

Classic Poetry Series

Shel Silverstein
- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shel Silverstein(September 25, 1930 – May 10, 1999)

As Edwin McDowell reported in the New York Times Book Review (8 Nov 1981), Silverstein "for several years now... has refused interviews and publicity tours, and he even asked his publisher not to give out any biographical information about him." What is known about Silverstein, however, is that he was born in Chicago (Illinois) in 1932, is divorced and has one daughter. Most of what is known about his views and opinions, aside from what may be interpreted from his works, comes from a Publisher's Weekly (24 Feb 1975) interview with Jean F. Mercier. Silverstein discussed the roots of his career in his childhood with Mercier:

"When I was a kid - 12, 14, around there - I would much rather have been a good baseball player or a hit with the girls. But I couldn't play ball, I couldn't dance... So, I started to draw and to write. I was... lucky that I didn't have anyone to copy, be impressed by. I had developed my own style, I was creating before I knew there was a Thurber, a Benchley, a Price and a Steinberg. I never saw their work till I was around 30."

Silverstein's talents were already well-developed by the time he served in the US armed forces during the 1950s. He was stationed in Japan and Korea, and while in the military, he was a cartoonist for the Pacific edition of the military newspaper, Stars And Stripes. After his stint in the military, Silverstein became a cartoonist for Playboy in 1956. His work for that magazine has resulted in some published collections, such as A Playboy's Teevee Jeebies and More Playboy's Teevee Jeebies (Do It Yourself Dialogue for the Late Late Show).

Silverstein did not begin writing for children until he penned Uncle Shelby's Story of Lafcadio, the Lion Who Shot Back, published in 1963. He confided to Mercier:

"I never planned to write or draw for kids. It was Tomi Ungerer, a friend of mine, who insisted... practically dragged me, kicking and screaming, into [editor] Ursula Nordstrom's office. And she convinced me that Tomi was right, I could do children's books."

Lafcadio, the Lion Who Shot Back is the story of a lion who obtains a hunter's gun and practices until he becomes a good enough marksman to join a circus. A Publisher's Weekly (28 Oct 1963) reviewer called the book "a wild, free-wheeling, slangy tale that most children and many parents will enjoy immensely", and it met with moderate success, as did Silverstein's Uncle Shelby's A Giraffe and a Half (1964).

But Silverstein achieved fame as a children's writer after the publication of *The Giving Tree* in 1964. The book had been rejected by editor William Cole who felt that the book fell between adults' and children's literature and would never sell. In Silverstein's eyes it was a story about two people; one gives and the other takes. Ultimately, both adults and children embraced the book. The story of a tree that gives its shade, fruit, branches, and finally its trunk to make a little boy happy, *The Giving Tree* had slow sales at first, but its audience steadily grew. As Richard R. Lingeman reported in the *New York Times Book Review* (30 April 1978), "Many readers saw a religious symbolism in the altruistic tree; ministers preached sermons on *The Giving Tree*; it was discussed in Sunday schools." But feminist critics later saw something else in Silverstein's tale; as Barbara A. Schram noted in *Interracial Books for Children* (Vol. 5, No. 5, 1974): "By choosing the female pronoun for the all-giving tree and the male pronoun for the all-taking boy, it is clear that the author did indeed have a prototypical master / slave relationship in mind... How frightening that little boys and girls who read *The Giving Tree* will encounter this glorification of female selflessness and male selfishness." Nevertheless, the book remains popular with both children and adults.

In the late 1960s Silverstein became also known for being a composer and lyricist of songs, including "A Boy Named Sue" (sung by Johnny Cash, 1969), "One's On The Way", "The Unicorn" (sung by the Irish Rovers), "Boa Constrictor", "So Good To So Bad", "Sylvia's Mother" (sung by Dr. Hook, 1972), "The Great Conch Train Robbery", and "Yes, Mr. Rogers".

Albums of Silverstein's songs recorded by others include *FREAKIN' AT THE FREAKER'S BALL* [Columbia] (1972), *SLOPPY SECONDS* [Columbia] (1972), *DR. HOOK* [Columbia] (1972) and *BOBBY BARE SINGS LULLABYS, LEGENDS AND LIES (THE SONGS OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN)* [RCA Victor] (1973).

Albums of original motion picture scores include *Ned Kelly* [United Artists] (1970), *Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?* [Columbia] (1971), in which Silverstein even played a role, *Thieves* (1977) and *Postcards from the Edge* (1996). Other recordings include *Drain My Brain* [Cadet] (), *Dirty Feet* [Hollis Music] (1968), *Shel Silverstein (Songs And Stories)* [Casablanca] (1978) and *The Great Conch Train Robbery* [] (1980).

In 1974 Silverstein published a collection of poems for children called *Where The Sidewalk Ends*. Bringing him comparisons to the likes of Dr. Seuss and Edward Lear, *Where The Sidewalk Ends* contained humorous efforts such as "Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout / Would Not Take the Garbage Out", "Dreadful" and "Band-

Aids". Kay Winters lauded the author's achievement in *The Reading Teacher*: "With creatures from the never-heard, *Ickle Me Pickle Me, Tickle Me too*, the *Mustn'ts*, *Hector the Collector* and *Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout* (who would not take th garbage out), Silverstein's funny bone seems to function wherever he goes." She further noted that *Where The Sidewalk Ends* "is an ideal book for teachers to have handy." The book has proved popular with child readers as well; it continues to sell many copies, as does Silverstein's 1981 follow-up collection of poems, *The Light In The Attic*. *Publisher's Weekly* called the latter book "a big, fat treasure for Silverstein devotees, with trenchant verses expressing high-flown, exhilarating nonsense as well as thoughts unexpectedly sober and even sad."

Silverstein's 1976 picture book, *The Missing Piece*, like *The Giving Tree*, was subject to varying interpretations. It chronicles the adventures of a circle with a wedge of itself missing, who goes along singing and searching for that missing part. But after the circle finds the right wedge, he decides he was happier on the search - without the missing piece - than he is with it. As Anne Roiphe explained in *The New York Times Book Review* (2 May 1976), *The Missing Piece* can be read in the same way as "the fellow at the singles bar explaining why life is better if you don't commit yourself to anyone for too long - the line goes that too much togetherness turns people into bores - that creativity is preserved by freedom to explore from one relationship to another... This fable can also be interpreted to mean that no one should try to find all the answers, no one should hope to fill all the hopes in themselves, achieve total transcendental harmony or psychic order because a person without a search, loose ends, internal conflicts and external goals becomes too smooth to enjoy or know what's going on. Too much satisfaction blocks exchange with the outside." Silverstein published a sequel, *The Missing Piece Meets The Big O*, in 1981. The latter book is told from the missing piece's point of view; as in the original, the book's protagonist discovers the value of self-sufficiency. A new book for children, *Falling Up*, was published in 1996. Silverstein illustrates his own books with black-and-white line drawings. Being himself a book collector, he takes the feel and look - the paper, the type, the binding - of his titles very seriously. He does not allow his books to be published in paperback. But this hasn't hurt his popularity: Silverstein has 14 million copies in print.

Since 1981, Silverstein has concentrated on writing plays for adults. One of his best known, *The Lady or the Tiger Show* (1981), about a television producer who goes to unbelievable lengths to get his ratings up, has been performed on its own and in a group of one-acts entitled *Wild Life* (1983). Silverstein has also collaborated on the screenplay *Things Change* (1988) with playwright David Mamet.

Shel Silverstein died on 10 May 1999 from a heart attack.

100,000 Pennies

I broke into the bank on Sunday,
You should see the money I got.
I couldn't drag it home 'til Monday,
'Cause it sure weighed an awful lot.

Then I sat down to count it,
And much to my surprise,
A whole lotta little brown, little round coins,
Rolled out before my eyes

Chorus:

I've got a hundred thousand dollars worth of pennies,
Not a solitary dollar or a dime,
And I don't believe there's many,
Rich men with a problem like mine.

And I don't think this is any
Kind of ending to a perfect crime.
I've got a hundred thousand dollars worth of pennies,
And I'm spendin' it a penny at a time!

Now a steak sure would taste delicious,
And I've forgot how a beer would feel,
But the man just might get suspicious,
If I gave him eight hundred pennies for a meal.

So I guess I'll just weigh myself again,
And buy me another stick of gum,
I've got a hundred thousand dollars worth of pennies, Lord!
And I'm livin' like a penniless bum!

Chorus:

I've got a hundred thousand dollars worth of pennies,
Not a solitary dollar or a dime,
And I don't believe there's many,
Rich men with a problem like mine.

Shel Silverstein

25 Minutes To Go

They're buildin' the gallows outside my cell.
I got 25 minutes to go.

And in 25 minutes I'll be in Hell.
I got 24 minutes to go.

Well, they give me some beans for my last meal.
23 minutes to go.

And you know... nobody asked me how I feel.
I got 22 minutes to go.

So, I wrote to the Gov'nor... the whole damned bunch.
Ahhh... 21 minutes to go.

And I call up the Mayor, and he's out to lunch.

I got 20 more minutes to go.

Well, the Sheriff says, 'Boy, I wanna watch you die'.
19 minutes to go.

I laugh in his face... and I spit in his eye.
I got 18 minutes to go.

Well...I call out to the Warden to hear my plea.
17 minute to go.

He says, 'Call me back in a week or three.
You've got 16 minutes to go.'

Well, my lawyer says he's sorry he missed my case.
Mmmm....15 minutes to go.

Yeah, well if you're so sorry, come up and take my place.
I got 14 minutes to go.

Well, now here comes the padre to save my soul
With 13 minutes to go.

And he's talkin' about burnin', but I'm so damned cold.
I got 12 more minutes to go.

Now they're testin' the trap. It chills my spine.
I got 11 minutes to go.

'Cuz the goddamned thing it works just fine.
I got 10 more minutes to go.

I'm waitin' for the pardon... gonna set me free
With 9 more minutes to go.

But this ain't the movies, so to hell with me.
I got 8 more minutes to go.

And now I'm climbin up the ladder with a scaffold peg
With 7 more minutes to go.

I've betta' watch my step or else I'll break my leg.
I got 6 more minutes to go.

Yeah... with my feet on the trap and my head in the noose...
5 more minutes to go.

Well, c'mon somethin' and cut me loose.
I got 4 more minutes to go.

I can see the mountains. I see the sky.
3 more minutes to go.

And it's too damned pretty for a man to die.
i got 2 more minutes to go

I can hear the buzzards... hear the crows.
1 more minute to go.

And now I'm swingin' and here I goooooooooo....

Shel Silverstein

A Boy Named Sue

Well, my daddy left home when I was three,
and he didn't leave much to Ma and me,
just this old guitar and a bottle of booze.
Now I don't blame him because he run and hid,
but the meanest thing that he ever did was
before he left he went and named me Sue.

Well, he must have thought it was quite a joke,
and it got lots of laughs from a lot of folks,
it seems I had to fight my whole life through.
Some gal would giggle and I'd get red
and some guy would laugh and I'd bust his head,
I tell you, life ain't easy for a boy named Sue.

Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean.
My fist got hard and my wits got keen.
Roamed from town to town to hide my shame,
but I made me a vow to the moon and the stars,
I'd search the honky tonks and bars and kill
that man that gave me that awful name.

But it was Gatlinburg in mid July and I had
just hit town and my throat was dry.
I'd thought i'd stop and have myself a brew.
At an old saloon in a street of mud
and at a table dealing stud sat the dirty,
mangy dog that named me Sue.

Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
from a worn-out picture that my mother had
and I knew the scar on his cheek and his evil eye.
He was big and bent and gray and old
and I looked at him and my blood ran cold,
and I said, 'My name is Sue. How do you do?
Now you're gonna die.' Yeah, that's what I told him.

Well, I hit him right between the eyes and he went down
but to my surprise he came up with a knife
and cut off a piece of my ear. But I busted a chair

right across his teeth. And we crashed through
the wall and into the street kicking and a-gouging
in the mud and the blood and the beer.

I tell you I've fought tougher men but I really can't remember when.
He kicked like a mule and bit like a crocodile.
I heard him laughin' and then I heard him cussin',
he went for his gun and I pulled mine first.
He stood there looking at me and I saw him smile.

And he said, 'Son, this world is rough and if
a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough
and I knew I wouldn't be there to help you along.
So I gave you that name and I said 'Goodbye'.
I knew you'd have to get tough or die. And it's
that name that helped to make you strong.'

Yeah, he said, 'Now you have just fought one
helluva fight, and I know you hate me and you've
got the right to kill me now and I wouldn't blame you
if you do. But you ought to thank me
before I die for the gravel in your guts and the spit
in your eye because I'm the guy that named you Sue.'
Yeah, what could I do? What could I do?

I got all choked up and I threw down my gun,
called him pa and he called me a son,
and I came away with a different point of view
and I think about him now and then.
Every time I tried, every time I win and if I
ever have a son I think I am gonna name him
Bill or George - anything but Sue.

Shel Silverstein

A Couple More Years

I've got a couple more years on you, baby...that's all.
I've had more chances to fly and more places to fall.
And it ain't that I'm wiser...
It's only that I've spent more time with my back to the wall.
And I've picked up a couple more years on you, baby.. that's all.

I've walked a couple more roads than you, baby...that's all.
And I'm tired of runnin' while you're only learning to crawl.
And you're headin somewhere...
But I've been to somewhere... and found it was nowhere at all.
And I've picked up a couple of years on you baby... that's all.

Now sayin' goodbye, girl don't never come easy at all.
But you've got to fly 'cuz you're hearin' those young eagles call.
And someday when you're older, you'll smile at a man strong and tall.
And you'll say I've got a couple more years on you, baby... that's all.

I've got a couple more years on you baby... that's all.
You'll say I've had more chances to fly and more places to fall.
It ain't that I'm wiser...
It's only that I've spent more time with my back to the wall.
And I've picked up a couple more years on you baby... that's all.

Shel Silverstein

A Front Row Seat To Hear Ole Johnny Sing

Now you know some fellahs, they want fame and fortune
Yeah, and other fellahs they just wanna swing
But all I wanted all my life
Was a TV set and a truck and a wife
And a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.

Yeah the TV and the truck I got on credit.
And I got that girl with a little old Woolworth ring
And life was warm and life was sweet
But still, it was kinda incomplete
Without a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.

chorus:

Hey, John you walk the line,
Do 'Deelia' one more time
And when you do them Cottonfields
You warm this heart of mine.

So, one day I thought, Hey, I'm gonna do it!
(That's what I said)
So, I mortgaged the farm and pawned her wedding ring.
I sold the gold tooth out of my mouth
And jumped in the pickup and headed South.
For a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.

I hit Nashville cold and wet and hungry.
I said, 'I'm here, bring him on let him do his thing.'
But they told me down at the Old Pit Grill
I'd have to go all the way to Andersonville
For a front row seat to hear ole Jonny sing.

I found his house knocked on the door and it was opened
By a brown-haired girl and a baby with a teethin' ring.
I said 'I seen you somewhere before
but don't stand there and block the door
I want a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.'

(chorus)

She said I'd have to go down to The Opry
And the feller there said I'd have to wait till Spring.
He said, 'We've been sold out for months and months
And this poor insane fella wants
A front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.'

Well, he said a couple more things, and I started cryin'
And then he laughed at me and that's when I started to swing.
Well I bust through the doors in a roaring rage,
Crawled over the crowd till I reached the stage
For a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.

(chrous)

Then some crazy guard started shootin'
I shot back, and the next thing I know I was winged
and on the floor
When a guy in a voice kinda deep and low
Says, 'Boy that's a mighty long way to go
For a front row seat to hear ANYBODY sing.'

And I guess that judge, he weren't no music lover.
I got fifteen months but that don't mean a thing.
Cos' yesterday in the prison yard
A show come through and HAR! de HAR!
I had a front row seat to hear ole Johnny sing.

(chorus plus some typical Shel ranting and raving)

Shel Silverstein

A Light In The Attic

There's a light on in the attic.
Thought the house is dark and shuttered,
I can see a flickerin' flutter,
And I know what it's about.
There's a light on in the attic.
I can see it from the outside.
And I know you're on the inside... lookin' out.

Shel Silverstein

Acapulco Goldie

She was dancin' when I seen her, in a Mexican cantina
In a neighborhood they call 'La Zona Roja'.
She had a child's smile, but she told me in a while
It would take a lot of gold to get to know her.

Acapulco Goldie, donde did you go.
You said you'd always hold me
But you run away with me Acapulco Gold.

I knew there's no one cuter, then she said she was a puta.
I said, 'What does puta mean?' And she told me...oh no...
Then we went to meet a dealer, we smoke and drink tequila.
Then the lights went out and I guess that's when she rolled me.

Just like Acapulco Goldie, por que did you go.
You said you'd always hold me.
But you vamos away with me Acapulco Gold.
Ya ya, you run away with me Acapulco Gold.

Shel Silverstein

Alimony

Alimony alimony I work till my fingers are bloody and boney
Me oh my oh goodness sake I'm paying for my mistake
She calls it alimony alimony yeah you single men may think it's funny
Till one of these days you're gonna wake and find you're payin' for your mistake

Pom pom I walk around ragged like a low-down bum
I can't afford to weigh myself or buy a stick of gum
It's the same old story with a little more blues in it
I'm payin' for it while someone else is usin' it
Alimony alimony I thought I bought steak and it was all baloney
My heart and back are both about to break from payin' for my mistake yeah
[harmonica]

Yeah I walk around ragged like a low down bum
I can't afford to weigh myself or buy a stick of gum
Why it's the same old story with a little more blues in it
I'm payin' for it while someone else is usin' it
Alimony alimony thought I bought steak and it was just baloney
And every penny that I make goes to payin' for my mistake

Oh yeah payin' for my mistake every Wednesday
Yeah aw come on baby y'know it's your mistake too yeah
They took all the furniture and everything come on
Why maybe we could sorta pitch in and work it out y'know
I mean I could get a third job if that's what you want I mean
What about sellin' my blood y'know

Shel Silverstein

All About You

In the Grandville greyhound station in the lightly drizzlin' rain
Sittin' on my suitcase goin' quietly insane all about you babe all about you
All about you and then no feelin' double dealin' things that you do
Uh every man in Grandville says he knows you well
Burn your ears if you could hear the stories that they tell

All about you babe all about you
All about you and then no feelin' double dealin' things that you do
[guitar] They say you're picked up every Thursday in a rich man's limousine
And some cat in San Quentin keeps on havin' nasty dreams

All about you babe...
[guitar] And now the summer sun may burn my back and these tears may dim
my sight
But before I die there's a dirty book I'm gonna write

All about you babe...
[guitar] Yeah the Grandville greyhound station
I waited on that night tell me you ain't gonna show
And I just go on sing this silly song
All about you tell the world all about you
Tell 'em what you are and tell 'em what you wish yeah I'm gonna put your name
in

Shel Silverstein

All The Time In The World

Lay down
Let's explore this tenderness between us
There ain't no one around at all to see us
And baby would you mind
If maybe you and I
Took a little time to find each other?

Baby , We got all the time in the world
So why don't we just take it nice and slow?
We got everything we need
To plant a lovin' seed
And all the time we need to watch it grow.

Stay down
Stay at least until the fire stops burnin'
At least until the room has stopped it's turnin'
And when the embers dyin'
We're lyin' in the afterglow
It'll be as sweet as anything we've ever known

Baby , We got all the time in the world
So why don't we just take it nice and slow?
We got everything we need
To plant a lovin' seed
And all the time we need to watch it grow.

Shel Silverstein

Anteater

'A genuine anteater,'
The pet man told my dad.
Turned out, it was an aunt eater,
And now my uncle's mad!

Shel Silverstein

Aphrodisiac

Now, listen to me, folks...
Hear what I say.
You got to eat oysters everyday
They'll put your love life back on track
They're nature's own aphrodisiac.

Ohh, ohhh... yes it's true
What a little oyster can do for you.
Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun
Here's some things them oysters done...

They made Jim Beam
They made Allen Thick
They made Jonathan Swift
And they made Gracie Slick
They made Victor Mature
And they made Tom Petty
They started Willie Waylon
And they got Helen Reddy.
They made Tom Cruise
They made Oscar Wilde
They gave Gary Hart
But they gave Gomer Piles
They made William Hurt
They made Lucille Ball
They made Wilson Picket
And that ain't all.

Ohh, ohhh... yes it's true
What a little oyster can do for you.
Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun
Here's some more them oysters done.

They made Stevie Wonder
And they made old John Wayne
They made Saul Bellow
And caused Thomas Paine
Turned Clint Black
And turned Barry White

Made Doris' Day
And Gladys' Knight.
They gave Bob Hope
They gave Percy Faith
They made Marvin Gaye
But they made George Straight
They made Bobby's Short
And Lester's Flatt
And hey... they even did more than that.

Ohh, ohhh... yes it's true
What a little oyster can do for you.
Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun
Here's some more them oysters done.

They got George Bush
They made Bozo a Clown
They got Bobby Bare
And made Ezra Pound
They made Gallo Wine
They made Merle Haggart
They Made Andy Devine
They made Jimmy Swagger
They made Rich Little
And made Hughie Long
They made BB King
And they made Neil's Armstrong
And if you ask my wife,
She'll tell you quite gaily
Best of all they made old Pat Daily.

Ohh, ohhh... yes it's true
What a little oyster can do for you.
Ohh, ohhh... ain't it fun
That's all about oysters
Now we're done.

Shel Silverstein

Ations

If we meet and I say, 'Hi,'
That's a salutation.
If you ask me how I feel,
That's a consideration.
If we stop and talk a while,
That's a conversation.
If we understand each other,
That's a communication.
If we argue, scream and fight,
That's an altercation.
If later we apologize,
That's reconciliation.
If we help each other home,
That's a cooperation.
And all these actions added up
Make Civilization.
(And if I say this is a wonderful poem,
Is that exaggeration?)

Shel Silverstein

Backward Bill

Backward Bill, Backward Bill,
He lives way up on Backward Hill,
Which is really a hole in the sandy ground
(But that's a hill turned upside down).

Backward Bill's got a backward shack
With a big front porch that's built out back.
You walk through the window and look out the door
And the cellar is up on the very top floor.

Backward Bill he rides like the wind
Don't know where he's going but sees where he's been.
His spurs they go 'neigh' and his horse it goes 'clang,'
And his six-gun goes 'gnab,' it never goes 'bang.'

Backward Bill's got a backward pup,
They eat their supper when the sun comes up,
And he's got a wife named Backward Lil,
'She's my own true hate,' says Backward Bill.

Backward Bill wears his hat on his toes
And puts on his underwear over his clothes.
And come every payday he pays his boss,
And rides off a-smilin' a-carryin' his hoss.

Shel Silverstein

Batty

The baby bat
Screamed out in fright,
'Turn on the dark,
I'm afraid of the light.'

Shel Silverstein

Beans Taste Fine

Now a friend of mine, way back in Chicago
You know, he finally made his pile.
Well he got himself a mansion on Butler and Sheff
An' he was livin' in the latest style;
But I run into him, he was eatin' in a greasy spoon
While parkled in front was his big limousine.
I said, 'Buddy, you've got so much money
How come you're in here, eatin' beans?'
An' he said
'After you've been havin' steak for a long time,
Beans, beans taste fine.
An' after you've been drinkin' champagne and brandy
You gonna settle for wine.'
He said 'The world is funny, and people are strange,
And man is a creature of constant change, and
After you've been havin' steak for a long time
Beans, beans taste fine.'
Now, you know I ran into another friend of mine
In a rowdy old Clark Street Bar.
I said, 'Friend, is it true what I heard about you?
I heard you married a beautiful 18-year-old shapely movie star,
Yet here you sit, tryin' to make out with some barfly
Who's too old and ugly to be true.'
He said, 'Shelley, you're still a very young man
So sit down. I'll explain it all to you.
He said
'After you've been havin' steak for a long time
Beans, beans taste fine.
An' after you've been drinkin' champagne and Chivas Regal
You gonna settle for Thunderbird wine.'
He said 'The world is funny, and people are strange,
And man is a creature of constant change, and
After you've been havin' steak for a long time
Beans, beans taste fine.'

Shel Silverstein

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 the noodles,
He's munching the rice,
He's slurping the soda,
He's licking the ice.
And he lets out a roar
If you open the door.
And it gives me a scare
To know he's in there-
That polary bear
In our Fridgitydaire.

