

## An Idiomatic Escape

I'm sticking my **neck** out with this rhyme,  
And giving myself a pat on the **back**,  
I kept my **chin** up all the time,  
My **body** was writhing on the rack.

After my sticky **fingers** stole the gold,  
I **faced** the music with aplomb,  
It cost me an **arm** and a **leg** to withhold,  
My confession when they screwed my **thumb**.

"I'm all **ears**," the torturer said,  
But he saw my **lips** were sealed clam tight,  
"Over my dead **body** you'll have to tread,  
Before my **tongue** will give up the fight."

"It's like pulling **teeth** with you," he spat,  
"I need more **elbow** room to make you sing,  
I swear I'll pick your **brains** you dirty rat,"  
"Break a **leg**," I croaked with intent to sting.

By the **skin** of my **teeth** I managed to live,  
Off the top of the **head** my plan was bold,  
I filled my jailer's **ears** with what I could give,  
And **stomached** the loss of half my gold.