

Shel Silverstein, Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would

Oh Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout would not take the garbage out
She'd wash the dishes and scrub the pans cook the yams and spice the hams
And though her parents 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 and rotten peas chunks of sour cottage cheese
It filled the can it covered the floor it cracked the windows and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones drippy ends of icecream cones
Prone pits peach pits orange peel gloppy glumps of cold oat meal
Pizza crust and withered greens soggy beans and tangerines
Crust of black burned buttered toast gristly bits of beefy roast
The garbage rolled on down the hall it raised the roof it broke the walls
I mean greasy napkins cookie crumbs blobs of gooey bubble gum
Cellophane from old baloney rubber blubbry macaroni
Peanut butter caced and dry curdled off milk and crusts of pie
Ridy melons dried up mustard eggs shells mixed with lemon custard
Cold french fries and rancid meat yellow lumps of cream of wheat
Uuh at last the garbage reached so high that finally it touched the sky
And none of her friends would come to play and all the neighbors moved away
And finally Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout said okay 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 Sahra met an awful fate then I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late
But children remember Sylvia Stout and always take the garbage out