Shel Silverstein

Better Not Ask Me

(Hey the truth might hurt so I'm tellin' you now that you better not ask me)
Hey you better not ask me where I been all night
Why my eyes are shinin' and my spirit is flyin'
You better not ask if I been doin' right or I just might tell you
And you better not ask me bout the girls I used to know
And days I used to run around before I ever met you
You better not ask how they compare to you or I just might tell you
And you better not ask me if I'm satisfied
With the way you've been givin' me what you call lovin'
Better not ask me bout the times I cried or I just might tell you
So keep on doin' what you're doin' and if you should see me straight
Well don't you ask baby just let it pass baby
And maybe it'll go away but I don't doubt it
You better not ask me if I'm gonna stick around
Or pack up all my bags and find another pretty city
You better not ask me who it is I found or I just might tell you

Shel Silverstein

Bigtime

Hey dragged up my holly and I pull it to a town for the bigtime
Hey rig down the road I tore 'em down I'm a bigtime
I wheeled right in them swinging doors
Out through the window with half of that store
Everybody stopped and roared here comes Bigtime
Lemme grab me a bottle when I bit off a tap cause I'm bigtime
I do a 90 miles an hour in this speedin' trap and that's bigtime
I rolled up the telephone pole and then I kissed 15 women fought 16 men
I thought I'd start over again for another bigtime
And then a cop come up he said I see you've been enjoyin' quite a bigtime yeah
But you got to pay for what have been destroyed Mr Bigtime
I told that cop you better cut right out
Cause you're a little bitty man I'm a great big trout
I swung at him and the lights went out on my bigtime

Hey here I am coolin' in the country slam and this is the bigtime
The judge didn't believe how imprtant I am he gave me bigtime
And in the bunk above me there is a poor tempted soul
He shot his wife cause she sneezed untold
Hope he didn't catch cold here in the bigtime
Hey when I get out I can have it made I could be bigtime
Vause my safecracker buddies wanna teach me the trade in their bigtime
I thanked them kindly but I told them no when I get out I'm gonna take it slow
A cup of hot chocolade and a late late show will be my bigtime
Yea cup of hot chocolade and a late show will be my bigtime

Shel Silverstein

Bituminous?

The hard coal's called bituminous,
Or is that anthracite?
Stalactites grow down from caves,
Or do I mean stalagmites?
Those fluffy clouds are nimbus -
No - wait - they might be cumulus.
And that kid who was raised by wolves -
Was he Remus - or Romulus?
The brothauruses ate no meat.
Does that mean they're carnivorous?
Or were they brontosauruses
And were they herbivorous?
A camel is a pachyderm -
Or do I mean dromedary?
Is this match inflammable?
I thought it was incendiary.
Octagons - no hexagons -
No, heptagons have seven sides.
And don't spray fruit with pesticides -
Or do I mean insecticides?
If I can see right through a thing,
Is it transparent - or translucent?
These are just some of the things
I find confusing...or confuscent.

Shel Silverstein

Boa Constrictor

Oh, I'm being eaten
By a boa constrictor,
A boa constrictor,
A boa constrictor,
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor,
And I don't like it--one bit.
Well, what do you know?
It's nibblin' my toe.
Oh, gee,
It's up to my knee.
Oh my,
It's up to my thigh.
Oh, fiddle,
It's up to my middle.
Oh, heck,
It's up to my neck.
Oh, dread,
It's upmmmmmmmmmmffffffffff . . .

Shel Silverstein

Bubblin' Up

I used to be a prancer
a one-eyed song and dancer
But eyes for true romance
I didn't even try
I'd get'em and forget'em
But I never could stay with'em
Cause I thought my well of love had done run dry
But now it's bubblin' up
I feel it bubblin' up
And you can't hold back this true love
no matter what you do
Because it's bubblin' up
(you can hear it baby)
It's bubblin' up
And it'll soon be bubblin' over just for you
(Get that look off your face!)
I know the one I met you
You loved me and I let you
But I'd gladly bet you
that it wouldn't last too long
But I had no way of knowing
that this thing would keep on growin'
And now the feeling still is going strong
And yes it's bubblin' up

Shel Silverstein

Bury Me In My Shades

In a pad with no heat, up on Sullivan Street,
The last of the hipsters lay dyin'.
Wearin' his shades, so like no one could tell
Like whether or not he was cryin'.
All the junkies and loners
An' coffee shop owners
Were all gathered 'round his bed.
He took one last puff
Of some imported stuff
And this are the last words he said.
He said, 'Send my sandals home to Mom,
Hang my T-shirt away.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
'Cause I never learned how to play.
Give my pad
To some needy lad
And tell him the rent is all paid.
Keep my cash,
An' my stash,
An' my hash,
But bury me in my shades.
Bury me in my shades, boys,
Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades.'
He said, 'Give my Brooklyn chicks away
To anyone who needs 'em.
Give all of my poems away
To anyone who'll read 'em.
Dig me a grave 'neath the coffeeshop,
And let a sad folksong be played.
Get everyone high
On the moment I die,
Bury me in my shades.
Bury me in my shades, boys,
Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar

In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades.'
We threw his sandals out in the hall,
We left his T-shirt lay.
We sold his guitar
At the corner bar
To someone who knew how to play.
We smoked all his stash,
And spent all his cash,
And threw all his poems away.
And Bob got his records,
And Ed got his books,
And I got the poor beatnik shades.
'Bury me in my shades, boys,' he said,
'Bury me in my shades.
Burn my guitar
In Washington Squar',
But bury me in my shades.'

Shel Silverstein

Captain Hook

Captain Hook must remember
Not to scratch his toes.
Captain Hook must watch out
And never pick his nose.
Captain Hook must be gentle
When he shakes your hand.
Captain Hook must be careful
Openin' sardine cans
And playing tag and pouring tea
And turnin' pages of his book.
Lots of folks I'm glad I ain't--
But mostly Captain Hook!

Shel Silverstein

Changing Of The Seasons

Oh the changing of the seasons it's a pretty thing to see
And though I find this balmy weather pleasin'
There's the wind come from tomorrow and I hear it callin' me
And I'm bound for the changing of the seasons
Oh it's blowin' in Chicago and it's snowin' up in Maine
And the Islands to the south are warm and sunny
And I've got to feel the earth shake and I gotta feel the rain
And I've got to know a taste of more than honey

So don't ask me where I'm goin' or how long I'm gonna be away
Don't make me give you all the hollow reasons
I'll think of you like summer and I might be back some day
When my heart miss the changing of the seasons
Oh it's blowin' in Chicago...
[guitar]
Oh it's nothing that you said and it ain't nothing that you done
And I wish I could explain you why I'm leavin'
But there's some men need the winter and there's some men need the sun
And there's some men need the changing of the seasons
Yeah it's blowin' in Chicago...

Shel Silverstein

Channels

Channel 1's no fun.
Channel 2's just news.
Channel 3's hard to see.
Channel 4 is just a bore.
Channel 5 is all jive.
Channel 6 needs to be fixed.
Channel 7 and Channel 8-
Just old movies, not so great.
Channel 9's a waste of time.
Channel 10 is off, my child.
Wouldn't you like to talk a while?

Shel Silverstein

Clarence

Clarence Lee from Tennessee
Loved the commercials he saw on TV.
He watched with wide believing eyes
And bought everything they advertised --
Cream to make his skin feel better
Spray to make his hair look wetter
Bleach to make his white things whiter
Stylish jeans that fit much tighter.
Toothpaste for his cavities,
Powder for his doggie's fleas,
Purple mouthwash for his breath,
Deodorant to stop his sweat.
He bought each cereal they presented,
Bought each game that they invented.
Then one day he looked and saw
'A brand-new Maw, a better Paw!
New, improved in every way --
Hurry, order yours today!'
So, of course, our little Clarence
Sent off for two brand-new parents.
The new ones cam in the morning mail,
The old ones he sold at a garage sale.
And now they all are doing fine:
His new folks treat him sweet and kind,
His old ones work in an old coal mine.
So if your Maw and Paw are mean,
And make you eat your lima beans
And make you wash and make you wait
And never let you stay up late
And scream and scold and preach and pout,
That simply means they're wearing out.
So send off for two brand-new parents
And you'll be happy as little Clarence.

Shel Silverstein

Cloony The Clown

I'll tell you the story of Cloony the Clown
Who worked in a circus that came through town.
His shoes were too big and his hat was too small,
But he just wasn't, just wasn't funny at all.
He had a trombone to play loud silly tunes,
He had a green dog and a thousand balloons.
He was floppy and sloppy and skinny and tall,
But he just wasn't, just wasn't funny at all.
And every time he did a trick,
Everyone felt a little sick.
And every time he told a joke,
Folks sighed as if their hearts were broke.
And every time he lost a shoe,
Everyone looked awfully blue.
And every time he stood on his head,
Everyone screamed, 'Go back to bed!'
And every time he made a leap,
Everybody fell asleep.
And every time he ate his tie,
Everyone began to cry.
And Cloony could not make any money
Simply because he was not funny.
One day he said, 'I'll tell this town
How it feels to be an unfunny clown.'
And he told them all why he looked so sad,
And he told them all why he felt so bad.
He told of Pain and Rain and Cold,
He told of Darkness in his soul,
And after he finished his tale of woe,
Did everyone cry? Oh no, no, no,
They laughed until they shook the trees
With 'Hah-Hah-Hahs' and 'Hee-Hee-Hees.'
They laughed with howls and yowls and shrieks,
They laughed all day, they laughed all week,
They laughed until they had a fit,
They laughed until their jackets split.
The laughter spread for miles around
To every city, every town,
Over mountains, 'cross the sea,

From Saint Tropez to Mun San Nee.
And soon the whole world rang with laughter,
Lasting till forever after,
While Cloony stood in the circus tent,
With his head drooped low and his shoulders bent.
And he said, 'THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT -
I'M FUNNY JUST BY ACCIDENT.'
And while the world laughed outside.
Cloony the Clown sat down and cried.

Shel Silverstein

Cloudy Sky

The Moon she is a pretty girl who lives up in the stars
And that old cloud he's a great old man who loves her from afar
He loves her from afar
When Lady Moon smiles down on him ol' Cloud is all a-wonder
So he starts to sing to her and that's what makes the thunder
Can't ya listen baby that's what makes the thunder
Love is just a cloudy sky as far as I can see
And that ol' cloud up in the sky he got much chance in love as me

And some dry nights she won't come out when she hears him callin'
The tears come streamin' on down his cheeks and that's the rain a fallin'
Don't ya feel it baby hat's the rain a fallin'
Love is just a cloudy sky as far as I can see
And that ol' cloud up in the sky's got as much a chance in love as me

And when the night starts to gettin' light and he can see her goin'
He throws a kiss across the sky and that's the wind a blowin',
Can't ya feel it honey that's the wind a blowin'
Oh love is just a cloudy sky as far as I can see
And that ol' cloud up in the sky he's got as much a chance as me
He got as much a chance as me

Shel Silverstein

Colors

My skin is kind of sort of brownish
Pinkish yellowish white.
My eyes are greyish blueish green,
But I'm told they look orange in the night.
My hair is reddish blondish brown,
But it's silver when it's wet.
And all the colors I am inside
Have not been invented yet.

Shel Silverstein

Come After Jinny

He'll be comin' down the road at the break of day
His head thrown back and his guns tied low
He's comin' after Jinny wants to take her away but I ain't gonna let her go

Oh he boasted in town but she loved him he said she'd be his with the sun
He said anyone try to stop him would be just one more notch on his gun
They say that he's headstrong and handsome his hair's blowin' wild and free
And they got a hold I ain't comin' cause he's a lot younger than me
And he'll be comin' down the road...

He hasn't had much education he ain't worked a day in his life
He's livin' with some older woman they say she's another man's wife
But she wants him needs him and loves him she buys him his clothes and his meals
When she finds he's gone she'll be prayin' and Lord I know just how she feels
Because he's comin' down the road...

The sun's at his back as he's comin' the smile is cruel on his lip
His right hand is slowly descendin' to the sixgun that rest on his hip
Then his lower lip strated tremble and he started cryin' as he looked up at me
And I picked him up I said son you're only four years old
And you know Jinny's only three
So come on in the house and have some cookies and milk
And he did and the tears turned to smiles
And I called up his mama I drove him home
And Jinny's safe at least for a little while

Shel Silverstein

Come Skating

They said come skating;
They said it's so nice.
They said come skating;
I'd done it twice.
They said come skating;
It sounded nice....
I wore roller-
They meant ice.

Shel Silverstein

Crocodile's Toothache

Oh the Crocodile
Went to the dentist
And sat down in the chair,
And the dentist said, 'Now tell me, sir,
Why does it hurt and where?'
And the Crocodile said, 'I'll tell you the truth.
I have a terrible ache in my tooth.'
And he opened his jaws so wide, so wide,
That the dentist he climbed right inside,
And the dentist laughed, 'Oh, isn't this fun?'
As he pulled the teeth out, one by one.
And the Crocodile cried, 'You're hurting me so!
Please put down your pliers and let me go.'
But the dentist just laughed with a Ho Ho Ho,
And he said, 'I still have twelve to go --
Oops, that's the wrong one, I confess.
But what's one crocodile's tooth, more or less?'
Then suddenly the jaws went snap,
And the dentist was gone right off the map.
And where he went one could only guess...
To North or South or East or West...
He left no forwarding address.
But what's one dentist more or less?

Shel Silverstein

Crouchin' On The Outside

One two three four five six seven eight hey baby you're a little too late
I'm standin' on the outside lookin' in at you on the inside
Lookin' out at me on the outside lookin' in
Through the window of my madness at a place I never been
And you say you understand just what my trouble's all about
But you're sitting on the inside playing on the win side
While I'm freezing on the outside in the what's-it-all-about side
Lookin' in at you on the inside looking out

One two three four five six seven eight hey Jim let's talk about hate
I'm walkin' on the white side lookin' 'round at you on the brown side
Lookin' back at him on the black side lookin' down
And we're mouthin' words of freedom but we don't make any sound
And we clasp our hands in brotherhood and then go wash our hands
While you're stayin' on the brown side on the go-ahead-and-put-me-down side
While I'm standin' on the white side on the got-me-way-up-tight side
Lookin' back at him on the black side lookin' back

One two three four five six seven eight hey Claude don't bother to wait
You're cruisin' on the gay side lookin' straight at me on the straight side
Lookin' way at you on the gay side lookin' straight
And you're screamin' from the rooftops bout the pleasures that won't wait
And your closet's full of queenly gowns for extra special dates
And you're campin' on the gay side on the c'mon-out-and-play side
While I'm over on the trick side on the got-to-find-a-chick side
Lookin' way at you on the gay side lookin' straight
One two four seven nine eight twelve fifteen nineteen eighteen ninety-nine
twenty-four else

[sax]

One two three four five six seven eight hey Miss hallucinate
You're boppin' on the hip side laughin' at me on the flip side
Chasin' after you on the hip side losin' my grip
And you're walkin' on a tightrope and you're tryin' not to slip
And you say you found out where it's at and give it all a try
So you're groovin' on the hip side in the come-and-take-a-trip side
I'm movin' on the square side in the show-me-when-and-where side
Chasin' after you on the hip side lookin' high
Lookin' at you on the hip side lookin' out yeah
Lookin' at you on the flip side lookin' back

Shel Silverstein

Crowded Tub

There are too many kids in this tub
There are too many elbows to scrub
I just washed a behind that I'm sure wasn't mine
There are too many kids in this tub.

Shel Silverstein

Daddy What If?

(Daddy what if the sun stop shinin' what would happen then?)

If the sun stopped shinin' you'd be so surprised
You'd stare at the heavens with wide open eyes
And the wind would carry your light to the skies
And the sun would start shinin' again

(Daddy what if the wind stopped blowin' what would happen then?)

If the wind stopped blowin' then the land would be dry
And your boat wouldn't sail son and your kite wouldn't fly
And the grass would see your troubles and she'd tell the wind
And the wind would start blowin' again

(But daddy what if the grass stopped growin' what would happen then?)

If the grass stopped growin' why you'd probably cry
And the ground would be watered by the tears from your eyes
And like your love for me the grass would grow so high
Yes the grass would start growin' again

(But daddy what if I stopped lovin' you what would happen then?)

If you stopped lovin' me then the grass would stop growin'
The sun would stop shinin' and the wind would stop blowin'
So you see if you wanna keep this old world a goin'
You better start lovin' me again again you better start lovin' me again
You hear me Bobby you better start lovin' me again
You love me Bobby you better start lovin' me again

Shel Silverstein

Dance To It

Well hey Miss Go-Go won't you stop for a minute
Cause the song you dance to it got somethin' in it
There's a lotta things those long funny words can teach ya
Yeah but the words don't reach ya
Oh where you're goin' you dance to it you dance to it
You bop slop flop around and prance right to it
When the trouble comes along they say nobody gave you a chance
But all you wanna do is dance dance dance yeah dance on

Well I'm not askin' you to do things my way I'm not tellin' you to do what I say
I'm not tellin' you to grab a lotta things that you're missin' it would be nice to
listen
But you go and you dance to it xour box slot slop around and prance right
through it
When the end comes you'll say nobody gave you a chance
But all you wanna do is dance dance dance dance dance dance yeah

Why don't you open your ears the man's sayin' somethin' to ya
Open your eyes the man's showin' somethin' to ya
Open your mind the man's tellin' somethin' in you but what do you do
You go and dance to it you dance to it
Your box slot slop around and prance right through it
When the end comes along you'll say nobody gave you a chance
But what you wanna do is dance dance wait a minute now

Yeah I can see my words ain't gonna move you
I can see my thoughts ain't gonna groove you
You might stop and think for just a minute but then you start swingin' again
And you're gonna dance to it you dance to it
You move groove dance around and prance to it
When the end comes along you'll say nobody gave you a chance
But what you wanna do is dance dance dance dance dance dance yeah

(Hey wait a minute yeah baby just stop for a second
Do you know what this guy's sayin'
Do you know what those words mean ou gotta do somethin'
No no just wait I mean oh come on uh
I mean take off those Go-Go boots for a second
I mean yeah I mean wait I mean uh

Hey okay but what's that stuff like this huh yeah shake my head yeah...)

Shel Silverstein

Danny O'Dare

Danny O'Dare, the dancin' bear,
Ran away from the County Fair,
Ran right up to my back stair
And thought he'd do some dancin' there.
He started jumpin' and skippin' and kickin',
He did a dance called the Funky Chicken,
He did the Polka, he did the Twist,
He bent himself into a pretzel like this.
He did the Dog and the Jitterbug,
He did the Jerk and the Bunny Hug.
He did the Waltz and the Boogaloo,
He did the Hokey-Pokey too.
He did the Bop and the Mashed Potata,
He did the Split and the See Ya Later.
And now he's down upon one knee,
Bowin' oh so charmingly,
And winkin' and smilin'--it's easy to see
Danny O'Dare wants to dance with me.

Shel Silverstein

Daylight Dreamer

Here's the half-finished painting of a girl that I started last December
Here's the first three pages of my novel bout I don't really remember
Here's my Martin guitar that I never quite learned how to play
That's the daylight dreamer wishful thinker's way

I had a Harley bike but I traded it off to a feller
For the Astroglass boat that's still sittin down in my cellar
I bought a tape recorder and found I had nothin' to say
That's the daylight dreamer wishful thinker's way

I got an exercise machine man I'd be glad to let you try it
This well it's a Leika Camera maybe you'd like to buy it
I can get you a real good deal
I just need enough money to buy myself some modeling clay
Yeah that's the daylight dreamer wishful thinker's way

On the day that I die they'll be talking about the dearly departed
And they'll say he never ever finished nothin' that he started
But I started this song man I'm gonna finish it today
Yeah that's the daylight dreamer

(How was it...daylight...oh wish...wishful...think...what were it...
I forgot I forgot the words
Listen... anyway... why don't we just take a break and finish it later you know
Cause I could sure use a sandwich
I wanna get myself a BLT or something
And listen... right near the restaurant there's a great old bookstore.
Right near the restaurant
They got all these great old books... great old comic books...they got Batman)

Shel Silverstein

Dentist Dan

Nentis Nan, he's my man,
I go do im each chanz I gan.
He sicks me down an creans my teed
Wid mabel syrub, tick an' sweed,
An ten he filks my cavakies
Wid choclut cangy - I tink he's
The graygest nentis in the lan.
Le's hear free jeers for Nentis Nan.
Pip-pip-ooray!
Pip-pip-ooray!
Pip-pip-ooray!
Le's go to Nentis Nan dooday!

Shel Silverstein

Diet Song

Well breakfast black coffee one slice of dry toast no butter no jelly no jam
Lunch just some lettuce two celery stalks no booze no potatoes no ham
Dinner one chicken wing broiled not fried no gravy no biscuits no pie
And this dietin' dietin' dietin' dietin' sure is a rough way to die

So pass me a carrot stick peel me a prune a glass of skim milk and that's all
Turn off the TV for the Big Mac commercial it's drivin' me straight up the wall
And I'm think' of french fries sausage and waffles spaghetti and cookies and cake
And each night I'm dreamin' of chocolate ice cream and
I'm starvin' to death when I wake all for your sake

You're fixin' the kids all those creamed mashed potatoes
But it's bouillon and water for me and you got a lock on the refrigerator
Lord knows where you're hidin' the key
And while I am starvin' for food late at night I'm starvin' for lovin' from you
But you say that when I can see my own dick you'll be glad to look at it too

So supper two pieces of cauliflower raw some beefsteak the size of a nail
One sliced tomato a small dab of slaw I swear I ate better in jail
Stop eatin' that pizza right under my nose girl that's the least you can do
And put down that candy bar while I am singin' I'm starvin' my ass off for you
And when I am dead with the insurance paid you'll look down at me and you'll
grin
You'll say well the boy tried and he suffered and died
But don't he look good when he's thin

Shel Silverstein

Dirty Face

Where did you get such a dirty face,
My darling dirty-faced child?
I got it from crawling along in the dirt
And biting two buttons off Jeremy's shirt.
I got it from chewing the roots of a rose
And digging for clams in the yard with my nose.
I got it from peeking into a dark cave
And painting myself like a Navajo brave.
I got it from playing with coal in the bin
And signing my name in cement with my chin.
I got it from rolling around on the rug
And giving the horrible dog a big hug.
I got it from finding a lost silver mine
And eating sweet blackberries right off the vine.
I got it from ice cream and wrestling and tears
And from having more fun than you've had in years.

Shel Silverstein

Dirty Ol' Me

Well I was sittin' up in my crane leftin' boulders in the rain
Can't get promoted no matter what I do
Ah when the forman he comes around and he yells up from the ground
He says hold that load up there for a minute or two
Cause I got to check some gear down here below
So whatever you do with them rocks just don't let go
Just don't let go just don't let go
Sittin' by his desk drinkin' coffee it seems that he got hit by a rock or three
They're puttin' my name on the door where his name was before
Oh dirty ol' me say dirty ol' me

Now my best friend had confessed that his life had been a mess
Yeah when he was young he robbed the bank and then ran
But now he lives an honest life and he's got a lovely wife
But still it hurts to be a wanted man
But he said nobody knows about it but my friends and kin
And I know a none of them would ever turn me in
They'd never turn me in they'd never turn me in
I'm slouchin' on his couch drinkin' his whiskey
Well it seems somebody called the police on he
And between the hugs and kisses that I'm gettin' from his Mrs
I think oh dirty ol' me dirty ol' me

And then of course it follows I found a suitcase full of dollars
About fifteen thousand of 'em more or less
And inside there was a note that some poor old lady wrote
Givin' me her name and her address
And it said if lost finder please return without hesitation
Cause I've been savin' this money for fifteen years
Strippin' and sufferin' and takin' in washin'
Scrubbin' floors and sellin' flowers in the snow
And now I need it for a serious operation a serious operation a serious operation
Now I'm layin' on the beach in Acapulco got enough money to last till I'm ninety-
three
And I'm eatin' enchilidas served by lovely signoritas
Thinkin' oh dirty ol' me thinkin' dirty ol' me

(Yeah I can't face myself aw y'know but when you really think about it
I mean that foreman I mean he had compensation and prob'ly could use the rest

And y'know my friend'll prob'ly feel a lot better
When he pays his debt to society and won't have that pressure on him
Y'know and that old lady y'know if there was such an old lady
It prob'ly was a false note anyway
But if there was she she can get MediCare they've got
I mean I'm not tryin' to make excuses or nothin' y'know I mean
I mean I can't stand to look at myself sometimes I mean
I-I feel the guilt honey pass me some more of that tequila
I 'm just tryin' to forget dirty ol' me
Yeah just move a little closer yeah
Some o'them frijoles I love frijoles yeah I want
Yeah I-I got the money right here yeah)

Shel Silverstein

Don'T Change On My Account

"If you're sloppy, that's just fine.
If you're moody, I won't mind.
If you're fat, that's fine with me.
If you're skinny, let it be.
If you're bossy, that's alright.
If you're nasty, I won't fight.
If you're rough, well that's just you.
If you're mean, that's alright too.
Whatever you are is all okay.
I don't like you anyway."

