



Los Olivos - Riker
Neighborhood Association

Mr. Watchman

By Papa Seuss

*I patrol the streets of LORNA,
as often as I can.
My name is Mr. Watchman.
Yes siree, that's who I am.*

*When people see me walking,
up and down the street.
They know its Mr. Watchman,
on my official beat.*

*I wear a special LORNA vest,
its bright and green in color.
And when crooks see me coming,
they turn and run for cover.*

*My job is really important
on my official beat.
I look for crooks and robbers,
up and down my street.*

*If I see a crime in progress,
the crook had better watch out.
The cops will come and get him,
And the jail man won't let him out.*

*Whenever I see a burglar,
I quickly call 911
Pretty soon the cops arrive,
and the burglars go on the run.*

*I see a crook way over there,
and now I see there's three.
They won't escape Mr. Watchman,
Never! No siree.*

*If I see a lot of smoke,
I hurry and sound the alarm.
Pretty soon the firemen come,
and save my neighbor from harm.*

*The kids in the neighborhood,
always know when I am there.
They play and have lots of fun,
without a worry or care.*

*I see someone in that window,
whoever could it be?
Oops, it's just a false alarm,
My neighbor's watching ME.*

*All the time, I'm on my beat,
I'm watchful as I can.
And if I'm really lucky,
I'll meet a Mrs. Watchman.*

*There never is a mystery,
when a bright green vest you see,
It's only Mr. Watchman,
And that's me, yes siree.*