

Shel Silverstein, Peanut Butter Sandwich

(I'll tell you a story of 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)

Now his scepter wand 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 cuz 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 his kingly cake
And told his courtly cook to bake
And nothin' nothin' nothin' but an extra-sticky peanut butter sandwich
And then one day he took a bite 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
Oh 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 against that 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 the 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