Shel Silverstein

Don'T Give A Dose To The One You Love Most

Don't give a dose to the one you love most.
Give her some marmalade...give her some toast.
You can give her the willies or give her the blues.
But the dose that you give her will get back to youse.

I once had a lady as sweet as a song.
She was my darlin', and she was my dear.
But she had a dose, and she passed it along.
Now she's gone, but the dose is still there.

So, don't give a dose to the one you love most.
Give her some marmalade...give her some toast.
You can give her a partiridge up in a pear tree,
But the dose that you give her might get back to me.

So if you've got an itchin'...if you've got a drip,
Don't sit there wishin' for it to go 'way.
If there's a thing on the tip of your thing or your lip,
Run down to the clinic today, and say...

'I won't give a dose to the one I love most.
I'll give her some marmalade...give her some toast.'
Give her the willies or give her the blues,
But the dose that you give her will get back to you.

Shel Silverstein

Double-Tail Dog

Would you like to buy a dog with a tail at either end?
He is quite the strangest dog there is in town.
Though he's not too good at knowing
just exactly where he's going,
He is very very good at sitting down.
He doesn't have a place to put a collar,
And I'll admit it's rather hard to lead him,
And he cannot hear you call
For he has no ears at all,
But it doesn't cost a single cent to feed him.
He cannot bite, he'll never bark or growl,
Just scratch him on his tails, he'll find it pleasing.
But you'll have to take him out
For twice as many walks,
And I'll bet that you can quickly guess the reason.

Shel Silverstein

Drain My Brain

Unwind my mind oh baby drain my brain
Unscrew my head take a part of my heart
Scrape away the pain and start all over again

I tell you baby I don't understand just how you can make love to me
While you're lookin' at the picture of another man
You got me talkin' to my elbow climbin' up the wall
First you tell me you despise me then you say you idolize me
Then you tell me you can't use me at all
Unwind my mind...
[guitar]
Unwind my mind...

I tell you baby I just can't go on
The hung up way that we're livin' while I'm doin' all the givin'
You keep on callin' me John
First you messin' with Charlie and then you jivin' with Jim
And I know you need a father but I really can't bother
Bein' all those other guys plus him
Unwind my mind...
Unwind my mind settle my spine yeah unroll my soul yeah

Shel Silverstein

Dreadful

Someone ate the baby.
It's rather sad to say.
Someone ate the baby
So she won't be out to play.
We'll never hear her whiney cry
Or have to feel if she is dry.
We'll never hear her asking 'Why?'
Someone ate the baby.

Someone ate the baby.
It's absolutely clear
Someone ate the baby
'Cause the baby isn't here.
We'll give away her toys and clothes.
We'll never have to wipe her nose.
Dad says, 'That's the way it goes.'
Someone ate the baby.

Someone ate the baby.
What a frightful thing to eat!
Someone ate the baby
Though she wasn't very sweet.
It was a heartless thing to do.
The policemen haven't got a clue.
I simply can't imagine who
Would go and (burp) eat the baby.

Shel Silverstein

Eight Balloons

Eight balloons no one was buyin'
All broke loose one afternoon.
Eight balloons with strings a-flyin',
Free to do what they wanted to.
One flew up to touch the sun - POP!
One thought highways might be fun - POP!
One took a nap in a cactus pile - POP!
One stayed to play with a careless child - POP!
One tried to taste some bacon fryin' - POP!
One fell in love with a porcupine - POP!
One looked close in a crocodile's mouth - POP!
One sat around 'til his air ran out - WHOOSH!
Eight balloons no one was buyin' -
They broke loose and away they flew,
Free to float and free to fly
And free to pop where they wanted to.

Shel Silverstein

Enter This Deserted House

But please walk softly as you do.
Frogs dwell here and crickets too.

Ain't no ceiling, only blue.
Jays dwell here and sunbeams too.

Floors are flowers - take a few
Ferns grow here and daisies too.

Swoosh, whoosh - too-whit, too-woo
Bats dwell here and hoot owls too.

Ha-ha-ha, hee-hee, hoo-hoooo,
Gnomes dwell here and goblins too.

And my child, I thought you knew
I dwell here... and so do you

Shel Silverstein

Everybody's Makin' It Big But Me

Elvis he's a hero he's a superstar
And I hear that Paul McCartney drives a Rolls Royce car
And Dylan sings for millions
And I just sing for free
Oh everybody's makin' it big but me
Oh, everybody's makin' it big but me
Everybody's makin' it big but me
Neil Diamond sings for diamonds
And here's ole rhinestone me
Oh everybody's makin' it big but me
Well I hear that Alice Cooper's got a foxy chick
To wipe off his snake, keep him rich
And Elton John's got two fine ladies
And Doctor John's got three
And I'm still seein' them same old sleezoes
That I used to see
Oh, everybody's makin' it big but me
Everybody's makin' it big but me
I've got charisma
And personality
How come everybody's makin' it big but me?
Well I paint my face with glitter
Just like Bowie does
And I wear the same mascara
That Mick Jagger does
And I even put some lipstick on
That just hurt my dad and mom
Everybody's makin' it big but me
They got groupies for their bands
And all I got is my right hand
And everybody's makin' it big but me

Shel Silverstein

Examination

I went to the doctor-
He reached down my throat,
He pulled out a shoe
And a little toy boat,
He pulled out a skate
And a bicycle seat,
And said 'Be more careful
About what you eat.'

Shel Silverstein

Father Of A Boy Named Sue

(Okay now years ago I wrote a song called A Boy Named Sue and that was okay
And everything except then I started to think about it and I thought
It is unfair I am looking at the whole thing from the poor kid's point of view
And as I get more older and more fatherly
I begin to look at things from an old man's point of view
So I decided to give the old man equal time okay here we go)

Yeah I lef' home when the kid was three and it sure felt good to be fancy free
Tho I knew it wasn't quite the fatherly thing to do
But that kid kept screamin' and throwin' up and pissin' in his pants til I had
enough
So just for revenge I went and named him Sue
Yeah it was Gatlinberg in mid July I was gettin' drunk but gettin' by
Gettin' old and goin' from bad to worse
When thru the door with an awful scream comes the ugliest queen I've ever seen
He says my name is Sue how do you do then he hits me with his purse

Now this ain't the way he tells the tale but he scratched my face with his
fingernails
And then he bit my thumb and kicked me with his high-heeled shoe
So I hit him in the nose and he started to cry and he threw some perfume in my
eye
And it sure ain't easy fightin' with a boy named Sue

So I hit him in the head with a caned-back chair
And he screamed hey dad you mussed my hair
And he hit me in the navel and knocked out a piece of my lint
He was spittin' blood I was spittin' teeth
And we crashed through the wall and out into the street
A kickin and gougin' in the mud and the blood and the creme de menth

Then out of his garter he pulls a gun I'm about to get shot by my very own son
He's screamin' bout Sigmond Freud and lookin' grim uh
So I thought fast and I told him some stuff
How I named him Sue just to make him tough
And I guess he bought it cuz now I'm livin' with him
Yeah he cooks and sews and cleans up the place he cuts my hair and shaves my
face
And irons my shirts better than a daughter could do

And on the nights that I can't score well I can't tell you anymore
Sure is a joy to have a boy named Sue yeah a son is fun
But it's a joy to have a boy named Sue

Shel Silverstein

Floobie Doobie Doo

As I walk down to Bishop Street I met a girl who smiled so sweet
Now she was young and pretty too
And on a string she walked with a thing called the Floobie Doobie Doo
Oh the Floobie Doobie Doo now what is that it ain't no dog and it ain't no cat
It's not the doll with eyes of blue
I never seen such a thing as thing called the Floobie Doobie Doo

It had one tooth five purple toes sixteen elbows and a twelve-foot nose
You never see one in the Zoo
I mean a thing like a thing on a string called the Floobie Doobie Doo
I told that girl lemme take you home and maybe we can be alone hahaha
She said I'd love to go home with you
But I have to cling to my thing on the string called the Floobie Doobie Doo

Well I took her home that very night we talked a while and I dimmed the light
She cuddled close and the next thing I knew
Just as soon as it seen us in between us jumped the Floobie Doobie Doo
It stayed all night it stayed all year I never got to hold you near
I said sweet baby I wanna cling to you
But she wanna cling to the thing on the string called the Floobie Doobie Doo
Oh the Floobie Doobie Doo oh now what is that
It ain't no dog it ain't no cow it ain't no cat
It's not the doll with eyes of blue
You just can't swing with the thing on the string called the Floobie Doobie Doo

Well she cried and cried she wiped her eye she said farewell so long goodbye
For though I loved you yes I do
I can't reveal the love that I feel for the Floobie Doobie Doo
I never see her anymore she never knocks upon my door
And every night alone and blue
I sit and swing about a swing on a thing
I mean I sit and think about a swing on a thing
I mean I sit and sing about a thing on a string called the Floobie Doobie Doo
oooh

Shel Silverstein

Folk Singer's Blues

Well, I'd like to sing a song about the chain gang
And swingin' twelve pound hammers all the day,
And how a I'd like to kill my captain
And how a black man works his life away, but...
What do you do if you're young and white and Jewish?
And you've never swung a hammer against a spike?
And you've never called a water boy
Early in the morning
And your only chain is the chain that's on your bike? Yes,
Your only chain is the chain on your bike.
Now I'd like to go a-walkin up the highway
Feelin' cold and wet and hungry all night long,
Doin' some hard ramblin', hard gamblin', hard smamblin', hard blamblin'
But always takin' time to write a song. But...
What do you do if you're young and white and Jewish?
And you never heard an old freight whistle blow?
And you've never slept the night
In a cold and empty box car
And you take a subway everywhere you go? Oh, oh...
You take the subway everywhere you go.
Now I'd like to sing a song about the coal mine
A-chippin' away in tunnel 22
And when I hear that timber crack, why I support it with my back
Until my comrades all crawl safely through, but...
What do you do if you're young and white and Jewish?
And you've got to be in class at half-past nine
And in spite of all your urgin', and your pleadin' and your cryin'
Your mother says it's too dirty down in a mine, That what she says,
Your mother says it's too dirty down in a mine.
Well now, I'd like to sing about the Mississippi,
Workin' on the levee all the day
And when them cotton bolls get rotten
You got a lotta rotten cotton
And on Saturday you go and spend your pay, but
What do you do if you're young and white and Jewish?
And you've never loaded cotton on the dock?
And you've never worked a day
Or drunk up all your pay
And the only levee you know is the Levy who lives on the block, Yes

The only levee you know is the Levy who lives on the block.

Shel Silverstein

For Sale

One sister for sale!
One sister for sale!
One crying and spying young sister for sale!
I'm really not kidding,
So who'll start the bidding?
Do I hear the dollar?
A nickel?
A penny?
Oh, isn't there, isn't there, isn't there any
One kid that will buy this old sister for sale,
This crying and spying young sister for sale?

Shel Silverstein

For What She Had Done

She had to die.
This Omoo knew.
He also knew he could not kill her.
Not even try to kill her.
Those eyes. Would look at him. Not even try.
So, what to do?
There was one Ung. Who lived in a cave.
Beyond the hard mountain. A foul cave.
Far from the village.
Ung, who hunted with stones.
Who killed with his hands.
Who had killed two saber-tooths.
And one great bear, whose skin he now wore hanging from his hairy shoulders.
And Ung had killed men. Many men.
And, it was said, a woman.
Ung, who took the fresh meat left upon the flat rock for the Spirit of the Sky.
And the Spirit of the Sky would go hungry.
And bring pain and darkness to the village.
But none dare say words to Ung.
Who had killed two saber-tooths.
And one great bear. And men, many men.
And, it was said, a woman.
He went to Ung.
Yes, said Ung, I will kill her.
For what she has done, said Omoo.
For equal weight, said Ung, in bear meat or lizard skins.
She is a large woman, said Omoo.
Equal wait, said Ung. Now you must come and show her to me, that I may kill her.
I cannot, said Omoo.
Then how will I know her?
Her hair is long, said Omoo.
Her eyes burn like the pools of night.
Many have the long hair, said Ung.
Many have eyes like the pool of night.
She will be bathing, said Omoo.
Tomorrow, as the sun dies,
She will be bathing. Washing her long hair at the falling water.
Many women will be bathing, said Ung.

Many long-haired, night-eyed women.

How will I know it is she?

Omoo thought.

Ah, he said, she will be carrying flowers.

Bright hill flowers, that I shall gather and place in her hands, before she goes to bathe at the falling water.

Then you will know her.

Then you will kill her.

For equal weight, said Ung.

Yes, said Omoo, for equal weight.

And so was begun the custom

Of giving bouquets and corsages.

Shel Silverstein

Forgotten Language

Once I spoke the language of the flowers,
Once I understood each word the caterpillar said,
Once I smiled in secret at the gossip of the starlings,
And shared a conversation with the housefly
in my bed.

Once I heard and answered all the questions
of the crickets,

And joined the crying of each falling dying
flake of snow,

Once I spoke the language of the flowers. . . .

How did it go?

How did it go?

Shel Silverstein

Freakin' At The Freaker's Ball

Come on, baby, grease your lips,
Put on your hat, and shake your hips.
And don't forget to bring your ships.
We're goin' to the Freakers Ball.
Shake your mojo, bang your gong,
Roll up somethin' to take along.
Feels so good that it must be wrong
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.

All the fags and dykes, they're boogyn' together
Leather freaks all dressed in leather.
The greatest of the sadists and the masochists, too,
Screamin' 'You hit me' and 'I'll hit you'.
F.B.I. dancin' with the junkies.
All the straights swingin' with the funkies
'Cross the floor and up the wall.
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.

Hard hats and long hairs lovin' each other.
Brother with sister, son with mother.
Smear my body up with butter.
Take me to the Freakers Ball.
So pass that roach, pour the wine.
I'll kiss yours and you'll kiss mine.
I'm gonna boogie til I go blind.
Freakin' at the Freakers Ball.

Shel Silverstein

Friendship

I've discovered a way to stay friends forever--
There's really nothing to it.
I simply tell you what to do
And you do it!!

Shel Silverstein

God's Wheel

God says to me with a kind of smile,
'Hey how would you like to be God awhile
And steer the world?'
'Okay,' says I, 'I'll give it a try.
Where do I set?
How much do I get?
What time is lunch?
When can I quit?'
'Gimme back that wheel,' says God.
'I don't think you're quite ready yet.'

Shel Silverstein

Goodnight Little Houseplant

Goodnight little houseplant asleep on the sill
I'll pull the shades so you don't catch a chill
And tomorrow in the morning don't be breakfast for two
We'll have ham and eggs for me and nitrogen for you
Goodnight little houseplant tucked in your clay pot
Maske sure you don't catch Huntington's Rot
Remember little houseplant stay away from them bees
I've heard they may carry a social disease
Goodnight little houseplant goodnight
Here's your glass of water should I leave on the light
Tomorrow we'll talk of the things that we did
I love you little house plant who needs women and kids

Shel Silverstein

Grizzly Bear

Yeah they call me Grizzly Bear got long black grizzly hair
Walk down the street and everybody stop and stare
Ohohoh well I'm wild and wooly and free
And so you'd better not mess with me
Lemme tell you that I howl yowl growl like a grizzly bear

They say there go Grizzly Bear got no clothes to wear
They say I'm all hung up bein' nowhere
Yeah but the girls they love my clows and my great big chompin' jaws
Lemme tell you that I howl yowl and growl like a grizzly bear

Well now I can't be chained and I can't be tamed and they can't kill my desire
So baby gimme a hug I'll be your bearskin rug
And I'll lie in front of your fire on winter
Baby if you dare why don't you come on down to my lair
And if you got some money to share I'll be waitin' for you there
Hey you know I'm gonna on strong and we can hug'n mate the whole week long
Lemme tell you that I howl yowl a growl like a grizzly bear

[piano]

(Yeah watch out baby here I come again)

They call me Grizzly Bear they say I'm kooky and square
They can say anything they want about me I don't care I don't care
Because I'm takin' it day by day and I'm livin' my own sweet way
Lemme tell you that I howl yowl a growl like a grizzly bear
Like grizzly bear yeah I really rip and tear I really get my share

Shel Silverstein

Gumeye Ball

There's an eyeball in the gumball machine,
Right there between the red and the green,
Lookin' at me as if to say,
"You don't need anymore gum today."

Shel Silverstein

Handy Man

Well on a Monday I'll be slingin' hash
Tuesday I'll be collectin' trash
And on a Wednesday I might be tendin' bar
Thursday I'll be the guy who parks your car
On a Friday I might be teachin' school
a Saturday finds me hustlin' pool
I got a whole lotta talents in demand
that's why they call me Handy Man

Pow-pow-pow-hum all the neighborhood girls and boys
Pow-pow-pow-pow they come to me to mend their toys
Ta-ra-ra-ra their daddys call me to mow their lawn
And their mama's all horny when their daddys are gone
I can drive a tractor or wheel a truck
I can deal a hand at poker with exceptional luck
And I can chop down a redwood usin' just one hand
That's why they call me Handy Man

Pow-pow-pow-pow-hum yeah you know if you need me for emergencies
I can come round you know work around the house
Or the backyards or somethin' not too taxin' no
Yeah on six in the morning I'm out pickin' fruits
8:45 I'm back pressin' suits
Twelve o'clock you'll see me shinin' shoes
the coctail hour I'll be a servin' booze
I can wash your windows or walk your pet
Get your color reception and on a black and white set
Yeah I can play concerto on your baby grand
cause I'm a huh Handy Man

Pow-pow-pow-hum all the neighborhood girls and boys
Pow-pow-pow-pow they come to me to mend their toys
Ta-ra-ra-ra their daddys call me to mow their lawn
And their mama's all horny when their daddy's not at home
I save my evenings for a brand new faces
Weekends are reserved for a emergency cases
I tell you babe you gotta understand that I'm a handy man
I mean a handy man you know what I am
I mean a handy man

Shel Silverstein

Hard To Please

(To be said in one breath)

Elaine gives me a pain,
Gill makes me ill,
Winnie is a ninny,
Orin is borin'
Milly is silly,
Rosy is nosy,
Junie is loony,
Gussie is fussy,
Jackie is wacky,
Tommy is balmy,
Mary is scary,
Tammy is clammy,
Abby is crabby,
Patt is batty,
Mazie is lazy,
Tiny is whiney,
Missy is prissy,
Nicky is picky,
And almost everyone
Makes me sicky.
(Whew!)

Shel Silverstein

Hector The Collector

Hector the Collector

Collected bits of string,
Collected dolls with broken heads
And rusty bells that would not ring. Bent-up nails and ice-cream sticks,
Twists of wires, worn-out tires,
Paper bags and broken bricks.
Old chipped vases, half shoelaces,
Gatlin' guns that wouldn't shoot,
Leaky boasts that wouldn't float
And stopped-up horns that wouldn't toot. Butter knives that had no handles,
Copper keys that fit no locks
Rings that were too small for fingers,
Dried-up leaves and patched-up socks.
Worn-out belts that had no buckles,
'Lectric trains that had no tracks,
Airplane models, broken bottles,
Three-legged chairs and cups with cracks.

Hector the Collector

Loved these things with all his soul--
Loved them more than shining diamonds,
Loved them more than glistenin' gold.
Hector called to all the people,
'Come and share my treasure trunk!'
And all the silly sightless people
Came and looked ... and called it junk.

Shel Silverstein

Helping

Agatha Fry, she made a pie
And Christopher John helped bake it
Christopher John, he mowed the lawn
And Agatha Fry helped rake it

Now, Zachary Zugg took out the rug
And Jennifer Joy helped shake it
Then Jennifer Joy, she made a toy
And Zachary Zugg helped break it

And some kind of help is the kind of help
That helping's all about
And some kind of help is the kind of help
We all can do without

Shel Silverstein

Hey Nelly Nelly

Hey Nelly Nelly, come to the window
Hey Nelly Nelly look at what I see
He's riding into town on a sway back mule
Got a tall black hat and he looks like a fool
He sure is talkin' like he's been to school
And it's 1853

Hey Nelly Nelly, listen what he's sayin'
Hey Nelly Nelly, he says it's gettin' late
And he says them black folks should all be free
To walk around the same as you and me
He's talkin' 'bout a thing he calls democracy
And it's 1858

Hey Nelly Nelly hear the band a playing
Hey Nelly Nelly, hand me down my gun
'Cause the men are cheerin' and the boys are too

They're all puttin' on their coats of blue
I can't sit around here and talk to you
'Cause it's 1861

Hey Nelly Nelly, Come to the window
Hey Nelly Nelly, I've come back alive
My coat of blue is stained with red
And the man in the tall black hat is dead
We sure will remember all the things he said
In 1865

Hey Nelly Nelly, come to the window
Hey Nelly Nelly, look at what I see
I see white folks and colored walkin' side by side
They're walkin' in a column that's a century wide
It's still a long and a hard and a bloody ride
In 1963

Shel Silverstein

Hippo's Hope

There once was a hippo who wanted to fly --

Fly-hi-dee, try-hi-dee, my-hi-dee-ho.

So he sewed him some wings that could flap through the sky --

Sky-hi-dee, fly-hi-dee, why-hi-dee-go.

He climbed to the top of a mountain of snow --

Snow-hi-dee, slow-hi-dee, oh-hi-dee-hoo.

With the clouds high above and the sea down below --

Where-hi-dee, there-hi-dee, scare-hi-dee-boo.

(Happy ending)

And he flipped and he flapped and he bellowed so loud --

Now-hi-dee, loud-hi-dee, proud-hi-dee-poop.

And he sailed like an eagle, off into the clouds --

High-hi-dee, fly-hi-dee, bye-hi-dee-boop.

(Unhappy ending)

And he leaped like a frog and he fell like a stone --

Stone-hi-dee, lone-hi-dee, own-hi-dee-flop.

And he crashed and he drowned and broke all his bones --

Bones-hi-dee, moans-hi-dee, groans-hi-dee-glop.

(Chicken ending)

He looked up at the sky and looked down at the sea --

Sea-hi-dee, free-hi-dee, whee-hi-dee-way.

And he turned and went home and had cookies and tea --

That's hi-dee, all hi-dee, I have to say.

Shel Silverstein

Homemade Boat

This boat that we just built is just fine--
And don't try to tell us it's not.
The sides and the back are divine--
It's the bottom I guess we forgot....

Shel Silverstein

Hoodoo Voodoo Lady

Yeah hoodoo voodoo lady cast up your voodoo vision
Let me know where did my baby go where did my lovin' baby go
Hoodoo voodoo lady shake your black cat tooth and your mojo bone
And bring my baby home bring my baby back home yeah

I know she didn't go up to New York City
She thinks that New York City is a little too pretty
I know she didn't go to sunny California
For she thinks that California is a little too phoney
I don't think she went up to north Alaska
She'd've told me cept I might forgot to ask her
And I don't think she went to east St Louis
But she might've gone to China for a little Chop Suey
Wherever she is I'm gonna run right there with you just tell me where
Hoodoo voodoo lady make me a doll that I can stick with pins
So that I can win my baby back again

(Yeah c'mon do somethin' weird and mystical...)

