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 Greesy 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