

Tori Amos, Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out
She'd scour the pots and scrap 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 pulled up to the ceilings
Coffee grounds, potato peelings
Brown bananas, rottens 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
Prunes pits, peach pits, orange peel
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal
Pizza crusts and withered greens
Soggy beans and tangerines
Crusts of black burned butter toast
Grisly bits of beefy roast
The garbage rolled on down the hall
It raised the roof, it broke the wall
Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs
Glops of gooey bubble gum
Celaphane from green bologna

Rubbery blubbery macaroni
Peanut butter caked and dry
Curdled milk and crusts of pie
Moldy melons, dried up mustard
Egg shells 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
All the neighbors moved away
And none of her friends would come to play
And finally Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Said "Okay, I'll take the garbage out"
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 to late
The children remember Sarah Stout
And always take the yummy garbage out