[guitar]

Yeah I don't think I'll find her in the Okefenokee
Cause the Okefenokee is too wet and smoky
And I don't think I'll find her up in Mississippi
She may be crazy but she ain't that flippy
And she might've seen her sister in Amarillo
And she might've gone to Philly just to see another feller
She might be drillin' oil in North Dakota
Might have gone to Iceland for an icecream soda
But I gotta get her back if I'm gonna get well so cast your spell
Voodoo hoodoo lady mix me a potion hot bubbly and black
That I can sprinkle on her crack and maybe bring my baby back
(Hoodoo voodoo lady let me know where did that woman of mine go)

Shel Silverstein

How Many, How Much

How many slams in an old screen door?

Depends how loud you shut it.

How many slices in a bread?

Depends how thin you cut it.

How much good inside a day?

Depends how good you live 'em.

How much love inside a friend?

Depends how much you give 'em.

Shel Silverstein

Hug O'War

I will not play at tug o' war.
I'd rather play at hug o' war,
Where everyone hugs
Instead of tugs,
Where everyone giggles
And rolls on the rug,
Where everyone kisses,
And everyone grins,
And everyone cuddles,
And everyone wins.

Shel Silverstein

Hungry Mungry

Hungry Mungry sat at supper,
Took his knife and spoon and fork,
Ate a bowl of mushroom soup, ate a slice of roasted pork,
Ate a dozen stewed tomatoes, twenty-seven deviled eggs,
Fifteen shrimps, nine bakes potatoes,
Thirty-two fried chicken legs,
A shank of lamb, a boiled ham,
Two bowls of grits, some black-eye peas,
Four chocolate shakes, eight angel cakes,
Nine custard pies with Muenster cheese,
Ten pots of tea, and after he,
Had eaten all that he was able,
He poured some broth on the tablecloth
And ate the kitchen table.
His parents said, 'Oh Hungry Mungry, stop these silly jokes.'
Mungry opened up his mouth, and 'Gulp,' he ate his folks.
And then he went and ate his house, all the bricks and wood,
And then he ate up all the people in the neighborhood.
Up came twenty angry policeman shouting, 'Stop and cease.'
Mungry opened his mouth and 'Gulp,' he ate the police.
Soldiers came with tanks and guns.
Said Mungry, 'They can't harm me.'
He just smiled and licked his lips and ate the U.S. Army.

The President sent all his bombers- Mungry still was calm,
Put his head back, gulped the planes, and gobbled up the bomb.
He ate his town and ate the city- ate and ate and-
And then he said, 'I think I'll eat the whole United States.'

And so he ate Chicago first and munched the Water Tower,
And then he chewed on Pittsburgh but he found it rather sour.
He ate New York and Tennessee, and all of Boston town,
Then drank the Mississippi River just to wash it down.
And when he'd eaten every state, each puppy, boy and girl
He wiped his mouth upon his sleeve and went to eat the world.

He ate the Egypt pyramids and every church in Rome,
And all the grass in Africa and all in ice in Nome.
He ate each hill in green Brazil and then to make things worse

He decided for dessert he'd eat the universe.

He started with the moon and stars and soon as he was done
He gulped the clouds, he sipped the wind and gobbled up the sun.
Then sitting there in the cold dark air,
He started to nibble his feet,
Then his legs, then his hips
Then his neck, then his lips
Till he sat there just gnashin' his teeth
'Cause nothin' was nothin' was
Nothin' was nothin' was
Nothin' was left to eat.

Shel Silverstein

I Call That True Love

You gotta wake up every mornin', tip toe in the
kitchen cook me great T-bone steak
Serve it to me in bed go down the street and hustle
bring me back all the money you make
You gotta rub my body with sweet scented oil,
cool me with a 'lectric fan
Run to the church fall down on your knees say 'Lord
I wanna thank you for that man'
And I'll call that true love, true and sweet
That ain't the kind of love I'm gettin
but baby that's the kind of love I need
I wanna come home every evenin' to a great big meal
of wine and roasted pheasant
Say to me 'Shel this is Susy, this is Nell, I brought 'em
both home to you for a present'
Cops bust in and find my stash, you gotta tell 'em
it belongs to you
And when you're sittin' in slam tell all the other
chickies when they get out
They should look me up too
And I call that true love...(...)
Some guy accuses me of foolin' with his wife
and threatens to tear me apart
Points a gun at me, I want you to jump in the middle
and take the bullet in your own heart
And as you're lyin' on the floor and dyin', I want
you to look up at me and say
'Shel I'm sorry I messed up the rug, just roll
my body out of the way'
And I call that true love,...(...)
Movie people call you on the telephone
I want you to turn down the part
And when we're ballin' baby, ride my top
So I never strain my heart
And I call that true love...(...)

Shel Silverstein

I Can't Touch The Sun

No I can't touch the clouds for you I've never reached the sun for you
I've never done the things that you need done for you
I've stretched as high as I can reach I guess I'm not the one for you
Cause I can't touch the clouds or reach the sun for you
No I can't reach the clouds or touch the sun

No I can't turn back time for you and make you sweet sixteen again
I can't turn your barren fields to green again
And I can't sit around and talk of how might have been again
No I can't turn back time and make you young again
I can't turn back time and make you young

I can't look inside your mind and see the things you're hopin' for
I can't help you chase the dream you're gropin' for
I know your heart is open wide but I don't know who it's open for
Cause I can't know your mind or chase your dreams for you
Mhm I can't chase your dreams or know your mind

So say goodbye and don't look back I've had some happy days with you
I'm sorry but I can't be the one who stays with you
And if they ask about me you can say I was the one with you
Who never touched the clouds or reached the sun with you
I can't touch the clouds or reach the sun for you
I can't touch the clouds or reach the sun

Shel Silverstein

I Got Stoned And I Missed It

I was sitting in my basement
I just rolled myself a taste
of something green and gold and glorious
to get me through the day
Then my friend yelled through the transom
'Grab your coat and get your hat son,
There's a nut down on the corner,
givin' dollar bills away'
But I laid around a bit
Then I had another hit
Then I rolled myself a bauma
Then I thought about my mama
Then I fooled around, played around
jacked around a while and then
I got stoned and I missed it
I got stoned and I missed it
I got stoned and it rolled right by
I got stoned and I missed it
I got stoned and I missed it
I got stoned oh me oh my
It took seven months of eargin
just to get that local virgin
with the sweet face
up to my place
to fool around a bit
Next day she woke up rosy
and she snuggled up so cosy
When she asked me how I liked it
Lord it hurts me to admit,
I was stoned...
I'm makin' no excuses
for the many things I uses
just to sweeten up my relationships
and brighten up my day
When my earthly race is over
and I'm ready for the clover
and they ask me how my life has been
I guess I'll have to say,
I was stoned...

Shel Silverstein

I Know You Little, I Love You Lots

I know you little, I love you lots,
my love for you could fill ten pots,
fifteen buckets, sixteen cans,
three teacups, and four dishpans.

Shel Silverstein

I Once Knew A Woman

Well now I once knew a woman listen while I tell you all about her yeah
And the first time I seen her I knew I couldn't live without her
Well now she swore she'd love me all her life and I knew I'd do the same
God damn but I don't even remember her name I don't remember her name

Well now I once knew a woman and oh listen while I'm tellin' it to ya yeah
She had big brown eyes the kind that could look right through ya
Now that she looked in my soul with those big brown eyes
Got a feelin' like I never knew hey come to think of it those eyes were blue
I think those eyes were blue

Well now you end one love then onto another never thinkin' back at the past one
Never stop to think oh brother that the next one gonna be just like the last one
I once knew a woman listen while I tell you my story
She had a heart like the world her lips like a morning glory yeah
Well I knew at last I met my fate and I'm bound to settle down
Hey I wonder if she's still in town

Yeah I once knew a woman and listen while I tell you some more boys
Hey come to think of it I think I told bout her before boys
Well she is the one who gets my heart she sets my heart aflame
Yeah I still don't remember her name
Hmm come to think of it those eyes were blue or were they green
Hmm I wonder if she's still around hmm you know I'm really not to blame
Oh I still don't remember her name

Shel Silverstein

I'm So Good That I Don't Have To Brag

Now I'm warnin' all you women don't stand too close to me cause you might catch fire
Now you're talkin' to a man in a whole other kind of bag
Well I'm three parts tiger and one part snake
I'll ball you to sleep and I'll bite you awake
And I'm so good that I don't have to brag
I need an adding machine to count up all the women I've ruined for other men
Now compared to me Paul Bunyan is a screamin' fag
I can shift more gears and pump more juice I'll turn you every which way but loose
And I'm so damn good that I don't have to brag
Now there's twenty thirty beautiful women a sleepin' at the foot of my bed
And every night every night I hear 'em sighin'
They say that I don't miss a thing they say that I'm the lovin' king
And I'm too nice a guy to say they're lyin'
Now I've been makin' love professionally since I was only six years old
And I really learned the way to wiggly wag
And still I'm such a modest man you know I'm twice as great as I think I am
I'm so good that I don't have to brag
There's a line of chicks startin' at my window and reachin' across the street
And it stretches 'way to the other side of town
They come to me from across the seas on their knees just sayin' Please
And I'm too nice a guy to turn 'em down
Now I once got captured by some Amazon women down in the Fiji Isles
They were fightin' over me to see who'd be my bride
I had to kill them all and I will admit it and I won't tell you how I did it
But I'll tell you each one was smilin' when she died
Now the day I die every woman in the country's gonna go around dressed in black
And they'll probably add another star to the American flag
And they'll build me a monument forty feet high sayin' it's a shame he had to die
He was so damn good he never had to brag
And I'm tellin' you men keep your eighteen year old daughters off of my back
And your wives they like the way I carry on
And why don't you go look at your mother for a while
You notice she's wearin' a funny sorta smile
Well that just means I've been there and I've gone
Now if you got a frigid woman I'm gonna cure her for a hundred dollars
You can bring her around my house at four o'clock

And you can come and pick her up at 4:03 if you can pry her off of me
I got a whole lot of others just waitin' 'round the block
Now if you're wonderin' how you're gonna get to me
Better bring a Cadillac full of money
Cause I sure as hell ain't gonna swing without no swag
I can make you creep I can make you crawl make you scream and climb the wall
And I'm so good that I don't have to brag
So Baby don't call me up at three o'clock in the mornin' no more threatenin'
suicide
I mean go ahead and do it honey cause wakin' me up is a drag
And you can leave a note for all the rest sayin' at least you had the very best
And he's so damn good that he don't have to brag
Now I'm warnin' all you women don't stand too close to me cause you might
catch fire
Now you're talkin' to a man in a whole other kind of bag
I'm three parts tiger and one part snake I'll ball you to sleep and I'll bite you
awake
And I'm so good that I don't have to brag

Shel Silverstein

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,
Went for a ride in a flying shoe,
'Hooray!'
'What fun!'
'It's time we flew!'
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, Pickle was crew,
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew
As higher
And higher
And higher they flew,
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,
Over the sun and beyond the blue. '
Hold on!'
'Stay in!'
'I hope we do!'
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too
Never returned to the world they knew,
And nobody
knows what's
happened to
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Shel Silverstein

If I Had A Brontosaurus

If I had a brontosaurus
I would name him Morris or Horace;
But if suddenly one day he had a lot of little brontosauri
I would change his name to Laurie.

Shel Silverstein

If The World Was Crazy

If the world was crazy, you know what I'd eat?
A big slice of soup and a whole quart of meat,
A lemonade sandwich, and then I might try
Some roasted ice cream or a bicycle pie,
A nice notebook salad, and underwear roast,
An omelet of hats and some crisp cardboard toast,
A thick malted milk made from pencils and daisies,
And that's what I'd eat if the world was crazy.

If the world was crazy, you know what I'd wear?
A chocolate suit and a tie of éclair,
Some marshmallow earmuffs, some licorice shoes,
And I'd read a paper of peppermint news.
I'd call the boys 'Suzy' and I'd call the girls 'Harry,'
I'd talk through my ears, and I always would carry
A paper umbrella for when it grew hazy
To keep in the rain, if the world was crazy.

If the world was crazy, you know what I'd do?
I'd walk on the ocean and swim in my shoe,
I'd fly through the ground and I'd skip through the air,
I'd run down the bathtub and bathe on the stair.
When I met somebody I'd say 'G'bye, Joe,'
And when I was leaving - then I'd say 'Hello.'
And the greatest of men would be silly and lazy
So I would be king... if the world was crazy.

Shel Silverstein

In Search Of Cinderella

From dusk to dawn,
From town to town,
Without a single clue,
I seek the tender, slender foot
To fit this crystal shoe.
From dusk to dawn,
I try it on
Each damsel that I meet.
And I still love her so, but oh,
I've started hating feet.

Shel Silverstein

In The Hills Of Shiloh

Have you seen Amanda Blaine in the hills of Shiloh
Wandering through the morning rain through the hills of Shiloh
Have you seen her at her door, listening for the cannon's roar
And a man who went to war from the hills of Shiloh

Have you heard her mournful cries in the hills of Shiloh
Have you seen her haunted eyes in the hills of Shiloh
Have you seen her running down searching through the sleeping
town
In her yellowed wedding gown in the hills of Shiloh

Have you seen her standing there in the hills of Shiloh
Wind a blowing through her hair in the hills of Shiloh
Listening for the sound of guns listening for the rolling drums
And a man who never comes to the hills of Shiloh

Have you heard Amanda sing in the hills of Shiloh
Whispering to her wedding ring in the hills of Shiloh
Hear her humming soft and low, poor Amanda doesn't know
'Twas ended forty years ago in the hills of Shiloh

Shel Silverstein

Invitation

If you are a dreamer, come in
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer...
If you're a pretender, come sit by the fire
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!

Shel Silverstein

It's Dark In Here

I am writing these poems
From inside a lion,
And it's rather dark in here.
So please excuse the handwriting
Which may not be too clear.
But this afternoon by the lion's cage
I'm afraid I got too near.
And I'm writing these lines
From inside a lion,
And it's rather dark in here.

Shel Silverstein

I've Been Working So Hard

I've been working so hard you just wouldn't believe,
And I'm tired!
There's so little time and so much to achieve,
And I'm tired!
I've been lying here holding the grass in its place,
Pressing a leaf with the side of my face,
Tasting the apples to see if they're sweet,
Counting the toes on a centipede's feet.
I've been memorizing the shape of that cloud,
Warning the robins to not chirp so loud,
Shooing the butterflies off the tomatoes,
Keeping an eye out for floods and tornadoes.
I've been supervising the work of the ants
And thinking of pruning the cantaloupe plants,
Calling the fish to swim into my nets,
And I've taken twelve thousand and forty-one breaths,
And I'm TIRED!

Shel Silverstein

Jimmy Jet And His Tv Set

I'll tell you the story of Jimmy Jet--
And you know what I tell you is true.
He loved to watch his TV set
Almost as much as you.

He watched all day, he watched all night
Till he grew pale and lean,
From 'The Early Show' to 'The Late Show'
And all the shows in between.

He watched till his eyes were frozen wide,
And his bottom grew into his chair.
And his chin turned into a tuning dial,
And antennae grew out of his hair.

And his brains turned into TV tubes,
And his face to a TV screen.
And two knobs saying 'vert.' and 'horiz.'
Grew where his ears had been.

And he grew a plug that looked like a tail
So we plugged in little Jim.
And now instead of him watching TV
We all sit around and watch him.

Shel Silverstein

Joey

Joey Joey took a stone
And knocked
Down
The
Sun!
And Whoosh! It swizzled
Down so hard.
And bloomp! It bounced
In his backyard.
And glunk! It landed
On his toe!
And the world was dark,
And the corn wouldn't grow!
And the wind wouldn't blow!
And the *bleep* wouldn't crow!
And it always was Night,
Night,
Night.

All because
Of a stone
And Joe.

Shel Silverstein

Judy

The waitress with the orange hair keeps motionin' me to hurry up and leave
I gulp my coffee - burn my mouth - grab up my coat and slippin' out
I smear a streak of mustard down my sleeve
And the guy behind the register takes my bread and shakes his head
And looks at me as if I've blown his mind
Hey, I just come here for some coffee...hope I'm not waistin' anybody's time.
And Judy I'm slowly movin' back to you
And I wish that I could say I'll treat you better than I used to
It's just I'm learnin' lots of things I never knew back then
Judy I'm slowly movin' back again
That blue eyed barracuda smiles and tells me she could she could use some
brand new clothes
She grabs my leg with a wink, asks if I want another drink
She's not the campfire girl you might suppose
But she's so busy tellin' me her troubles I don't think she's got time
For any kind of trouble small as mine
Hey, I just come here for nothin'... hope I'm not waistin' anybody's time
I stop here on the corner, but that red faced cop says move along your way
My toes are cold, my nose is numb, I got no feeling in my thumb
I think I just might stop inside that church and maybe pray
But they pass the plate and look at me when it turns out that I ain't got a dime
Hey, I just come in here to talk to GOD... hope I'm not waistin' anybody's time

Shel Silverstein

Kick It Again

So you heard there was a spark of love that I have for you
You come back to kill it like you always do
You found it weak and tremblin' hangin' on just by a thread
And you kicked it choke it stepped on it and broke it left it half to death
Kick it again it's still breathing
Kick it again I think I seen it move just a little bitty
Kick it again it's still living
So kick it again and then again and then you'll kill my love for you
[harmonica - guitar]
You're gonna have to do much more this time than a-make it crawl
A cheatin' on it doesn't seem to work at all
And it won't do no good to try to shame it to death
Cause it's raspin' gaspin' crawlin' callin' to you with each dying breath
Kick it again it's still breathing...

Shel Silverstein

Kiss It Away

There 's a shadow on the sun I see it risin '
Kiss it away, Kiss it away
And there 's hurt down deep inside that I been hidin '
Kiss it away, Kiss it away
All the hard times we been through
We 'd never mind them
We 'd kiss 'em away, we 'd just kiss 'em away
But now I 'm lookin for the good times and I can 't find them
Guess we kissed them away, Must have kissed them away
Kiss away I keep thinkin ' the sun will shine once more
I 'm never ready for the sudden rain
Don 't tell me I 'm wrong, 'cause I been told
I feel so wet and cold
Come my pain
You keep hopin ' things 'll change and I keep tryin '
One of these days, maybe one of these days
But there 's a coldness in the air like somethin ' dyin'
Kiss it away, Come and kiss it away

Shel Silverstein

Ladies First

Pamela Purse yelled, 'Ladies first,'
Pushing in front of the ice cream line.
Pamela Purse yelled, 'Ladies first,'
Grabbing the ketchup at dinnertime.
Climbing on the morning bus
She'd shove right by all of us
And there'd be a tiff or a fight or a fuss
When Pamela Purse yelled, 'Ladies first.'

Pamela Purse screamed, 'Ladies first,'
When we went off on our jungle trip.
Pamela Purse said her thirst was worse
And guzzled our water, every sip.
And when we got grabbed by that wild savage band,
Who tied us together and made us all stand
In a long line in front of the King of the land-
A cannibal known as Fry-'Em-Up Dan,
Who sat on his throne in a bib so grand
With a lick of his lips and a fork in his hand,
As he tried to decide who'd be first in the pan-
From back of the line, in that shrill voice of hers,
Pamela Purse yelled, 'Ladies first.'

Shel Silverstein

Lady Godiva

Hey Lady Godiva, ridin' through the town
Naked on your big white horse
With your long hair hangin' down
Lady Godiva, you say you're really frightened
and so shy
I hate to bust your bubble but you
Sure picked a funny place to hide
Hey Lady Godiva, lookin' for a place
Where no one wants your body
And nobody knows your face
Lady Godiva, you say you wanna be loved
For what's inside
I don't know much about horses but you
Sure picked a funny place to ride
Every man's just a clutchin' hand
Reachin' out to grab you
Every man's a quiverin' lance
Tryin' hard to stab you - don't let 'em nab you
Hey Lady Godiva, lookin' kind of scared
You showed 'em all your talents
But nobody seems to care
Lady Godiva, could it be nobody wants to ride
Come to think it over
You may have picked the perfect place to hide

Shel Silverstein

Lazy Jane

Lazy
lazy
lazy
lazy
lazy
lazy
Jane.
She
wants
a
drink
of
water
so
she
waits
and
waits
and
waits
and
waits
and
waits
and
waits
for
it
to
rain.

Shel Silverstein

Liberated Lady 1999

She's a liberated lady and she's lookin' out for herself.
And she don't need your protection,
And she does not want your help.
And if you're lookin' for some pretty flower,
You better go look somewhere else,
'Cause I warn you, she's a liberated lady.

She got off work at the foundry... she was feelin' kind of beat.
On the bus she had to stand and let some fella have her seat.
And she pinched the ass of a guy who passed her
Walkin' down the street.
When he called a cop, she didn't quite understand
So she stopped off on the corner for her usual shot of rye
When some guy lit her cigarette, she punched him in the eye.
Then he kicked her in the balls, it was enough to make her cry,
But she stood there and she took it like a man.

She's a liberated lady, and she smokes them big cigars.
You're gonna find her drinkin' boilermakers at the corner bar.
And in 30 seconds flat, she'll change a flat tire on your car.
Look out -- she's a liberated lady.

She come home to find her darlin' husband cryin' in distress
She said, 'Why ain't supper ready and why is this house a mess'.
He said, 'The kids have drove me crazy, and I need a brand-new dress.
And how come you don't ever take me dancin'?'

She sat down to smoke her pipe, and she thought back to the time
When she was satin, silk and lace with nothing on her mind.
But now she's gotta mow the lawn and pay the bills on time
And pray to Mrs. God, she don't get drafted.

They got into bed that evening, and she strapped her dildo on
She climbed on top of him and said, 'Ok, let's get it on'.
He said, 'You know I've got my period and my headache isn't gone'.
And he fell asleep -- the chauvinistic bastard.

But she's a liberated lady, and she smokes them big cigars.
You're gonna find her drinkin' boilermakers at the corner bar.

And in 30 seconds flat, she'll change a flat tire on your car.
Look out -- she's a liberated lady.

Shel Silverstein

Listen To The Mustn'Ts

Listen to Mustn'ts, child, listen to the Don'ts.
Listen to the Shouldn'ts, the Impossible, the Won'ts.
Listen to the Never Haves, then listen close to me.
Anything can happen, child, Anything can be.

Shel Silverstein

Little Abigail And The Beautiful Pony

There was a girl named Abigail
Who was taking a drive
Through the country
With her parents
When she spied a beautiful sad-eyed
Grey and white pony.
And next to it was a sign
That said,
FOR SALE—CHEAP.
“Oh,” said Abigail,
“May I have that pony?
May I please? ”
And her parents said,
“No you may not.”
And Abigail said,
“But I MUST have that pony.”
And her parents said,
'Well, you can't have that pony.'
“Well, you can have a nice butter pecan
Ice cream cone when we get home.”
And Abigail said,
“I don't want a butter pecan
Ice cream cone,
I WANT THAT PONY—
I MUST HAVE THAT PONY.”
And her parents said,
“Be quiet and stop nagging—
You're not getting that pony.”
And Abigail began to cry and said,
“If I don't get that pony I'll die.”
And her parents said, “You won't die.
No child ever died yet from not getting a pony.”
And Abigail felt so bad
That when she got home she went to bed,
And she couldn't eat,
And she couldn't sleep,
And her heart was broken,
And she DID die—
All because of a pony

That her parents wouldn't buy.

Shel Silverstein

Little Green Buttons

The honeymoon ended a decade ago,
If he still loves her he don't say so,
So she's taking her blues to the House af Tattoos,
Getting little green buttons on her birthday suit.
Little green buttons all in a row
From her face to the place they ain't never gonna slow.
Might sound crazy but they sure look cute,
Those little green buttons on her birthday suit.
She had supper in the oven when he came home,
Now he's snoring on the sofa to the Late, Late Show.
It was ten days later before he knew
'Bout those little green buttons on her birthday suit.
But now she's living in a house of love,
She's got his attention, he can't get enough
He spends every evening trying to undo
The little green buttons on her birthday suit.

Shel Silverstein

Lookin' For Myself

You may be lookin' for me but I ain't lookin' for you
I'm still lookin' for myself and I ain't got time to look for nobody else
When I found who I am and where I am
And if you come round again maybe then baby maybe then

You wanna follow me but honey can't you see
I don't know where the hell I'm goin'
How can I know your mind when I don't even know my own
Now when the road gets tough or when I get enough
Or maybe when I reach the end maybe then baby maybe then

So stick around or go away whichever one you choose
You ain't got a single thing that I think I can use
And you and I ain't shared a thing that I'm afraid to lose

You say that you love me but I don't love you
I love someone I never seen as she lives in a place that I never been
When I realize it's all in my eyes
Just one great big patent maybe then maybe then
Maybe then maybe then maybe then but I won't say when
Maybe then baby maybe then

Shel Silverstein

Loser

Mama said I'd lose my head
If it wasn't fastened on.
Today I guess it wasn't
'Cause while playing with my cousin
It fell off and rolled away
And now its gone.

