners are great.  
What's just one more parrot and one more cage?  
The sofa is downy, the windows are splattered.  
The floor is all spotted, the furniture dusty.  
The housekeeping suffers, but what do you care?  
Who minds a few poop spots and feathers  
everywhere?  
So let's keep a parrot, you can always find room,  
And a little more time for the dust cloth and  
vacuum.  
There's hardly a limit to the birds you can add,  
The thought of a cutback sure makes you sad.  
Each one is so special, so useful, so funny.  
The vet, the food bill grows larger, you owe money.

Except other bird folks, who all live the same way.  
Your lawn has weeds, lots of dandelions will do.  
But your weekends are busy, your cleaning never  
through.

There's parrot food and treats, training and shots,  
And entries and travel and motels which cost lots.  
Is it worth it you wonder? Are you caught in a trap?  
Then that favorite parrot says "gimme a scratch."  
His look says you're special, and you know that  
you will,

Keep all the critter in spite of the bill.  
Some just for friendship, and some just to breed.  
And some just for loving, they all fill a need.  
But winter's a hassle, the parrots hate it too.  
But they must have their baths just like you take  
them too.

Late evening is awful, you just shake your head  
At the parrots on their playstands who refuse  
to go to bed.

The birds and the bird shows, the travel the thrills,  
The work and the worry, the pressure the bills.  
The whole thing seems worth it, the parrots are  
your life.

They're charming and funny and offset the strife.  
You're lifestyle has changed, things won't be  
the same.

Yes, those parrots are addictive, and why  
we're birdbrains!