And I can't look for it
'Cause my eyes are in it,
And I can't call to it
'Cause my mouth is on it
(Couldn't hear me anyway
'Cause my ears are on it),
Can't even think about it
'Cause my brain is in it.
So I guess I'll sit down
On this rock
And rest for just a minute...

Shel Silverstein

Love

Ricky was 'L' but he's home with the flu,
Lizzie, our 'O,' had some homework to do,
Mitchell, 'E' prob'ly got lost on the way,
So I'm all of love that could make it today.

Shel Silverstein

Lydia Pinkham

CHORUS

We'll drink a drink adrink
To Lily the Pink the Pink the Pink,
The savior of
The human ra-a-ace!
She invented
Medicinal Compound
Most efficacious
In every case.

Now here's a story
A little bit gory,
A little bit happy,
A little bit sa-a-ad,
Of Lily the Pink and
Her Medicinal Compound
And how it drove
Her to the bad.

Oh, Ebenezer thought <- weird scansion, I know
He was Julius Caesar,
And so they put him in a ho-ho-home.
Till they gave him
Medicinal Compound,
And now he's Em-
Peror of Rome.

CHORUS

Oh, Domingo,
The opera singer,
Could break glasses with his voice, they said.
He rubbed his tonsils
With Medicinal Compound,
And now they break glass-
Es over his head.

Uncle Paul, he
Was very small, he

Was the shortest man in tow-ow-own.
He rubbed his body
With Medicinal Compound,
And now he weighs just
Half a pound.

CHORUS

Jimmy Hammer
Had a t-t-t-terrible st-stammer,
He c-could hardly s-s-say a w-wo- a wo- a wo-o-ord.
Till he took some
Medicinal C-c-c-compound,
And now he's seen,
But never heard.

Lily died,
Went up to Heaven,
All the church bells they did ri-i-ing.
She took with her
Medicinal Compound:
Hark, the Herald
Angels sing!

CHORUS

For the record, Lydia Pinkham's Medicinal Compound was a concoction sold in drugstores some years ago which was about 97% alcohol and advertized itself as being able to cure practically anything. I believe this song was written by Shel Silverstein

Shel Silverstein

Magic

Sandra's seen a leprechaun,
Eddie touched a troll,
Laurie danced with witches once,
Charlie found some goblins' gold.
Donald heard a mermaid sing,
Susy spied an elf,
But all the magic I have known
I've had to make myself.

Shel Silverstein

Magical Eraser

She wouldn't believe
This pencil has
A magical eraser.
She said I was a silly moo,
She said I was a liar too,
She dared me prove that it was true,
And so what could I do--
I erased her!

Shel Silverstein

Makin' It Natural

I'm gonna throw my grass out the window
Crumple up my papers too
Give away my speed, Cause all I'm gonna need
Is just a little bit of love from you
And we'll be makin' it natural
And ain't it just about time
That stuff I was so keen on
I no longer have to lean on
Cause your love's enough to keep me high
Now if any you heads want some Panama red
All you gotta do is to reach out your hand
I'll trade my stash for just about enough cash
To buy a simple golden wedding band
And we'll be makin' it natural
But don't you ask me how
It's been the cause of all my sorrow
But I think I'll start tomorrow
'Cause I sure could use a hit right now
But I'll throw it out the window, some day
Give away my cocaine
Bust my spikes and flush a million mikes
Of acid right down the drain
And we'll be makin' it natural, makin' it natural...

Shel Silverstein

Mama I'll Sing One For You

I've sung my songs on dusty roads and dirty city sidewalks
To sweatin' hard eyed brakemen, in the rail yards I rolled through
I've sung in blue wall papered rooms to girls I played at lovin'
Now Mama...I'll sing one song for you
Mama let me tell you that I've never lost the mem'ry
Of the tender things you told me, and the gentle things you'd do
And though I've grown away and other arms reach out to hold me
Mama...I'll sing one song for you
You say you'd like to have me here to help you through the winter
But you say it with a wistful smile like you already knew
That your boy's no good at stayin' still there's no words that need sayin'
And Mama... I'll sing one song for you
Tomorrow I'll be movin' out on them dusty country backroads
Some sweatin' hard eyed brakeman may hear a tune or two
And the girl in the blue wall papered room she'll ask where i been hidin'
And I'll tell 'em I stopped and sang one song for you

Shel Silverstein

Man Who Got No Sign

Ko-we-ha Gemini Jim taw Scorpio Salo
Taw sejno-nej-o-to-kono o-ha-na-shi-te-saw
There was Gemini Jim and Scorpio Sal they was livin' by the Golden Gate
Freezin' their nose and wearin' leather clothes and dealin' every way but straight
They had a Leo dog and a Capricorn cat and everything was goin' fine
Until into their life on a moonless night come the man who got no sign
He roared right in like some evil wind and he rolled himself a righteous smoke
As the thunder scashed and the lightenin' flashed he took a toke and a spoke
Said he was born in an astrological warp when the stars refused to shine
On the cusp of Nowhere and Nevermore he's the man that got no sign
Then he told a story of an endless search to find his missin' part
And Scorpio Sal she smiles at him tries to do his chart
But the Pisces Ben who was Jim's best friend aaid man you must be blind
You better grab your knife and take the life of the man who'd got no sign
And so it happened and his blood run soaked the ground
The arrest was made by Sheriff Slade and Aquarius thru and thru
But the jailer was a Sagittarius so he beat Jim black and blue
And then they dragged him up to the courthouse stairs they said Jim how do you
plea
He said man the moon's in Virgo so the blame don't fall on me
Well the jury all was the Libras so you know they was more than fair
But the lawyer was an Aries and an Aries just don't care
The judge he was a Cancer and Cancers have no friends
But the hungman was a Taurus and that's where the circle ends

Shel Silverstein

Marie Laveau

Down in Lou ´siana where the black trees grow
Lives a voodoo lady named Marie Laveaux.
She got a black cat tooth and a mojo bone,
And anyone wouldn ´t leave her alone.
She go GREEEEEEEEEEEE...
Another man done gone.
She live in a swamp in a hollow log
With a one-eyed snake and a three-legged dog.
She got a bent bony body and stringy hair,
And if she ever seen you messin ´ round there,
She go GREEEEEEEEEEEE...
Another man done gone.

And then one night when the moon was black,
Into the swamp came Handsome Jack.
A no-good man like you all know,
And he was lookin ´ around for Marie Laveaux .
He said, 'Marie Laveau, you lovely witch,
Why don ´t you gimme a little charm that ´ll make me rich.
Gimme million dollars, and I ´ll tell you what I ´ll do...
This very night I ´m gonna marry you.'
It ´ll be UMMMMMMMM...
Another man done gone.

So Marie did some magic and she shook a little sand,
Made a million dollars, and she put it in his hand.
Then she looked and she said , 'Hey hey,
I ´m gettin ´ ready for my wedding day.'
But ol ´ Handsome Jack said 'Good-bye Marie.
You too damn ugly for a man like me.'
So Marie started shakin ´ , her fangs started gnashin ´ ,
Her body started shakin ´ , and her eyes started flashin ´ .
She went GREEEEEEEEEEEE...
Another man done gone.

So if you ever get down where the black tree grow
And meet a voodoo lady named Marie Laveaux,
And if she ever asks you to make her your wife,
Man, you better stay with her for the rest of your life

Or it'll be GREEEEEEEEEEEE...
Another man done gone.

Shel Silverstein

Masochistic Baby

Oh, ever since my Masochistic Baby went and left me
I got nothin' to hit but the wall.
She loved me when I beat her,
But I started actin' sweeter,
And that was no way to treat her at all.
Yes, she is the one that I'm dreamin' of,
And you always hurt the one you love.
And ever since my Masochistic Baby went and left me,
I got nothin' to hit but the wall, oh no...
Nothin' to beat but the eggs
Nothin' to belt but my pants
Nothin' to whip but the cream
Nothin' to punch but the clock
Nothin' to strike but a match.

Shel Silverstein

Melinda Mae

Have you heard of tiny Melinda Mae,
Who ate a monstrous whale?
She thought she could,
She said she would,
So she started in right at the tail.

And everyone said, 'You're much too small,'
But that didn't bother Melinda at all,
She took little bites and she chewed very slow,
Just like a little girl should...

...and eighty-nine years later she ate that whale
Because she said she would! ! !

Shel Silverstein

Mermaid

Hey when I was a lad in fishing town an old man said to me
You can spend your life your jolly life just sailing on the sea
Now you can search the world for pretty girls till your eyes are weak and dim
But don't go swimming with the mermaid son if you don't know how to swim
If you don't know how to swim
For her hair is green as seaweed and her skin is blue and pale
And I tell you now before you start you can love that girl with all your heart
But you're just gonna love the upper part you're not gonna like the tail

So I signed onto a whaling ship and my very first day at sea
I seen a mermaid in the waves reaching out to me
Come live with me in the sea said she and down on the ocean's floor
I'll show you a million wonderous things you never seen before
Oh you never seen before
So over I jumped and she pulled me down down to her seaweed bed
And the pillow made of tortoise shell she placed beneath my head
She fed me shrimps and caviar upon the silver dish
From her head to her waist she was my taste but the bottom part was a fish
Oh her bottom part was a fish
Oh her hair were green as seaweed her eyes were blue and pale
And I loved that girl with all my heart I vowed we'd never part
But I knew the back was not too smart cause I did not like the tail

And then one day when I looked up I saw a sailin' ship
And I met the stare of a millionaire out on a fishing trip
A diamond ring he tied to a string and lowered it down to the water
And my love divine she went for his line and that was the way he caught her
Yes that was the way he caught her
So I sat and cried to the tide same to the clams and whales
How I missed my love her seaweed hair and the silvery shine of her scales.
Just then her sister swam on by, and set my heart awhirl
For her upper part was an ugly old fish but the bottom part was girl
Yes the bottom part was girl
Yes her knees are pink and rosy and her toes are small and frail
Her body it's a work of art and I love that girl with all my heart
And I don't give a damn about the upper part and that's how I end my tale

Shel Silverstein

Merry

No one's hangin' stockin's up,
No one's bakin' pie,
No one's lookin' up to see
A new star in the sky.
No one's talkin' brotherhood,
No one's givin' gifts,
And no one loves a Christmas tree
On March the twenty-fifth.

Shel Silverstein

Messy Room

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.
His workbook is wedged in the window,
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.
His books are all jammed in the closet,
His vest has been left in the hall.
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.
Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
Donald or Robert or Willie or-
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,
I knew it looked familiar!

Shel Silverstein

Me-Stew

I have nothing to put in my stew, you see,
Not a bone or a bean or a black-eyed pea,
So I'll just climb in the pot to see
If I can make a stew out of me.
I'll put in some pepper and salt and I'll sit
In the bubbling water--I won't scream a bit.
I'll sing while I simmer, I'll smile while I'm stewing,
I'll taste myself often to see how I'm doing.
I'll stir me around with this big wooden spoon
And serve myself up at a quarter to noon.
So bring out your stew bowls,
You gobblers and snackers.
Farewell--and I hope you enjoy me with crackers!

Shel Silverstein

Modern Talk

There was a time when people taked said with their mouth
How they talk and it doesn't mean a thing it's called the modern talk
Now picture the scene the day is sunny
A man meets a friend and asks him for some money
He says I need five to keep me alive
And the friend gives him this kinda jive
He says zaa za voo za za voo I can't make it
Va za va za voo za va see ya later so long see you later
Vome zoo za vome a viddle o till then
And he's right back out on the street again

And then a girl gets on the phone and talks to her lover
She says we got troubles that we can't keep covered
I just got the news I'm knittin' baby shoes
Now call up the preacher and pay your dues
He says zaa za voo za za voo see you later so long huhuh
I can't stand baby vome zoo za vome till then
And she's right back out on the street again

And then a guy gets grabbed by an army recruiter
He says we're gonna put you in the khaki suiter
So do not cry and don't you lie but take this test to qualify
The guys says blblblblblbl huhuh till then
And he's right back out on the street again

And then a lady goes down to see her psychiatrist
And lies on a couch to give her little head a twist
Now is it a psychosis or is it a neurosis the doctor gives her this diagnosis
Sayin' huhuh listen huhuh twenty dollars
Huhh next Wednesday baby then we'll huhuh then
She's right back out on the street again

And then the preachers in the church they're blessin' and damnin'
Presidents standin' there just Vietnamin'
While the animals sing and politicians swing
And everybody's sayin' the same damned thing
They're sauin' zaa za voo za za voo you know that's modern talk

Morgan's Curse

Followin' the trail on the old treasure map,
I came to the spot that said "Dig right here."
And four feet down my spade struck wood
Just where the map said a chest would appear.
But carved in the side were written these words:
"A curse upon he who disturbs this gold."
Signed, Morgan the Pirate, Scourge of the Seas.
I read these words and my blood ran cold.
So here I sit upon untold wealth
Tryin' to figure which is worse:
How much do I need this gold?
And how much do I need this curse?

Shel Silverstein

Mr. Grumpedump's Song

Everything's wrong,
Days are too long,
Sunshine's too hot,
Wind is too strong.
Clouds are too fluffy,
Grass is too green,
Ground is too dusty,
Sheets are too clean.
Stars are too twinkly,
Moon is too high,
Water's too drippy,
Sand is too dry.
Rocks are too heavy,
Feathers too light,
Kids are too noisy,
Shoes are too tight.
Folks are too happy,
Singin' their songs.
Why can't they see it?
Everything's wrong!

Shel Silverstein

My Beard

My beard grows down to my toes,
I never wears no clothes,
I wraps my hair
Around my bare,
And down the road I goes.

Shel Silverstein

My Mind Keeps Movin'

Walk into a restaurant with chicken on my mind
Look at the menu I want roastbeaf and wine
A waitress comes up I order baked beans and bread
Oh when she brings it I want ham'n eggs instead
Because my mind keeps a movin' bouncin' and a groovin'
A flippin' floppin' every whichaway
From minute to minute if my mind ain't really in it
Never know just what I'm do or say

Sometimes I wake up happy sometimes I wake up mean
Sometimes I wake up missin' somethin' I ain't seen
Might wake up wasted and I might wake up dead
Might wake up and look around and jump back into bed
Because my mind keeps a movin'...

[guitar]

Sittin' home at midnight thinkin' bout Marie go to the phone I dial Carol Lee
I say come by babe just as fast as you can
And when she gets there I'm thinkin' bout Ann
Because my mind keeps a movin'...

Fly off to Paris just to get away from home
Get off in London and I grab a boat for Rome
Got to St Louis be in St Paul or else take a trip and go no place at all
Because my mind keeps a movin'...

I go to a psychiatrist to straighten my head
Then I decide I need a chiropractor instead
Put salt in my coffee and ketchup in my tea only dig a chick that don't dig me
Because my mind keeps a movin'...

Sometimes I don't shave and I look kinda weird
So shave off my hair and I grow a beard
Shave off my beard dye my eyebrows green
Play myself a song upon a tambourine
Because my mind keeps a movin'...

Shel Silverstein

My Rules

If you want to marry me, here's what you'll have to do:
You must learn how to make a perfect chicken-dumpling stew.
And you must sew my holey socks,
And soothe my troubled mind,
And develop the knack for scratching my back,
And keep my shoes spotlessly shined.
And while I rest you must rake up the leaves,
And when it is hailing and snowing
You must shovel the walk... and be still when I talk,
And -- hey -- where are you going?

Shel Silverstein

Never Bite A Married Woman On The Thigh

Never bite a married woman on the thigh oh my
Cause she just can't rub it off no matter how she'll try
And when she gets home at night her man will ask her why
Then she'll say it's just a birthmark or some other silly lie
But he'll get suspicious and then he will start to pry
Then she'll get hysterical and she will start to cry
And he'll say I don't blame you but tell me who's the guy
So she'll admit to everything and he will say bye-bye
And he'll buy an airline ticket and he'll fly across the sky
And then he'll come and find you and he'll punch you in the eye
Then he'll rent a cheap hotel room and he'll hang himself with his tie
And when she gets the news she'll take an overdose of sleeping
Tablets and she's gonna lie on the couch and die
So never never never never never never never bite a married woman on the
thigh

Shel Silverstein

No Difference

Small as a peanut,
Big as a giant,
We're all the same size
When we turn off the light
Rich as a sultan,
Poor as a mite,
We're all worth the same
When we turn off the light.
Red, black or orange,
Yellow or white,
We all look the same
When we turn off the light.
So maybe the way
To make everything right
Is for God to just reach out
And turn off the light!

Shel Silverstein

No Thank You

No I do not want a kitten,
No cute, cuddly kitty-poo,
No more long hair in my cornflakes,
No more midnight meowing mews,
No more scratchin', snarlin', spitters
No more sofas clawed to shreds,
No more smell of kitty litter,
No more mousies in my bed.
No, I will not take that kitten--
I've had lice and I've had fleas,
I've been scratched and sprayed and bitten,
I've developed allergies.
If you've got an ape, I'll take him,
If you have a lion, that's fine,
If you brought some walking bacon,
Leave him, here, I'll treat him kind.
I have room for mice and gerbils,
I have beds for boars and bats,
But please, please take away that kitten--
Quick--'fore it becomes a cat.
Well...it is kind of cute at that.

Shel Silverstein

On The Way To The Bottom

On the way to the bottom
I met an ole friend of mine
He said 'Buddy, I do believe
this is the end of the line'
I said 'The end of the line'
Shoot, come on and have another round
And if we're headin' for the bottom
We still got a long way down
On the way to the bottom
We make a lot of stops
And we'd meet a lot of fools
Just a bustin' their hearts
On the way to the top
Pass me another bottle
And turn down the lights
Forget about tomorrow, baby
We're gonna rumble tonight
I'll wear my low heeled boots
You wear your taffeta gown
and if we're heading for the bottom
we'll go laughing all the way down
On the way to the bottom
I met an ol' girl of mine
She said 'Honey, I'm scared,
Won't you love me one more time?'
I said 'One more time?'
Shoot, about a million more
We had a whole lotta loving
And a whole lot more in store

Shel Silverstein

One Inch Tall

If you were only one inch tall, you'd ride a worm to school.
The teardrop of a crying ant would be your swimming pool.
A crumb of cake would be a feast
And last you seven days at least,
A flea would be a frightening beast
If you were one inch tall.

If you were only one inch tall, you'd walk beneath the door,
And it would take about a month to get down to the store.
A bit of fluff would be your bed,
You'd swing upon a spider's thread,
And wear a thimble on your head
If you were one inch tall.

You'd surf across the kitchen sink upon a stick of gum.
You couldn't hug your mama, you'd just have to hug her thumb.
You'd run from people's feet in fright,
To move a pen would take all night,
(This poem took fourteen years to write--
'Cause I'm just one inch tall).

Shel Silverstein

Paranoid

Everybody says I'm paranoid they all think I'm crazy
They all smile to my face but they'd like to see me die
They put poison in my coffee they put ground glass in my oatmeal
They put spiders in my tennis shoes and shit in my pecan pie
It's hard to stop and figure out where did it all begin
You see my father wanted a little girl and my mother wanted twins
And my grandpa admired Hitler so everything I did was wrong
And I'm gonna stop now cause even though you're smilin' I know you hate this
song
Yeah and I know you're only listenin' cause you don't wanna hurt my feelin's
And you're just waitin' for me to leave so you can laugh about my open fly
You put the poison in my coffee you put the ground glass in my oatmeal
You put the spiders in my tennis shoes and you shit in my pecan pie
I know don't deny it I know I know I know

Shel Silverstein

Pathetic Way Of Getting Over Me

Oh if you read in the papers that she's been seen
A gettin' in an out of some millionaire's long custom made limousine
She may fool you with her smile but I can see
That's just her poor hopeless heartless helpless pathetic way of gettin' over me
So you were down at Joe's on the night she broke her zipper
And some wane brain drunk champagne out of her slipper
And she danced on the piano and she screamed hurray I'm free
That's just her poor hopeless heartless helpless pathetic way of gettin' over me
Oh she'll do anything she can just to make me jealous
Of course forgettin' me is gonna take her lots of years
So I call her now and then just out of pitty when she laughs at me
That's just her way of bravely holding back her tears
What's that you say she got married oh the poor little fool
To some handsome movie star with the mansion and a swimming pool
And she's looking good and she's got a kid or two or three
That's just her poor hopeless heartless helpless pathetic way of gettin' over me
(Pathetic way of tryin' to get over me but she ain't never gonna make it honey
I mean those guys those guys you see her with now
They're they're the relatives maybe business associates
I mean I know this woman and she's sittin' home bitin' her fingernails
Let me tell you she's just readin' magazines
She she may look like she's enjouin' herself
That's the way she looks when she's really gettin' bad I know this woman)

Shel Silverstein

Paul Bunyan

He rode through the woods on a big blue ox,
He had fists as hard as choppin' blocks,
Five hundred pounds and nine feet tall...that's Paul.

Talk about workin', when he swung his axe
You could hear it ring for a mile and a half.
Then he'd yell 'Timber!' and down she'd fall...for Paul.

Talk about drinkin', that man's so mean
That he'd never drink nothin' but kerosene,
And a five-gallon can is a little bit small...for Paul.

Talk about tough, well he once had a fight
With a thunderstorm on a cold dark night.
I ain't sayin' who won,
But it don't storm at all...round here...thanks to Paul.

He was ninety years old when he said with a sigh,
'I think I'm gonna lay right down and die
'Cause sunshine and sorrow, I've seen it all...says Paul.

He says, 'There ain't no man alive can kill me,
Ain't no woman 'round can thrill me,
And I think heaven just mught be a ball'...says Paul.

So he died...can we cried.

It took eighteen men just to bust the ground,
It took twenty-four more just to lower him down.
And we covered him up and we figured that was all...for Paul.

But late one night the trees started shakin',
The dogs started howlin' and the earth started quakin',
And out of the ground with a 'Hi, y'all'...comes Paul!

He shook the dirt from off his clothes,
He scratched his butt and wiped his nose.
'Y'kknow, bein' dead wasn't no fun at all'...says Paul.

He says, 'Up in heaven they got harps on their knees,
They got clouds and wings but they got no trees.
I don't think that's much of a heaven at all'...says Paul.

So he jumps on his ox with a fare-thee-well,
He says, 'I'll find out if there's trees in hell.'
And he rode away, and that was all...we ever seen...of Paul.

But the next time you hear a 'Timber!' yell
That sounds like it's comin' from the pits of hell,
Then a weird and devilish ghostly wail
Like somebody's choppin' on the devil's tail,
Then a shout, a call, a crash, a fall--
That ain't no mortal man at all...that's Paul!

Shel Silverstein

Peace Proposal

Said General Clay to General Gore really must we fight this silly war
To kill and die in such a bore I quite agree said General Gore
Said General Gore to General Clay we could go to the beach today
And have some icecream on the way a grand idea said General Clay
Said General Clay to General Gore we'll build sand castles on the shore
Said General Gore we'll splash and play let's leave right now said General Clay
Said General Gore to General Clay but what if the sea's closed today
And what if the sand's been blown away the dreadful thought said General Clay
Said General Gore to General Clay I've always feared the ocean's spray
And we may drown it's true we may it chills my blood said General Clay
Said General Clay to General Gore my bathin' suit is slightly tore
We better go on with our war I quite agree said General Gore
The General Clay changed General Gore as bullets flew and cannons roared
And now at last there is no more of General Clay or General Gore

Shel Silverstein

Peanut-Butter Sandwich

I'll sing you a poem of a silly young king
Who played with the world at the end of a string,
But he only loved one single thing—
And that was just a peanut-butter sandwich.
His scepter and his royal gowns,
His regal throne and golden crowns
Were brown and sticky from the mounds
And drippings from each peanut-butter sandwich.
His subjects all were silly fools
For he had passed a royal rule
That all that they could learn in school
Was how to make a peanut-butter sandwich.
He would not eat his sovereign steak,
He scorned his soup and kingly cake,
And told his courtly cook to bake
An extra-sticky peanut-butter sandwich.
And then one day he took a bit
And started chewing with delight,
But found his mouth was stuck quite tight
From that last bite of peanut-butter sandwich.
His brother pulled, his sister pried,
The wizard pushed, his mother cried,
'My boy's committed suicide
From eating his last peanut-butter sandwich!'
The dentist came, and the royal doc.
The royal plumber banged and knocked,
But still those jaws stayed tightly locked.
Oh darn that sticky peanut-butter sandwich!
The carpenter, he tried with pliers,
The telephone man tried with wires,
The firemen, they tried with fire,
But couldn't melt that peanut-butter sandwich.
With ropes and pulleys, drills and coil,
With steam and lubricating oil—
For twenty years of tears and toil—
They fought that awful peanut-butter sandwich.
Then all his royal subjects came.
They hooked his jaws with grapplin' chains
And pulled both ways with might and main

Against that stubborn peanut-butter sandwich.
Each man and woman, girl and boy
Put down their ploughs and pots and toys
And pulled until kerack! Oh, joy—
They broke right through that peanut-butter sandwich
A puff of dust, a screech, a squeak—
The king's jaw opened with a creak.
And then in voice so faint and weak—
The first words that they heard him speak
Were, 'How about a peanut-butter sandwich?'

Shel Silverstein

Picture Puzzle Piece

One picture puzzle piece
Lyin' on the sidewalk,
One picture puzzle piece
Soakin' in the rain.
It might be a button of blue
On the coat of the woman
Who lived in a shoe.
It might be a magical bean,
Or a fold in the red
Velvet robe of a queen.
It might be the one little bite
Of the apple her stepmother
Gave to Snow White.
It might be the veil of a bride
Or a bottle with some evil genie inside.
It might be a small tuft of hair
On the big bouncy belly
Of Bobo the Bear.
It might be a bit of the cloak
Of the Witch of the West
As she melted to smoke.
It might be a shadowy trace
Of a tear that runs down an angel's face.
Nothing has more possibilities
Than one old wet picture puzzle piece.

Shel Silverstein

Plastic

Oh a little bitty termite you know he come knockin' knockin' on my front door
Well he walked right in sat right down started chewin' on the kitchen floor
You know he chewed out the walls and the ceilings and the halls Lord knows he
tried
But he kept gettin' thinner and he never got no dinner and finally he sat up and
cried
He said it's plastic yeah he said it's plastic
Well you know it ain't no wood and it can't do me no good
Because it's plastic he said it's plastic
You know that everything's gonna be plastic by and by

Yeah an early one day in the month of May I went down to the beach
You know there were beauties and cuties in little bathin' suities
And all of them within my reach
Then a 38-24-36 miss just happened to be passin' my way
I said please don't think I'm nervy but you look so very curvy
Please tell me how you got that way
She said it's plastic she said it's just plastic
She said it's pretty as can be but you know that it ain't me
Because it's plastic she said it's plastic everything's gonna be plastic by and by

Shel Silverstein

Point Of View

Thanksgiving dinner's sad and thankless
Christmas dinner's dark and blue
When you stop and try to see it
From the turkey's point of view.

Sunday dinner isn't sunny
Easter feasts are just bad luck
When you see it from the viewpoint
Of a chicken or a duck.

Oh how I once loved tuna salad
Pork and lobsters, lamb chops too
'Til I stopped and looked at dinner
From the dinner's point of view.

Shel Silverstein

Polly In A Porny

Haha I kissed Polly goodnight haha as we stood at her front door
Now she's quite a proper lady so I didn't ask for anything more
But haha I was feeling oh so groovie that I went down to the movie
And I sat down and guess just what I saw

I saw Polly in a porny down at the dirty flicks
I saw Polly in a porny I didn't know she knew them tricks
What I seen nearly struck me blind I never knew she was the artically inclined
I saw Polly in a porny with a pony and I've nearly blowed my mind
Was she gallopin' (no no no) oh was she trottin' (no no no)
Oh was she riding across the country with some tall dark handsome person
Oh was she wearin' her cowboy hat haha well not exactly that
But at least I recall she had her spurs on
I love ol' Polly in a porny I keep on going back
Yeah in the very last row I'm singin' low with my coat bouncin' in my lap ooh
I spend each dime I can afford I swear she's gonna win an academy award
I saw Polly in a porny with a pony and the pony seemed a little bored
Ooh oh ride Polly ride slide Polly slide

Shel Silverstein

Pour Me Another Tequila Sheila

(Chorus)

Pour me another tequila, Sheila.
Take off that red satin dress.
'Cause I crossed the border,
And I beat the dealer for all of that gold in Juarez.
I feel like ol' Pancho Villa, Sheila,
And I've got the pesos to spend,
So pour me another tequila, Sheila.
And lay down and love me again.

No I can't tell you about it.
Don't mind the gun by my bed,
But I feel kind'a naked without it,
And it eases the fears in my head.
I never trusted in woman,
But Sheila I trust you tonight.
So pass me the salt and a lemon,
Bend down and blow out the light.

(Chorus)

Sheila I'm hearin' your heartbeat,
But I'm hearing footsteps outside.
The courtyard is crawlin' with them Federales
And Sheila, there's no place to hide,
but I don't know who could have tipped 'em,
nobody knew it but you,
but I never have trusted in woman,
Sheila, here's what I'm going to do.

(Chorus)

Yeah! Pour me another tequila,
I'm gonna put on your red satin Dress.
You put on my clothes, and you go face the dealer.
Sheila I wish you the best.
I never trusted in woman,
Sheila I trusted you tonight.
So pour me another tequila Sheila,

And I'll run for the border again.
Yeah! Pour me another tequila,
Sheila, as I ride for the border again.

Shel Silverstein

Put Something In

Draw a crazy picture,
Write a nutty poem,
Sing a mumble-grumble song,
Whistle through your comb.
Do a loony-goony dance
'Cross the kitchen floor,
Put something silly in the world
That ain't been there before.

Shel Silverstein

Quaaludes Again

She fumbles and stumbles
And falls down the stairs,
Makes love to the leg of the dining room chair.
She's ready for animals, women or men.
She's doing Quaaludes again.

Shel Silverstein

Rain

I opened my eyes
And looked up at the rain
And it dripped into my head
And flowed into my brain
So pardon this wild crazy thing I just said
I'm just not the same since there's rain in my head.
I step very softly
I walk very slow
I can't do a hand-stand
Or I might overflow.

And all I can hear as I lie in my bed
Is the slishity-slosh of the rain in my head.

Shel Silverstein

Recipe For A Hippopotamus Sandwich

A hippo sandwich is easy to make.

All you do is simply take

One slice of bread,

One slice of cake,

Some mayonnaise

One onion ring,

One hippopotamus

One piece of string,

A dash of pepper -

That ought to do it.

And now comes the problem...

Biting into it!

Shel Silverstein

Reflection

Each time I see the Upside-Down Man
Standing in the water,
I look at him and start to laugh,
Although I shouldn't oughtter.
For maybe in another world
Another time
Another town,
Maybe HE is right side up
And I am upside down.

Shel Silverstein

Ring Of Grass

Rings of grass crowns of flowers they're gone gone gone gone
Furs that I woven of whispering hours gone gone gone gone
She's gone away where the rings are real
And the furs have warmth that a woman can feel
Round and round round goes the wheel
And she's gone gone gone gone gone

Rings of grass and crowns of flowers gone gone gone gone
Castles of sand with seashell towers gone gone gone gone
She's gone away where the dreams are small
But the castles are rock and they never fall
And left me here to live among all that is gone gone gone gone gone

Rings of grass oh why did they die away gone gone gone gone
Whispering hours where did they fly away gone gone gone gone
And where is the wisdom to understand
That years would crumble our castles of sand
And the flowers and grass turn brown in our hands
When it's gone gone gone gone gone gone gone gone

Shel Silverstein

Rock 'N' Roll Band

If we were a rock 'n' roll band,
We'd travel all over the land.
We'd play and we'd sing and wear spangly things.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band,
And we were up there on the stand,
The people would here us and love us and cheer us.
Hurray for that rock 'n' roll band.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band,
Then we'd have a million fans.
We'd giggle and laugh and sign autographs,
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.
The people would all kiss our hands.
We'd be millionaires and have extra long hair,
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.
But we ain't no rock 'n' roll band,
We're just seven kids in the sand.
With homemade guitars and pails and jars
And drums of potato chip cans.
Just seven kids in the sand.
Talk'n and waven' our hands.
And dreamin' and thinkin' oh wouldn't it be grand,
If we were a rock 'n' roll band.

Shel Silverstein

Rotten Convention

They had a Rotten Convention
And everyone was there:
Hamburger Face and Gruesome Grace
And the Skull with the slimy hair.

There was Mr. Mud and the Creepin' Crud
And the Drooler and Belchin' Bob,
There was Three-Headed Ann- - she was holdin' hands
With the Whimperin' Simperin Slob.

The Unpronounceable Name, he came,
And so did Saw-Nose Dan
And Poopin' Pete and Smelly Feet
And the Half-Invisible Man.

There was Sudden Death and Sweat-Sock Breath,
Big Barf and the Deadly Bore,
And Killin' Dillon and other villains
We'd never seen before.

And we all sat around and told bad tales
Of the rottenest people we knew,
And everybody there kept askin' ...
Where were you?

Shel Silverstein

Runny's Heading Rabits

Runny lent to the wibrary
And there were bundreds of hooks—
Bistory hooks, beography gooks,
And lots of bory stooks.
He looked them over one by one
And guess which one he took—
A bience scook? A boetry pook?
Oh, no ---a bomic cook!

Shel Silverstein

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out!
She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,
Candy the yams and spice the hams,
And though her daddy would scream and shout,
She simply would not take the garbage out.
And so it piled up to the ceilings:
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,
Brown Bananas, rotten peas,
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.
It filled the can, it covered the floor,
It cracked the window and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans and tangerines,
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,
Grisly bits of beefy roasts...
The garbage rolled down the hall,
It raised the roof, it broke the wall...
Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,
Globs of gooey bubble gum,
Cellophane from green baloney,
Rubbery blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk and crusts of pie,
Moldy melons, dried-up mustard,
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
Cold french fries and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the garbage reached so high
That finally it touched the sky.
And all the neighbors moved away,
And none of her friends would come to play.
And finally Sarah Cynthia Slylvia Stout said,

'Ok, I'll take the garbage out!'
But then, of course, it was too late...
The garbage reached across the state,
From New York to the Golden Gate.
And there, in the garbage she did hate,
Poor Sarah met an awful fate,
That I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late.
But children, remember Sarah Stout
And always take the garbage out!

Shel Silverstein

Scum Of The Earth

There was a group called called Scum of the Earth
And they say they got their birth
In a basement bar on Greek Street down in Soho
The bass man he smoked grass and the drummer he kicked ass
And the lead guitar ate speed while everybody boogied
The drummer's name was Mavis he was a twice convicted rapist
They say he learned to play in a garage band in Balham
He'd cut out your heart for a dime and he kept lousy time
But the rest of the band was too damned scared to tell him
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on
Higher and higher until the fire was burned out and gone
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on
Now the bass man's names was Spiker he dressed like a black jacket biker
But underneath his leathers he wore black lace silk panties
They say he sang his sweet love number directly to the drummer
While he kept his eye on the guitar player's fanny
On lead guitar was Static he was a hey health-food fanatic
He lived on berries and nuts and had scurvy and rickets
He did his Yoga excercisin' and he kept on tryin' and tryin'
'til finally he could bend all the way over and lick it
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on
Higher and higher until the fire was burned out and gone
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on.
Now one night Scum of the Earth they was playin' for all they was worth
Guitar screams and wails and cymbal crashes louder faster and higher
Till their electric cords caught fire and the whole damn band was burned to a pile
of ashes
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on
Higher and higher until the fire was burned out and gone
And The Scum of the Earth they just keep boogyin' on

Shel Silverstein

Shadow Race

Every time I've raced my shadow
When the sun was at my back,
It always ran ahead of me,
Always got the best of me.
But every time I've raced my shadow
When my face was toward the sun,
I won.

Shel Silverstein

She's My Ever Lovin' Machine

Hey boys you know once I was took in by a girl with a twinkly eye
And the first time that I wasn't lookin' she run off with a handsomer guy oh my
But I'm an ingenious feller yeah as soon as my brain got uncurled
I tiptoed right down to my cellar and I built a mechanical girl
Oh her arms are iron her legs are steel her hips are on wires attached to a wheel
And her spine is a coil that I now and then oil she's my ever-lovin' machine

She has no trouble making her mind up for I did not give her a mind
And her heart is a clock that I wind up so I know that she'll love me in time
Oh she never complains when I stay out all night she never complains I'm not
rich
And each time I want her to cuddle me tight I simply turn on her switch
Oh her arms are iron...

My love is completely electric and she gives me a shock with each hug
And when the romance gets too hectic I simply pull out the plug
Oh she always did what she was supposed ter right up to this evening but then
She had an affair with the toaster and they ran off and left me again

Shel Silverstein

Show It At The Beach

Oh they won't let us show it at the beach
no they won't let us show it at the beach

They think we're gonna grab it if it gets within our reach
And they won't let us show it at the beach

But you can show it in your parlor to most anyone you choose

You can show it at a party with your second shot of booze

You can show it on the corner wearin' overcoat and shoes

But they won't let us show it at the beach

No they won't let us show it at the beach friends

Ah they won't us show it at the beach

Oh they're sure we're gonna grab it if it gets within our reach

So they won't let us show it at the beach

But you can show it in the movies on the cineramic screen

You can show it in the most sophisticated magazine

You can show it while you're bouncing on the high school trampoline

But they won't let us show it at the beach

But if you've got a gun it's legal to display it on your hip

You can show your butcher knives to any interested kid

But if it's made for lovin' then you'd better keep it hid

And they won't let us show it at the beach

Shel Silverstein

Sick

Sick 'I cannot go to school today,'
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
'I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more - that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue -
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke -
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my spine is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is -
what? What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is ... Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!

Shel Silverstein

Sing Me A Rainbow

Josie it's been a long hard day
Down the road to where it's at
I must have lost my way
When I got there they said I was too late
Now you're the only one can get me straight
So won't you sing me a rainbow Josie
Roll me a song
Just tonight make it right
Cause it's been wrong for oh so long
There's lots of shades of darkness, Josie
Deep inside a man
So sing me a rainbow if you can
The train I went to meet
Had come and gone
Seems like I spend all my time
Gettin' off and gettin' on
I sold my mind
And gave my dreams away
And tomorrow I'll start lookin'
'Round for yesterday
But til then
Sing me a rainbow Josie
Roll me a song
Just tonight make it right
Cause it's been wrong for oh so long
There's lots of kinds of hunger Josie
You don't understand
So sing me a rainbow if you can
If you can, If you can
Sing me a rainbow if you can.

Shel Silverstein

Skin Stealer

This evening I unzipped my skin
And carefully unscrewed my head,
Exactly as I always do
When I prepare myself for bed.
And while I slept a coo-coo came
As naked as could be
And put on the skin
And screwed on the head
That once belonged to me.
Now wearing my feet
He runs through the street
In a most disgraceful way.
Doin' things and sayin' things
I'd never do or say,
Ticklin' the children
And kickin' the men
And Dancin' the ladies away.
So if he makes your bright eyes cry
Or makes your poor head spin,
That scoundrel you see
Is not really me
He's the coo-coo
Who's wearing my skin.

Shel Silverstein

Sky Seasoning

A piece of sky
Broke off and fell
Through the crack in the ceiling
Right into my soup,
KERPLOP!
I really must state
That I usually hate
Lentil soup, but I ate
Every drop!
Delicious delicious
(A bit like plaster),
But so delicious, goodness sake--
I could have eaten a lentil-soup lake.
It's amazing the difference
A bit of sky can make.

Shel Silverstein

Smart

My dad gave me one dollar bill
'Cause I'm his smartest son,
And I swapped it for two shiny quarters
'Cause two is more than one!
And then I took the quarters
And traded them to Lou
For three dimes-- I guess he didn't know
That three is more than two!
Just then, along came old blind Bates
And just 'cause he can't see
He gave me four nickels for my three dimes,
And four is more than three!
And I took the nickels to Hiram Coombs
Down at the seed-feed store,
And the fool gave me five pennies for them,
And five is more than four!
And I went and showed my dad,
And he got red in the cheeks
And closed his eyes and shook his head--
Too proud of me to speak!

Shel Silverstein

Snowball

I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first it wet the bed.

Shel Silverstein

Somebody Has To

Somebody has to go polish the stars,
They're looking a little bit dull.
Somebody has to go polish the stars,
For the eagles and starlings and gulls
Have all been complaining they're tarnished and worn,
They say they want new ones we cannot afford.
So please get your rags
And your polishing jars,
Somebody has to go polish the stars.

Shel Silverstein

Somebody Stole My Rig

I'm haulin' twenty tons of freight into New York state
Started thinkin' bout Mary Jane
She lived over the hill I had an hour to kill I thought I'd get in out of the rain
Oh my she looked so fine had a bottle of wine
I'd have myself a little bitty swig
Then I heard wheels on the cinders and I ran to the windows
And somebody stole my rig
Oh oh oh somebody stole my rig somebody stole my rig
Heard wheels on the cinders and I ran to the windows
And somebody stole my rig

And when I called up the cops told 'em I tried to stop 'em
And nobody answered the phone
And so I called up my honey told her send me bus money
She said don't bother comin' home
And so I called the boss and said the load was lost
I thought he's gonna flip his wig
Yeah a moment quick enjoyment now I'm back on unemployment
Cause somebody stole my rig
Oh somebody stole my rig somebody stole my rig
Hey a moment quick enjoyment now I'm back on unemployment
Cause somebody stole my rig

But if I ever get a job behind the wheel again
I'm never gonna fool around
I'll keep an eye on the road and an eye on the load
I'll never even slow it down
And I'll stay concerned with the lesson I learned
I bet it's gonna change my luck
And I'll never leave a truck to go visit no girl
I'm gonna bring the girls to the truck
Oh somebody stole my rig somebody stole my rig
Moment quick enjoyment now I'm back on unemployment
Cause somebody stole my rig
Yeah wheels on the cinders and I ran to the windows
And somebody stole my rig
(Yeah I tell ya my blackbook was in the glove compartment
That's what really bugs me uh huh
I I din't mind walkin' or losin' my job or anythin')

Somebody stole my rig
I mean they could have borrowed it and ask me before...)

Shel Silverstein

Someday's Here

Well I've told you someday I'd have a lotta money
And you would see me grinnin' from ear to ear
Look in my pocket this ain't gabbage that I'm foldin' baby
Oh oh someday's here
And I told you someday I'll come driving up your driveway
In a Cadillac that stretched across from here to here
Look out your window this ain't no Mack truck I'm drivin' oh someday's here
Yeah you should have stuck with me just a little bit longer baby
When I was ragged and thin
You should have stuck with me till I got a little bit stronger baby
But you wanted the battle now you're up the creek without a paddle
Say I told you someday I'd have so many women
That if I try to count 'em it would take a year
Look in the back seat this ain't no football team I'm drivin' with
Aw someday's here
[harmonica]
You should have stuck with me...

Say I told you someday you come crawlin' to me
Beggin' pleadin' scratchin' cryin' crocodile tears
Look at my feet is that my dog Rover no it's you
Aw someday's here hmm someday's here

Shel Silverstein

Someone Ate The Baby

Someone ate the baby it's rather sad to say
Someone ate the baby so she won't be out to play
We'll never hear her whiney cry or have to feel if she is dry
We'll never hear her asking why why why someone ate the baby
Someone ate the baby it's absolutely clear
Someone ate the baby cause the baby isn't here
We'll give away her toys and clothes we'll never have to wipe her nose
Dad says that's the way it goes someone ate the baby
Someone ate the baby what a frightful thing to eat
Someone ate the baby though she wasn't very sweet
It was a heartless thing to do the policemen haven't got a clue
I simply can't imagine who would go and (burp) eat the baby

Shel Silverstein

Something Missing

I remember I put on my socks,
I remember I put on my shoes.
I remember I put on my tie
That was painted
In beautiful purples and blues.
I remember I put on my coat,
To look perfectly grand at the dance,
Yet I felt there is something
I may have forgot----
What is it? What is it? . . .

Shel Silverstein

Son Of A Scoundrel

Big Barney Fitch, he got soddenly rich
He got a big fancy house in Melbourne
With buckets of loot and big black leather boots
Acting so haughty and well-born

But we of Australia, we're children of convicts
And some of us wear it quite proudly
So as he rides by in his carriage so fine
I wave and I call to him loudly

Refrain:

Was your grandma a whore, was your grandpa a thief
Were they forgers and grafters who fell to their grief
If you're born of Australia, I know who ya be
You're the son of a son of a scoundrel like me

Maggie McKay's got a sweet-lovin' way
And I know that she does adore me
But her parents, they feel it would be a bad deal
They say that she's much too good for me

So as we said goodbye, with a tear in her eye
They were smiling and glad of the breakin'
But they didn't look so proud when I shouted out loud
'Til the whole floggin' town was awakened

Refrain

Madam Marie loves the men from the sea
She says that they're good for business
Her daughters are found in a section of town
Known for a certain rudeness

Then the cops paid a call, and the judge says, 'That's all
It's time for a new profession'
Marie laughed out loud, and in front of the crowd
Says, 'Judge, will you answer this question'

Refrain

Shel Silverstein

Stacy Brown Got Two

Did you hear bout Stacy brown (no we didn't but we'd like to)
He had every chick in town (no he didn't but he tried to)
He had looks he had class do anything to get a little lass
And everyone would shout at him when he walks his girlies past

They said everybody got one (everybody got one)
Everybody got one (everybody got one) Stacy brown got two (oooh)

Do you know the reason for his success (no we don't so tell us)
They say that he was double blessed (not like you fellas)
They say that Stacy Brown was born just a little bit deformed
Still his girl friends they all wake up smilin' every morn

Singin' everybody got one...

[guitar] Why they're climbin' up the wall (just to get to Stacy)
Young ones run and old ones crawl (he drives us crazy)
He got two and that's a fact but no one knows where the other one's at
On his elbow on his knee or underneath his hat

Singin' everybody got one...

He got two I tell you truth it's a fact no I ain't seen her but no I mean it's a fact
Well that's what my old lady told me
No I don't I don't why she knows how did she know
Maybe somebody told her huh gossip maybe it's gossip how did she know
Maybe just seems like two I wanna talk to that woman

Shel Silverstein

Stop Thief!

Policeman, policeman,
Help me please.
Someone went and stole my knees.
I'd chase him down but I suspect
My feet and legs just won't connect.

Shel Silverstein

Strange Restaurant

I said, 'I'll take the T-bone steak.'
A soft voice moaned, 'Oh wow.'
And I looked up and realized
The waitress was a cow.
I cried, 'Mistake--forget the the steak.
I'll take the chicken then.'
I heard a cluck--'twas just my luck
The busboy was a hen.
I said, 'Okay no, fowl today.
I'll have the seafood dish.'
Then I saw through the kitchen door
The cook--he was a fish.
I screamed, 'Is there anyone workin' here
Who's an onion or a beet?
No? Your're sure? Okay then friends,
A salad's what I'll eat.'
They looked at me. 'Oh,no,' they said,
'The owner is a cabbage head.'

Shel Silverstein

Stupid Pencil Maker

Some dummy built this pencil wrong,
The eraser's down here where the point belongs,
And the point's at the top - so it's no good to me,
It's amazing how stupid some people can be.

Shel Silverstein

Sure Hit Songwriter's Pen

Now I was hangin' round Nashville writin' songs and playin' 'em for all of the stars
Watchin' 'em laugh and hand 'em back livin' on hope and Hershey bars
So I pawned my guitar and bought a ticket home and I's headin' for the Trailway bus
When I seen an old fountain pen laying in the gutter so I stopped and picked it up
It was worn-out bent and cast aside you know kinda sorta like myself
So I sat down on the curb and wrote a little song
That told the world how both of us felt
Then I run that song down to Music Row and before I had time to spit
It's pitched and sold and cut for a record
And moving up the charts and damn it's a hit
So I wrote me another winner then I wrote me a smash again
And I's a flyin' off the ground cause I knew I'd found me a sure hit songwriter's pen
So the songs they just kept a'pourin' out and the money kept pouring in
I just couldn't miss all it took was a twist of my sure hit songwriter's pen
Remember when I won the Grammy then I won it again and again
Well none of you knew that it was all due to my sure hit songwriter's pen
I was darling with all the ladies I was a hero among the men...
Making big dough working rodeos and TV shows me and my sure hit songwriter's pen
But then one night in Wichita I was just coming off of the stage
Folks all lined up and did crawl for my autograph Lord I was a national rage
One little freckled face girl was there she said I got no pencil sir
So I signed it with my songwriter's pen and then handed the pen back to her
Four o'clock that morning I wake up with the shakes and the bends
With terror in my eyes cause good God I realized I'd lost my sure hit songwriter's pen
I offered rewards in the papers I pleaded on the Sympathy Line
And a whole lotta folks and a whole lotta pens but none of them pen's was mine
So my songs got worse and my money ran out and so did all my so-called friends
And there was no doubt I was nothing without my long-lost sure hit songwriter's pen
So I rolled like a stone down old Skid Row where I feed my blues on wine
And I rest my chops in a two-bit flop and I tell my story for a drink or a dime
And I sleep with my shoes underneath my head and I dream about days back then

When I blazed my name across the sky with my sure hit songwriter's pen
Somewhere in Wichita some little girl who's a freckled face nine or ten
Is doing her arithmetic homework tonight with a sure hit songwriter's pen
God bless ya honey you got yourself my sure hit songwriter's pen

Shel Silverstein

Sylvia's Mother

Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's busy,
too busy to come to the phone .
Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's trying
to start a new life of her own.
Sylvia's mother says 'Sylvia's happy...
So why don't you leave her alone?'

And the operator says
'Forty cents more, for the next three minutes.'
Please Mrs. Avery, I've just got to talk to her
I'll only keep her a while
Please Mrs. Avery, just want to tell her
Goodbye !

Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's packing,
she's gonna be leaving today.
Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's marrying
a fellah down Galveston way .
Sylvia's mother says 'Please don't say nothing
to make her start crying and stay.'

And the operator says
'Forty cents more, for the next three minutes.'
Please Mrs. Avery, I've just got to talk to her
I'll only keep her a while
Please Mrs. Avery, just want to tell her
Goodbye !

Sylvia's mother says Sylvia's hurrying,
she's catching the nine'o'clock train.
Sylvia's mother says:'Take your umbrella,
cause Sylvie it's starting to rain.'
And Sylvia's mother says 'Thank you for calling
and Sir won't you come back again ?'

And the operator says
'Forty cents more, for the next three minutes.'
Please Mrs. Avery, I've just got to talk to her
I'll only keep her a while

Please Mrs. Avery, just want to tell her
Goodbye !

Shel Silverstein

Tell Me

Tell me I'm clever,
Tell me I'm kind,
Tell me I'm talented,
Tell me I'm cute,
Tell me I'm sensitive,
Graceful and wise,
Tell me I'm perfect-
But tell me the truth.

Shel Silverstein

Testing The Bomb

Oh they're testing the bomb as I'm singing this song
They say not to worry cause nothing can go wrong
They're testing the bomb as I'm singing this song
They say not to worry cause nothing can

Shel Silverstein

The Bagpipe Who Didn't Say No

It was nine o'clock at midnight at a quarter after three
When a turtle met a bagpipe on the shoreside by the sea,
And the turtle said, 'My dearie,
May I sit with you? I'm weary.'
And the bagpipe didn't say no.
Said the turtle to the bagpipe, 'I have walked this lonely shore,
I have talked to waves and pebbles--but I've never loved before.
Will you marry me today, dear?
Is it 'No' you're going to say dear?'
But the bagpipe didn't say no.
Said the turtle to his darling, 'Please excuse me if I stare,
But you have the plaiddest skin, dear,
And you have the strangest hair.
If I begged you pretty please, love,
Could I give you just one squeeze, love?'
And the bagpipe didn't say no.
Said the turtle to the bagpipe, 'Ah, you love me. Then confess!
Let me whisper in your dainty ear and hold you to my chest.'
And he cuddled her and teased her
And so lovingly he squeezed her.
And the bagpipe said, 'Aaooga.'
Said the turtle to the bagpipe, 'Did you honk or bray or neigh?
For 'Aaooga' when your kissed is such a heartless thing to say.
Is it that I have offended?
Is it that our love is ended?'
And the bagpipe didn't say no.
Said the turtle to the bagpipe, 'Shall i leave you, darling wife?
Shall i waddle off to Woedom? Shall i crawl out of your life?
Shall I move, depart and go, dear--
Oh, I beg you tell me 'No' dear!'
But the bagpipe didn't say no.
So the turtle crept off crying and he ne'er came back no more,
And he left the bagpipe lying on that smooth and sandy shore.
And some night when tide is low there,
Just walk up and say, 'Hello, there,'
And politely ask the bagpipe if this story's really so.
I assure you, darling children, the bagpipe won't say 'No.'

The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan

The morning sun touched lightly on
The eyes of Lucy Jordan
In her white suburban bedroom
In a white suburban town,
As she lay there 'neath the covers,
Dreaming of a thousand lovers,
Till the world turned to orange
And the room went spinning 'round.

At the age of 37
She realized she'd never ride
Through Paris in a sports car
With the warm wind in her hair.
So she let the phone keep ringing
As she sat there, softly singing
Little nursery rhymes she'd memorized
In her daddy's easy chair.

Her husband is off to work,
And the kids are off to school,
And there were, oh, so many ways
For her to spend the day:
She could clean the house for hours
Or rearrange the flowers
Or run naked through the shady streets,
Screaming all the way!

At the age of 37
She realized she'd never ride
Through Paris in a sports car
With the warm wind in her hair.
So she let the phone keep ringing
As she sat there, softly singing
Little nursery rhymes she'd memorized
In her daddy's easy chair.

The evening sun touched gently on
The eyes of Lucy Jordan
On the roof top, where she climbed

When all the laughter grew too loud.
And she bowed and curtsied to the man
Who reached and offered her his hand,
And he led her down to the long white car
That waited past the crowd.

At the age of 37
She knew she'd found forever,
As she rolled along through Paris
With the warm wind in her hair.

Shel Silverstein

The Bear, The Fire, And The Snow

'I live in fear of the snow,' said the bear.
'Whenever it's here, be sure I'll be there.
Oh, the pain and the cold,
when one's bearish and old.
I live in fear of the snow.'

'I live in fear of the fire,' said the snow.
'Whenever it comes then it's time I must go.
with its yellow lick flames
leaping higher and higher,
I live in fear of the fire.'

'I live in fear of the river,' said the fire.
'It can drown all my flames anytime it desires,
and the thought of the wet
makes me sputter and shiver.
I live in fear of the river.'

'I live in fear of the bear,' said the river.
'It can lap me right up, don't you know?'
While a mile away
you can hear the bear say,
'I live in fear of the snow.'

Shel Silverstein

The Boa Constrictor Song

I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor
a Boa Constrictor, a Boa Constrictor
I'm being swallowed by a Boa Constrictor
and I don't - like snakes - one bit!
Oh no, he swallowed my toe.
Oh gee, he swallowed my knee.
Oh fiddle, he swallowed my middle.
Oh what a pest, he swallowed my chest.
Oh heck, he swallowed my neck.
Oh, dread, he swallowed my - (BURP)

Shel Silverstein

The Bridge

This bridge will only take you halfway there
To those mysterious lands you long to see:
Through gypsy camps and swirling Arab fairs
And moonlit woods where unicorns run free.
So come and walk awhile with me and share
The twisting trails and wondrous worlds I've known.
But this bridge will only take you halfway there-
The last few steps you'll have to take alone.

Shel Silverstein

The Dragon Of Grindly Grun

I'm the Dragon of Grindly Grun,
I breathe fire as hot as the sun.
When a knight comes to fight
I just toast him on sight,
Like a hot crispy cinnamon bun.

When I see a fair damsel go by,
I just sigh a fiery sigh,
And she'd baked like a 'tater-
I think of her later
With a romantic tear in my eye.

I'm the Dragon of Grindly Grun,
But my lunches aren't very much fun,
For I like my damsels medium rare,
and they always come out well done.

Shel Silverstein

The Generals

Said General Clay to General Gore,
'Oh must we fight this silly war?
To kill and die is such a bore.'
'I quite agree,' said General Gore.
Said General Gore to General Clay,
'We could go to the beach today
And have some ice cream on the way.'
'A grand idea,' said General Clay.
Said General Gore to General Clay,
'But what if the sea is closed today?
And what if the sand's been blown away?'
'A dreadful thought,' said General Clay.
Said General Gore to General Clay,
'I've always feared the ocean's spray,
And we may drown!' 'It's true, we may.
It chills my blood,' said General Clay.
Said General Clay to General Gore,
'My bathing suit is slightly tore.
We'd better go on with our war.'
'I quite agree,' said General Gore.
Then General Clay charged General Gore
As bullets flew and cannons roared.
And now, alas! there is no more
Of General Clay or General Gore.

Shel Silverstein

The Giving Tree

Once there was a tree....
and she loved a little boy.
And everyday the boy would come
and he would gather her leaves
and make them into crowns
and play king of the forest.
He would climb up her trunk
and swing from her branches
and eat apples.
And they would play hide-and-go-seek.
And when he was tired,
he would sleep in her shade.
And the boy loved the tree....
very much.
And the tree was happy.
But time went by.
And the boy grew older.
And the tree was often alone.
Then one day the boy came to the tree
and the tree said, 'Come, Boy, come and
climb up my trunk and swing from my
branches and eat apples and play in my
shade and be happy.'
'I am too big to climb and play' said
the boy.
'I want to buy things and have fun.
I want some money?'
'I'm sorry,' said the tree, 'but I
have no money.
I have only leaves and apples.
Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in
the city. Then you will have money and
you will be happy.'
And so the boy climbed up the
tree and gathered her apples
and carried them away.
And the tree was happy.
But the boy stayed away for a long time....
and the tree was sad.

And then one day the boy came back
and the tree shook with joy
and she said, 'Come, Boy, climb up my trunk
and swing from my branches and be happy.'
'I am too busy to climb trees,' said the boy.
'I want a house to keep me warm,' he said.
'I want a wife and I want children,
and so I need a house.
Can you give me a house ?'
' I have no house,' said the tree.
'The forest is my house,
but you may cut off
my branches and build a
house. Then you will be happy.'

And so the boy cut off her branches
and carried them away
to build his house.
And the tree was happy.
But the boy stayed away for a long time.
And when he came back,
the tree was so happy
she could hardly speak.
'Come, Boy,' she whispered,
'come and play.'
'I am too old and sad to play,'
said the boy.
'I want a boat that will
take me far away from here.
Can you give me a boat?'
'Cut down my trunk
and make a boat,' said the tree.
'Then you can sail away...
and be happy.'
And so the boy cut down her trunk
and made a boat and sailed away.
And the tree was happy
... but not really.

And after a long time
the boy came back again.
'I am sorry, Boy,'

said the tree,' but I have nothing
left to give you -
My apples are gone.'
'My teeth are too weak
for apples,' said the boy.
'My branches are gone,'
said the tree. ' You
cannot swing on them - '
'I am too old to swing
on branches,' said the boy.
'My trunk is gone, ' said the tree.
'You cannot climb - '
'I am too tired to climb' said the boy.
'I am sorry,' sighed the tree.
'I wish that I could give you something....
but I have nothing left.
I am just an old stump.
I am sorry....'
'I don't need very much now,' said the boy.
'just a quiet place to sit and rest.
I am very tired.'
'Well,' said the tree, straightening
herself up as much as she could,
'well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting
Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest.'
And the boy did.
And the tree was happy.

Shel Silverstein

The Great Conch Train Robbery

'Twas sunset down in old Key West
The locals all were high.
The tourists snapped their photographs
And munched their Key Lime pie.
And meanwhile down at Sloppy Joe's
The drinks were standin' tall
With Buffett on the jukebox
And Hemingway on the wall.

Then up spoke Sam the Shrimper:
He said, 'I've been a shrimper all my life.
My daddy was a shrimper
And my mom's a shrimper's wife.
And I'm tired of bein' a shrimper
Cuz a shrimper's life's too tame
So I'm gonna ride the Conch Train, boys,
And be like Jesse James.
Gonna be like Jesse James, boy...
Gonna be like Jesse James.
Case you didn't hear me the first three times...
Gonna be like Jesse James.'

Now the Conch Train is a tourist toy
That rolls through Key West Town
Like some weird ride from Disneyland
It drives the tourists round and round
While the engineer on her P.A.
Points out all the sites
'Well, Tennessee did you-know-what
To you-know-who that night.'

'The tourists all have money', said Sam
'Their wives all have rings of gold.
Their mopeds all are pawnable.
Their cameras can be sold.
And think of all the glory, boys,
The money and the fame
To be the first and only man
To rob the Key West Train.'

Now the engineer of the Conch Train
Her name was Betsy Wright.
She drove the Conch Train all day long
And loved Shrimper Sam all night.
And with some sweet persuasion,
She agreed to join the game:
She'd slow it down and flag the lad
And let him ride the train.

The conch train made its turn
Down the Smathers Pitch
When Shrimper Sam with a snorkle eye
Leaped naked from the sea.
His fillet knife was in his hand.
He jumped aboard the train.
'Give up your bucks, you tourist schmucks.
I'm Key West Jesse James.
I'm Key West Jesse James, boy...
Key West Jesse James...
Case you didn't hear me the first three times...
I'm Key West Jesse James.'

Now unbeknownst to Shrimper Sam
In the third car from the rear,
Sat Kelso Bolls from Muscle Shoals,
An American Legioneer.
He was a redneck of respect
And a marksman of reknown.
From under his fat
He drew a Gat,
And shot the shrimper down.

Now the first time that he shot poor Sam,
Sam groaned and clutched his side.
The second time that he shot poor Sam,
Sam fell to his knees and cried.
And the third time that he shot poor Sam,
You could see in both their eyes
Lash LaRue and Randolph Scott
Beneath the Western skies.

We laid poor Sam upon the sand
And we lifted up his head.
We listened close to hear the words
The dying shrimper said.
He said, 'Boys, you know I had my chance
But I went and botched the job,
But how can a boy named Jesse James
Without a train to rob?'
Then Kelso Bolls took off his hat
And the tears streamed down his face.
He said, 'Son, I know just how you feel.
This world's a changin' place'.
When history is written,
Uh... they won't recall our names,
But I only got to play Pat Garrett
Cuz you played Jesse James.

We buried Sam in the southernmost sands
Close by the southernmost waves
Where sweet Betsy Wright
Cries tears every night
Onto his southernmost grave.
And on his tombstone say the words
'Stick to your own game.
And if you are a shrimper,
Do not try to rob a train.'

Shel Silverstein

The Homework Machine

The Homework Machine,
Oh, the Homework Machine,
Most perfect
contraption that's ever been seen.
Just put in your homework, then drop in a dime,
Snap on the switch, and in ten seconds' time,
Your homework comes out, quick and clean as can be.
Here it is— 'nine plus four?' and the answer is 'three.'
Three?
Oh me . . .
I guess it's not as perfect
As I thought it would be.

Shel Silverstein

The Hunter

I have fought against the poodle with his gory, deadly paws;
I have faced the fearsome kitten, wild and bony,
And somehow I've evaded the enormous chomping jaws
Of the frighteningly ferocious Shetland pony.

My triumph o'er the rabbit is now sung throughout the land,
And men still speak in whispers of the day
When, attacked by twelve mosquitoes, with my one unwounded hand,
I killed nine of them and dove the rest away.

I have faced the housefly in his lair, I have stalked the ladybug
And the caterpillar, grim and fierce and hairy;
That trophy there is bumblebee, and this, my favourite rug,
Has been fashioned from the hide of a canary.

I have dove into the ocean to do combat with a shrimp,
I have dared the hen to come on out and fight;
I have battled with the butterfly (that's why I have this limp),
And I slew a monstrous grubworm just last night.

But this evening I must sally forth to meet the savage moth,
And if I don't come back in time for tea,
You shall know that I fell gallantly, as gallantly I fought
So please be gentle when you speak of me.

Shel Silverstein

The Land Of Happy

Have you been to the land of happy,
Where everyone's happy all day,
Where they joke and they sing
Of the happiest things,
And everything's jolly and gay?
There's no one unhappy in Happy
There's laughter and smiles galore.
I have been to The Land of Happy-
What a bore

Shel Silverstein

The Little Boy And The Old Man

Said the little boy, 'Sometimes I drop my spoon.'
Said the old man, 'I do that too.'
The little boy whispered, 'I wet my pants.'
'I do that too,' laughed the little old man.
Said the little boy, 'I often cry.'
The old man nodded, 'So do I.'
'But worst of all,' said the boy, 'it seems
Grown-ups don't pay attention to me.'
And he felt the warmth of a wrinkled old hand.
'I know what you mean,' said the little old man.

Shel Silverstein

The Loser

Mama said I'd lose my head
if it wasn't fastened on.
Today I guess it wasn't
'cause while playing with my cousin
it fell off and rolled away
and now it's gone.

And I can't look for it
'cause my eyes are in it,
and I can't call to it
'cause my mouth is on it
(couldn't hear me anyway
'cause my ears are on it),
can't even think about it
'cause my brain is in it.
So I guess I'll sit down
on this rock
and rest for just a minute...

Shel Silverstein

The Meehoo With An Exactlywatt

Knock knock!
Who's there?
Me!
Me who?

That's right!
What's right?
Meehoo!
That's what I want to know!

What's what you want to know?
Me, who?
Yes, exactly!
Exactly what?
Yes, I have an Exactlywatt on a chain!

Exactly what on a chain?
Yes!
Yes what?
No, Exactlywatt!

That's what I want to know!
I told you - Exactlywatt!
Exactly what?
Yes!
Yes what?

Yes, it's with me!
What's with you?
Exactlywatt - that's what's with me.
Me who?
Yes!

Go away!
Knock knock...

The Monkey

1 little monkey
was goin' 2 the store
when he saw a banana 3
he'd never climbed be4.
By 5 o'clock that evenin'
he was 6 with a stomach ache
'cause 7 green bananas
was what that monkey 8.

By 9 o'clock that evenin'
that monkey was quite ill,
so 10 we called the doctor
who was 11 on the hill.
The doctor said, 'You're almost dead.
Don't eat green bananas no more.'
The sick little monkey groaned and said,
'But that's what I 1-2 the 3-4.'

Shel Silverstein

The Nap Taker

No - I did not take a nap -
The nap - took - me
off the bed and out the window
far beyond the sea,
to a land where sleepy heads
read only comic books
and lock their naps in iron safes
so that they can't get took.

And soon as I came to that land,
I also came to grief.
The people pointed at me, shouting,
'Where's the nap, you thief?'
They took me to the courthouse.
The judge put on his cap.
He said, 'My child, you are on trial
for taking someone's nap.

'Yes, all you selfish children,
you think just of yourselves
and don't care if the nap you take
belongs to someone else.
It happens that the nap you took
without a thought or care
belongs to Bonnie Bowlingbrook,
who's sittin' cryin' there.

'She hasn't slept in quite some time -
just see her eyelids flap.
She's tired drowsy - cranky too,
'cause guess who took her nap?'
The jury cried, 'You're guilty, yes,
you're guilty as can be.
But just return the nap you took
And we might set you free.'

'I did not take that nap,' I cried,
'I give my solemn vow,
and if I took it by mistake

I do not have it now.'

'Oh fiddle-fudge,' cried out the judge,
your record looks quite sour.
Last night I see you stole a kiss,
Last week you took a shower,

'You beat your eggs, you've whipped your cream,
at work you punched the clock,
You've even killed an hour or two,
we've heard you darn your socks.
We know you shot a basketball,
you've stolen second base,
and we can see you're guilty
from the sleep that's on your face.

'Go lie down on your blanket now
and cry your guilty tears.
I sentence you to one long nap
for ninety million years.
And when the other children see
this nap that never ends,
no child will ever dare to take
somebody's nap again.'

Shel Silverstein

The Oak And The Rose

An oak tree and a rosebush grew,
Young and green together,
Talking the talk of growing things-
Wind and water and weather.
And while the rosebush sweetly bloomed
The oak tree grew so high
That now it spoke of newer things-
Eagles, mountain peaks and sky.
'I guess you think you're pretty great,'
The rose was heard to cry,
Screaming as loud as it possibly could
To the treetop in the sky.
'And now you have no time for flower talk,
Now that you've grown so tall.'
'It's not so much that I've grown,' said the tree,
'It's just that you've stayed so small.'

Shel Silverstein

The Perfect Wave

Dave McGunn was a surfin' bum, half-crazed by the blazin' sun.
From Waikiki to the Bering Sea, he rode 'em one by one.
Now he hung offshore 'bout a mile or more, out where the dolphins played,
And his wild eyes gleamed as he schemed and dreamed
To ride the perfect wave.

Oh, ride the perfect wave, Dave, ride the perfect wave.
If you wait it out and you don't sell out, you may ride
The perfect wave.

He crouched in the spray and he waited all day till the sun gave way to the
moon,
And his legs grew cold and he grew old and wrinkled like a prune.
And the years rolled by and the surf broke high and the 40-foot breakers
sprayed.
But he sneered at 'em all, sayin', 'Too damn small; I'm waitin'
For the perfect wave.'

He was sleepin' on his board when he woke to a roar as thunder shook the sea.
'Twas the dreaded California quake of 1973.
And he stared at the reef in disbelief, then paddled with tremblin' hands
As a monstrous crashin' tidal wave came roarin' 'cross the land.

It was 12 miles high and it filled the sky, the color of boilin' blood.
And cities fell beneath its swell and mountains turned to mud.
Its deadly surf engulfed the earth and left not a thing alive.
And high on the tip with a smile on his lip was Davey hangin' five.
He hit the top of the Golden Gate at a thousand miles an hour,
Over the top of the Empire State and the tip of the Eiffel Tower.
And as he wiped out, you could hear him shout as he plunged to a watery grave,
'Hey hi dee hi, I'm glad to die -- I've rode
The perfect wave.'

Shel Silverstein

The Sitter

Mrs. McTwitter was the baby-sitter
I think she's a little bit crazy.
She thinks a baby-sitter's supposed
To sit upon the baby.

Shel Silverstein

The Toucan

Tell me who can
Catch a toucan?
Lou can.

Just how few can
Ride the toucan?
Two can.

What kind of goo can
Stick you to the toucan?
Glue can.

Who can write some
More about the toucan?
You can!

Shel Silverstein

The Unicorn

A long time ago, when the earth was green
and there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen,
and they run around free while the world was bein' born,
and the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

There was green alligators and long-neck geese.
There was humpy bumpy camels and chimpanzees.
There was catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

But the Lord seen some sinnin', and it caused him pain.
He says, 'Stand back, I'm gonna make it rain.'
He says, 'Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell ya whatcha do.
Go and build me a floatin' zoo.

And you take two alligators and a couple of geese,
two humpy bumpy camels and two chimpanzees.
Take two catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born,
Noah, don't you forget my Unicorn.'

Now Noah was there, he answered the callin'
and he finished up the ark just as the rain was fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two,
and he called out as they went through,

'Hey Lord, I got your two alligators and your couple of geese,
your humpy bumpy camels and your chimpanzees.
Got your catsandratsandelephants - but Lord, I'm so forlorn
'cause I just don't see no Unicorn.'

O! Noah looked out through the drivin' rain
but the Unicorns were hidin', playin' silly games.
They were kickin' and splashin' in the misty morn,
oh them silly Unicorn.

The the goat started goatin', and the snake started snakin',
the elephant started elephantin', and the boat started shaking'.
The mouse started squeakin', and the lion started roarin',
and everyone's abourd but the Unicorn.

I mean the green alligators and the long-neck geese,
the humpy bumpy camels and the chimpanzees.
Noah cried, 'Close the door 'cause the rain is pourin' -
and we just can't wait for them Unicorn.'

Then the ark started movin', and it drifted with the tide,
and the Unicorns looked up from the rock and cried.
And the water come up and sort of floated them away -
that's why you've never seen a Unicorn to this day.

You'll see a lot of alligators and a whole mess of geese.
You'll see humpy bumpy camels and lots of chimpanzees.
You'll see catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
you're never gonna see no Unicorn

Shel Silverstein

The Voice

There is a voice inside of you
that whispers all day long,
'I feel that this is right for me,
I know that this is wrong.'
No teacher, preacher, parent, friend
or wise man can decide
what's right for you - just listen to
the voice that speaks inside.

Shel Silverstein

The Winner

The hulk of a man with a beer in his hand looked like a drunk old fool,
And I knew that if I hit him right, I could knock him off that stool.
But everybody said, 'Watch out, that's Tiger Man McCool.
He's had a whole lot of fights, and he always come out the winner.
Yeah, he's a winner.'

But I'd had myself about five too many, and I walked up tall and proud,
I faced his back and I faced the fact that he'd never stooped or bowed.
I said, 'Tiger Man, you're a pussycat,' and a hush fell on the crowd,
I said, 'Let's you and me go outside and see who's the winner'

Well, he gripped the bar with one big hairy hand and he braced against the wall,
He slowly looked up from his beer....my God, that man was tall.
He said, 'Boy, I see you're a scrapper, so just before you fall,
I'm gonna tell you just a little what a means to be a winner.'

He said, 'You see these bright white smilin' teeth, you know they ain't my own.
Mine rolled away like Chiclets down a street in San Antone.
But I left that person cursin', nursin' seven broken bones.
And he only broke three of mine, and that make me a winner.'

He said, 'Behind his grin, I got a steel pin that holds my jaw in place.
A trophy of my most successful motorcycle race.
And every mornin' when I wake and touch this scar across my face,
It reminds me of all I got by bein' a winner.'

Now my broken back was the dyin' act of handsome Harry Clay
That sticky Cincinnatti night I stole his wife away.
But that woman, she gets uglier and meaner every day.
But I got her, boy, and that's what makes me a winner.

You gotta speak loud when you challenge me, son, 'cause it's hard for me to hear
With this twisted neck and these migraine pains and this cauliflower ear.
'N' if it weren't for this glass eye of mine, I'd shed a happy tear
To think of all you'll get by bein' a winner.

I got arthritic elbows, boy, I got dislocated knees,
From pickin' fights with thunderstorms and chargin' into trees.
And my nose been broke so often I might lose it if I sneeze.

And, son, you say you still wanna be a winner?

My spine is short three vertebrae and my hip is screwed together.
My ankles warn me every time there'll be a change in weather.
Guess I kicked too many asses, and when the kicks all get together,
They sure can slow you down when you're a winner.

My knuckles are so swollen I can hardly make a fist.
Who would have thought old Charlie had a blade taped to his wrist?
And my blind eye's where he cut me, and my good eye's where he missed.
Yeah, you lose a couple of things when you're a winner.

My head is just a bunch of clumps and lumps and bumps and scars
From chargin' broken bottles and buttin' crowded bars.
And this hernia, well, it only proves a man can't lift a car.
But you're expected to do it all when you're a winner.

Got a steel plate inside my skull, underneath this store-bought hair.
My pelvis is aluminum from takin' ladies' dares.
And if you had a magnet, son, you could lift me off my chair.
I'm a man of steel, but I'm rustin', what a winner.

I got a perforated ulcer, I got strictures and incisions.
My prostate's barely holdin' up from those all-night collisions.
And I'll have to fight two of you because of my double vision.
You're lookin' sick, son, that ain't right for a winner.

Winnin' that last stock-car race cost me my favorite toes.
Winnin' that factory foreman's job, it browned and broke my nose.
And these hemorrhoids come from winnin' all them goddamn rodeos.
Sometimes it's a pain in the butt to be a winner.

In the war, I got the Purple Heart, that's why my nerves are gone.
And I ruined my liver in drinkin' contests, which I always won.
And I should be retired now, rockin' on my lawn,
But you losers keep comin' on, makin' me a winner.

When I walk, you can hear my pelvis rattle, creak and crack
From my great Olympic Hump-Off with that nymphomaniac,
After which I spent the next six weeks in traction on my back,
While whe walked off smilin', leavin' me the winner.

Now, as I kick in your family jewels, you'll notice my left leg drags,
And this jacket's kinda padded up where my right shoulder sags,
And there's a special part of me I keep in this paper bag,
And I'll show it to you, if you want to see all of the winner.

So I never play the violin and I seldom dance or ski.
They say there never was a hero brave and strong as me.
But when you're this year's hero, son, you're next year's used-to-be.
And that's the facts of life, when you're a winner.

Now, you remind me a lot of my younger days with your knuckles clenchin'
white.

But, boy, I'm gonna sit right here and sip this beer all night.
And if there's somethin' you gotta prove by winnin' some silly fight,
Well, OK, I quit, I lose, son, you're the winner.'

So I stumbled from that barroom not so tall and not so proud,
And behind me I could hear the hoots of laughter from the crowd.
But my eyes still see and my nose still works and my teeth are still in my mouth.
And y'know...I guess that makes me...a winner.

Shel Silverstein

The Worlds Greatest Smoke Off

In the laid back California town of sunny San Raphael
Lived a girl named Pearly Sweetcake,
You probably knew her well
She was stoned 15 of her 18 years
And her story was widely told,
That she could smoke 'em faster
Than any dude could roll

Well her legend finally reached New York
That grove street walk up flat
Where dwelt the Calistoge Kid,
a beatnik from the past
He'd been rolling dope since time began
And he took a cultured toke and said
'Jim, I can rollem faster than any chick can smoke'

So a note gets sent to San Raphael
For the Championship of the World
The Kid demands a smoke off
'Well bring him on' sayz Pearl
'I'll grind his fingers off his hands,
he'll roll until he drops'
Sayz Calistoge 'I'll smoke that chick 'til she blows up and pops'

So they rent out Yankee Stadium
And the word is quickly spread
Come one come all, who walk or crawl
Tickets just two lids a hit
And from every town in Hamlet
Over land and sea they speed
The Worlds greatest dopers
With the Worlds greatest weed

Hashishes from Morocco
Hemp smokers from Peru
And the Shashnicks from Bagoon, who smoke the deadly Pugaroo
And those who call it 'Light of Life'
And those that call it 'Boo'

See the dealers and their ladies
Wearing turquoise, lace, and leather
See the narcos and the closet smokers
Puffing all together
From the teenies who smoke legal
To the ones who've done some time
To the old man who smoked reefer, back before it was a crime

And the 'Grand Old House That Ruth Built'
Is filled with the smokes and cries
Of 50,000 screamin' heads, all stoned out of their minds
And they play the National Anthem
And the crowd lets out a roar
As the spotlight hits the Kid and Pearl
Ready for their smokin' warrrrr...

At a table piled up high with grass, high as a mountain peak
Just tops and buds of the rarest flowers
Not one stem, branch or seed
I mean a Maui, a Wowie, a Panama Red, Alcopoco Gold

Shel Silverstein

They Held Me Down

It was Sat night at the slammer the gavel was falling like a hammer
As they dragged in every freak from off the road
One by one they entered the cell and the stories that they had to tell
Were all different but all seemed to end on the very same note
They held me down and put it on my nose they even sprinkled a little bit on my
clothes
Yeah I know what you're thinkin' but I ain't one of those
No they held me down and put it in my nose
This wino in the corner got up and shook himself out
He said wWell they held me down and poured it down my throat
That's what they did
They even planted the bottle in my coat anybody want some
Yeah... the reason why my pants so wet yes they pushed me off the boat
After they held me down and poured it down my throat
And this chick in the next cell she said I heard you guys talking
And let me tell you something he held me down and he put it you know where
Ohhhh... I told him I was a virgin but he didn't care noooo the pig
Ahhhh you see his wallet's in my purse what's it doing there
He held me down and put it you know where
And then this cat got up well he half got up
He lifted his head and ae said hey man hey held me down and they put it in my
vein
They even held a pistol to my brain or I wouldn'ta done it
Ohhh.. these scars on my arms are where I crashed through the window pane
Tryin' to get awaaaaaaaaay when they held me down and put it in my vein
And then this cat.. a rollie-eyed cat in a raincoat and shoes
And the bottom of his pants were cut off at the knees he said
She held me down and put it in my face
Oh the disgrace
And that's the fact on which I'm gonna base my case
She was overweight and underage and we was at my place
But she held me down and put it in my face
They held me down and made me write this song

Shel Silverstein

They've Put A Brassiere On A Camel

They've put a brassiere on a camel,
She wasn't dressed proper, you know.
They've put a brassiere on a camel,
So that her humps wouldn't show.
And they're making other respectable plans,
They're even even insisting the pigs should wear pants,
They'll dress up the ducks if we give them the chance
Since they've put a brassiere on a camel.
They've put a brassiere on a camel,
They claim she's more decent that way.
They've put a brassiere on a camel,
The camel had nothing to say.
They squeezed her into it, i'll never know how,
They say that she looks more respectable now,
Lord knows what they've got in mind for the cow,
Since they've put a brassiere on a camel.

Shel Silverstein

Three-Legged Man

Well now friends you'll never guess it so I really must confess it
I just met the sweetest woman of my long dismal life.
But a friend of mine said, 'Buddy, just in case your mind is muddy,
Don't you know that girl you're fooling with is Peg-Leg Johnson's wife.
And that man is big and rough and mean and grim,
And he'll brain you with his artificial limb.
But next morning bright and early I stole old Peg-Leg's girly,
And I also took his wooden leg just to play it safe.
But there weren't no time for laughter 'cause he started hopping after,
And I keep on running faster but he won't give up the chase.
And I'm running through the mountain with his bride,
And I got his wooden leg here by my side.
I'm a three-legged man with a two-legged woman
Being chased cross country by a one-legged fool.
Though he's huffing and he's puffing and he shows no sign of stopping,
I tell you, boys, this life is hard and cruel.
'Cross the deserts and the valleys and the dark Chicago alleys
'Cross the mighty Mississippi to the hills of Caroline.
Through the mountains of Montana and the swamps of Louisiana
Everytime that I look back he's JUST one foot behind.
And I know he must be cold and wet and sick,
But in spite of all his woes he can kick.
Now he's ragged and he's filthy, and I'm feeling mighty guilty
'Specially in the evenings when I hear him plead and beg.
He says 'In spite of all your stealing friend, I bear you no hard feelings.
You can keep that darned old woman but please give me back my leg.'
'Cause although the one you meant to take was wooden
In the dark by mistake you took my good'un.

Shel Silverstein

Thumbs

Oh, the thumb-sucker's thumb
May look wrinkled and wet
And withered, and white as the snow,
But the taste of a thumb Is the sweetest taste yet
(As only we thumb-suckers know).

Shel Silverstein

Thumbsucker

I met her on a corner in Duluth
(That's the truth.)
She was tryin' to fix her shoe in a telephone booth
(Her name was Ruth.)
She said she was just waiting for a bus
But I hid my thumb cause I knew just what she was,
And I ain't gonna let no thumbsucker suck my thumb.
It'll drive you crazy and leave you deaf and dumb.
It'll make you crawl and climb the wall
Leave you without no thumb at all.
So I ain't gonna let no thumbsucker suck my thumb.

I'll tell you what them thumbsuckers like to do.
They suck your thumb till it's wrinkled like a prune
They'll say you've got the sweetest thumb of all
But then they suck the thumb of the guy livin' down the hall
That's why I ain't gonna let no thumbsucker suck my thumb

(etc. . . etc. . . until finally giving in.)

Shel Silverstein

Ticklish Tom

Did you hear 'bout Ticklish Tom?
He got tickled by his mom.
Wiggled and giggled and fell on the floor,
Laughed and rolled right out the door.
All the way to school and then
He got tickled by his friends.
Laughed till he fell off his stool,
Laughed and rolled right out of school
Down the stairs and finally stopped
Till he got tickled by a cop.
And all the more that he kept gigglin',
All the more folks kept ticklin'.
He shrieked and screamed and rolled around,
Laughed his way right out of town.
Through the country down the road,
He got tickled by a toad.
Past the mountains across the plain,
Tickled by the falling rain,
Tickled by the soft brown grass,
Tickled by the clouds that passed.
Giggling, rolling on his back
He rolled on the railroad track.
Rumble, rumble, whistle, roar-
Tom ain't ticklish any more.

Shel Silverstein

Time

Ain't the snow fallin' just a bit deeper these days
Aren't they building the stairs a bit steeper these days
And the town's really changin' in so many ways time time time

The young folks they're growin' exceptionally tall
And the newspaper print it's becomin' quite small
And folks speak so softly you can hardly hear at all time time time

The jokes don't seem as witty as the old jokes once were
And the girls are half as pretty as I remember her
And today you know in the park a young man called me sir time time time

Yeah I'm not quite as anxious for fame or success
And my eye finds the girl in the plain quiet dress
And I cling a bit longer to each warm caress time time time

So I breathe a bit heavy when I climb a hill
What of it my life now is really much more fulfilled
But they're tearin' down the building that I watched them build
Time time time time time time time

Shel Silverstein

Tryin' On Clothes

I tried on the farmer's hat,
Didn't fit...

A little too small - just a bit
Too floppy.

Couldn't get used to it,
Took it off.

I tried on the dancer's shoes,
A little too loose.

Not the kind you could use
for walkin'.

Didn't feel right in 'em,
Kicked 'em off.

I tried on the summer sun,
Felt good.

Nice and warm - knew it would.
Tried the grass beneath bare feet,
Felt neat.

Finally, finally felt well dressed,
Nature's clothes fit me best.

Shel Silverstein

Turkey?

Only ate one drumstick
At the picnic dance this summer,
Just one little drumstick--
They say I couldn't be dumber.
One tough and skinny drumstick,
Why was that such a bummer?
But everybody's mad at me,
Especially the drummer.

Shel Silverstein

Twistable Turnable Man

He's the Twistable Turnable Squeezable Pullable
Stretchable Foldable Man.

He can crawl in your pocket or fit your locket
Or screw himself into a twenty-volt socket,
Or stretch himself up to the steeple or taller,
Or squeeze himself into a thimble or smaller,
Yes he can, course he can,

He's the Twistable Turnable Squeezable Pullable
Stretchable Shrinkable Man.

And he lives a passable life
With his Squeezable Lovable Kissable Hugable
Pullable Tugable Wife.

And they have two twistable kids
Who bend up the way that they did.

And they turn and they stretch

Just as much as they can

For this Bendable Foldable

Do-what-you're-toldable

Easily moldable

Buy-what you're-soldable

Washable Mendable

Highly Dependable

Buyable Saleable

Always available

Bounceable Shakeable

Almost unbreakable

Twistable Turnable Man.

Shel Silverstein

Ugliest Man In Town

Handsome guys get girls that are pretty
Other guys make it cause they're clever and witty
But the only love I ever got I got out of pity cause I'm the ugliest man in town
Yeah I drive down the street in a Roys Rolls car
Use hundred dollar bills when I light my cigar
But you know folks that really don't get you very far
When you're the ugliest man in town
There was a note on the doorstep where I was found
Is said this poor child weighs eleven pounds
So bring him up healthy and welthy and sound
Keep his back to the light don't let him turn around
Yeah all you women you're heartless and cold all you want is my silver and gold
Don't you know I've got a beautiful soul though I'm the ugliest man in town
Yeah I'm so ugly I gotta shave in the dark
The kids start to cry when I walk through the park
The clock stop tickin' and dogs start to bark whenever I come around
Oh oh oh I walk down the street the girls all hiss me
If I died tomorrow not one of them would miss me
Only reason they ball me is they can't stand to kiss me
I'm the ugliest man in town oh yeah the ugliest man in town

Shel Silverstein

Vegematic

Fell asleep last night with the TV on,
Oh, what a dream I had.
Dreamed I went and answered ev'ry single
One of those late night mail order ads.
Then four to six weeks later,
Much to my surprise,
The mailman came to my front door
And I couldn't believe my eyes.

He brought the Vegematic
And the Pocket Fisherman, too,
Illuminated, illustrated History of Life
And Box Car Willie with a ginsu knife,
A bamboo steamer and a garden weasel, too,
And a tie dyed day-glow souvenir shirt
From Six Flags Over Burbank.

Well, the doorbell rang all mornin',
All through the afternoon,
And I shook with fright as it rang all night
By the light of the Mastercard moon.
There was Federal Express in the pantry,

Parcel Post in the hall,
COD to the ceiling,
And I just couldn't pay for it all.

I got an egg scrambler
With a seal-a-meal carryin' case,
A set of Presidential Commemorative Plates
So I could eat my eggs off a President's face,
A minute mender
And a needle that'll knit or crochet
And an autographed photograph of Rin Tin Tin
At Six Flags Over Burbank.

Well I know that I was dreamin'
So I gave a mighty cheer
When I awoke, it was no joke

'Cause all that shit was here,
So if you fall asleep with the TV on
Let me tell you what to do.
Rip the telephone out of the wall
Unless you want this to happen to you.

You get Vegematic and the Pocket Fisherman, too,
Illuminated, illustrated History of Life
And Box Car Willie with a ginsu knife,
A bamboo steamer and a garden weasel, too,
And a tie dyed day-glow souvenir shirt
From Six Flags Over Burbank.

(by Steve Goodman, Mike Smith, Shel Silverstein)

Shel Silverstein

Vegetables

Eat a tomato and you'll turn red
(I don't think that's really so);
Eat a carrot and you'll turn orange
(Still and all, you never know);
Eat some spinach and you'll turn green
(I'm not saying that it's true
But that's what I heard, and so
I thought I'd pass it on to you).

Shel Silverstein

Warning

Inside everybody's nose
There lives a shar-toothed snail.
So if youi stick your finger in,
He may bite off your nail.
Stick it farther up inside,
And he may bite your ring off.
Stick it all the way, and he
May bite the whole darn thing off!

Shel Silverstein

Wastebasket Brother

Someone put their baby brother
Under this basket- -
The question is exactly why,
But I'm not going to ask it.
But someone, I ain't sayin' who,
Has got a guilty face,
Ashamed for lettin' such a lovely brother
Go to waste.

Shel Silverstein

Wavy

I thought that I had wavy hair
Until I shaved. Instead,
I find that I have straight hair
And a very wavy head.

Shel Silverstein

Weird-Bird

Birds are flyin' south for winter.
Here's the Weird-Bird headin' north,
Wings a-flappin', beak a-chatterin',
Cold head bobbin' back 'n' forth.
He says, 'It's not that I like ice
Or freezin' winds and snowy ground.
It's just sometimes it's kind of nice
To be the only bird in town.'

Shel Silverstein

Whatif

Last night, while I lay thinking here,
some Whatifs crawled inside my ear
and pranced and partied all night long
and sang their same old Whatif song:
Whatif I'm dumb in school?
Whatif they've closed the swimming pool?
Whatif I get beat up?
Whatif there's poison in my cup?
Whatif I start to cry?
Whatif I get sick and die?
Whatif I flunk that test?
Whatif green hair grows on my chest?
Whatif nobody likes me?
Whatif a bolt of lightning strikes me?
Whatif I don't grow tall?
Whatif my head starts getting smaller?
Whatif the fish won't bite?
Whatif the wind tears up my kite?
Whatif they start a war?
Whatif my parents get divorced?
Whatif the bus is late?
Whatif my teeth don't grow in straight?
Whatif I tear my pants?
Whatif I never learn to dance?
Everything seems well, and then
the nighttime Whatifs strike again!

Shel Silverstein

When She Cries

No one knows my lady when she's lonely
No one sees the fantasies and fears my lady hides
There are those who've shared her love and laughter
But no one hears my lady when she cries...but me
No one hears my lady when she cries
And when she cries she makes you wanna run
And chase the sun and bring it back
To brighten up a corner of her dark and troubled skies
When she cries
She walks barefoot through the misty mornin'
Dreams of golden yesterdays reflectin' in her eyes
But soon the evenin' shadows crowd around her
Frightening my lady till she cries...for me
Frightening my lady, till she cries
You may have seen her lyin' in your lamplight
And if you've heard her whispered words, it comes as no surprise
So be the one she shares her secret smiles with
But send me back my lady when she cries...for me
My lady's gonna need me when she cries

Shel Silverstein

Where The Sidewalk Ends

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
and before the street begins,
and there the grass grows soft and white,
and there the sun burns crimson bright,
and there the moon-bird rests from his flight
to cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
and the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
we shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow
and watch where the chalk-white arrows go
to the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
and we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
for the children, they mark, and the children, they know,
the place where the sidewalk ends.

Shel Silverstein

Who Does She Think She Is....

I asked the Zebra:

Are you black with white stripes?
Or white with black stripes?

And the zebra asked me:

Are you good with bad habits?
Or are you bad with good habits?
Are you noisy with quiet times?
Or are you quiet with noisy times?
Are you happy with some sad days?
Or are you sad with some happy days?
Are you neat with some sloppy ways?
Or are you sloppy with some neat ways?

And on and on and on and on
And on and on he went.

I'll never ask a zebra

About stripes

Again

Shel Silverstein

Who's Taller?

Depends on if the judge is fair,
Depends how high the heels you wear,
Depends on if they count the hair,
Depends if they allow the chair.

Shel Silverstein

Won't You?

Barbara's eyes are blue as azure,
But she is in love with Freddy.
Karen's sweet, but Harry has her.
Gentle Jane is going steady.
Carol hates me. So does May.
Abigail will not be mine.
Nancy lives too far away...
Won't you be my Valentine?

Shel Silverstein

Workin' It Out

Well I've been spendin' my life lookin' for a shoulder
To rest my head when the nights get colder
But the days are gettin' longer and I'm gettin' older
Been long time workin' it out
I been a long time workin' it out I been a long time workin' it out
I been a long time workin' it out I been a long time workin' it out

Now I got a little woman to scrub my floor
Right down the road I got me two or three more
And you know none of them knows about the one next door
I been a long time workin' it out
I been a long time workin' it out...

Well it was late one night when I stole a little money
I bought a couple of things and then gave them to my honey
And the judge said boy if you this that's funny
You got a long time workin' it out
I got a long time workin' it out...
[guitar]
Yeah well I look all around me and what do I see
The whole wide world got trouble like me
Between the taxes the missus and the deep blue sea
You'll be a long time workin' it out
We'll be a long time workin' it out...

Shel Silverstein

Woulda-Coulda-Shoulda

All the Woulda-Coulda-Shouldas
Layin' in the sun,
Talkin' 'bout the things
They woulda coulda shoulda done...
But those Woulda-Coulda-Shouldas
All ran away and hid
From one little Did.

Shel Silverstein

Your Time's Comin'

I knew that she belonged to someone else at the time,
But lonesome-lookin' women are a weakness of mine;
And so I bought that stuff about the love he never gave her,
And I figured I would love her some, and do us both a favor.
But just when I got up to leave, he walked in the door
And I guess I thought he'd be surprised.
He looked at me as if to say, 'I've been here before'
And he offered me this word to the wise:

cho; You know she's a cheater, son
And you think that you're the one
That's got a lot of what it takes to change her;
I've no doubt that you can get her
You ain't much, but that don't matter
Nothin' suits her better than a stranger.

(by Kristofferson, Silverstein)

Shel Silverstein

Yowzah

Well it wasn't too very long ago you know some folks walked with a hi-dee-ho
And other folks walked around kind of low
Sayin' Yowzah and Sho nuff and Yassuh boss
It was ashes to ashes and dust to dust and they didn't believe in makin' a fuss
So they quietly moved to the back of the bus
They just say Yowzah and Sho nuff and Yassuh boss
And when things got rough they did a little prayin'
Little arm wavin' and a little bit of swayin'
Didn't do no good they kept right on a sayin'
Sayin' Yowzah and Sho nuff and Yassuh boss
So they all went out and did a little standin' little less askin' and a lot more
demandin'
Little less liftin' and a little less totin' a lot more thinkin' and a lot more votin'
A lot less hopin' a lot less waitin'
A whole lot more demonstratin' a lot less pearly gate'n'
A lot more fightin' and a lot more walkin' until finally no one at all was talkin'
Like Yowzah and Sho nuff and Yassuh boss
The end of this story is plain to see they finally achieved equality
And now like you and me they can stand up strong and free
And say Yes sir and Of course sir and Anything you say JB

Shel Silverstein