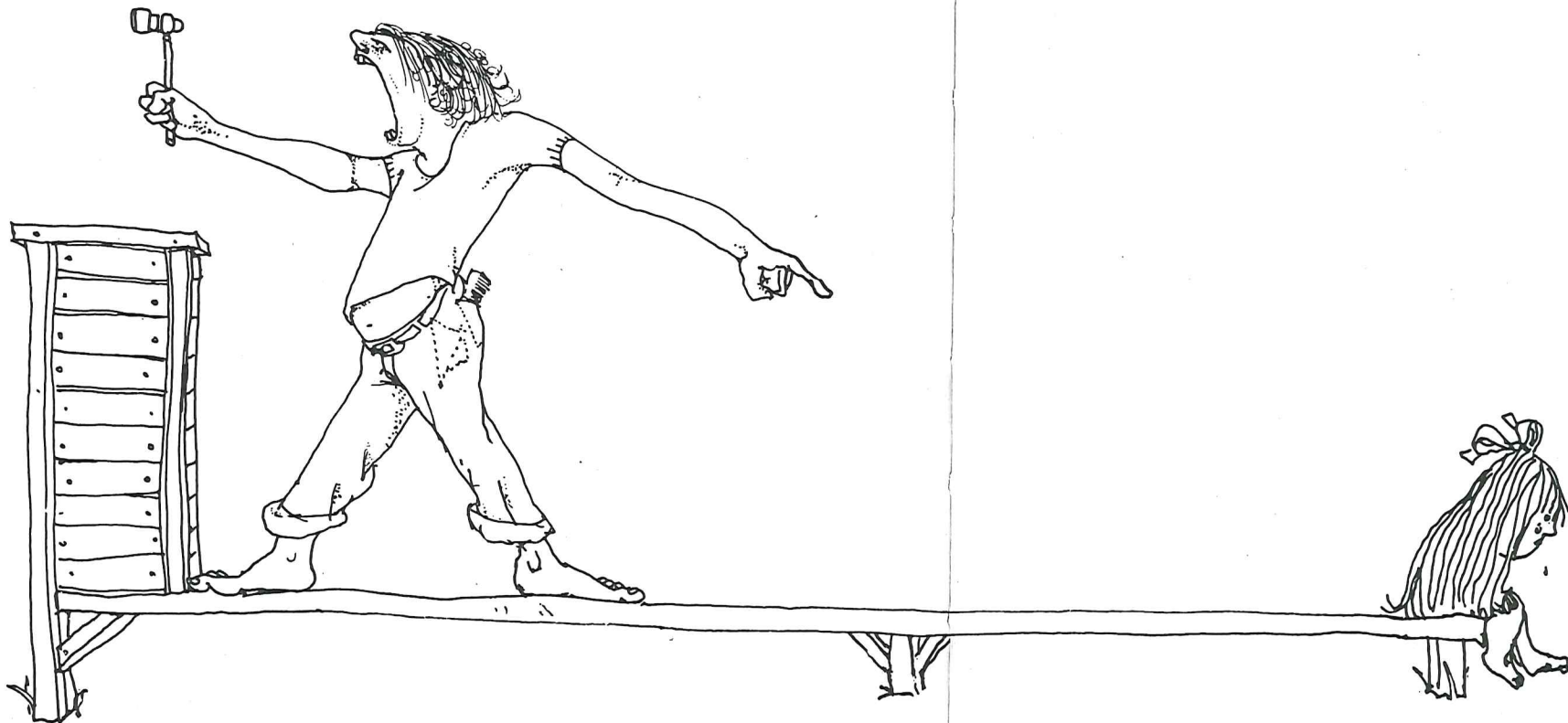


FOR SALE

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 a dollar?
A nickel?
A penny?
Oh, isn't there, isn't there, isn't there any
One kid who will buy this old sister for sale,
This crying and spying young sister for sale?



US

Me and him
Him and me,
We're always together
As you can see.
I wish he'd leave
So I'd be free
I'm getting a little bit
Tired of he,
And he may be a bit
Bored with me.
On movies and ladies
We cannot agree.
I like to dance
He loves to ski.
He likes the mountains
I love the sea.
I like hot chocolate
He wants his tea.
I want to sleep
He has to pee.
He's meaner and duller
And fatter than me.
But I guess there's worse things
We could be—
Instead of two we could be three,
Me and him
Him and me.

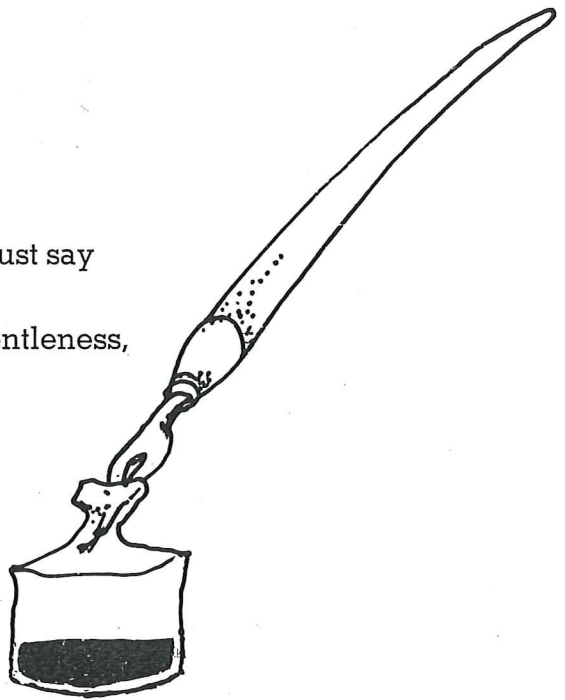


I'M MAKING A LIST

I'm making a list of the things I must say
for politeness,
And goodness and kindness and gentleness,
sweetness and rightness:

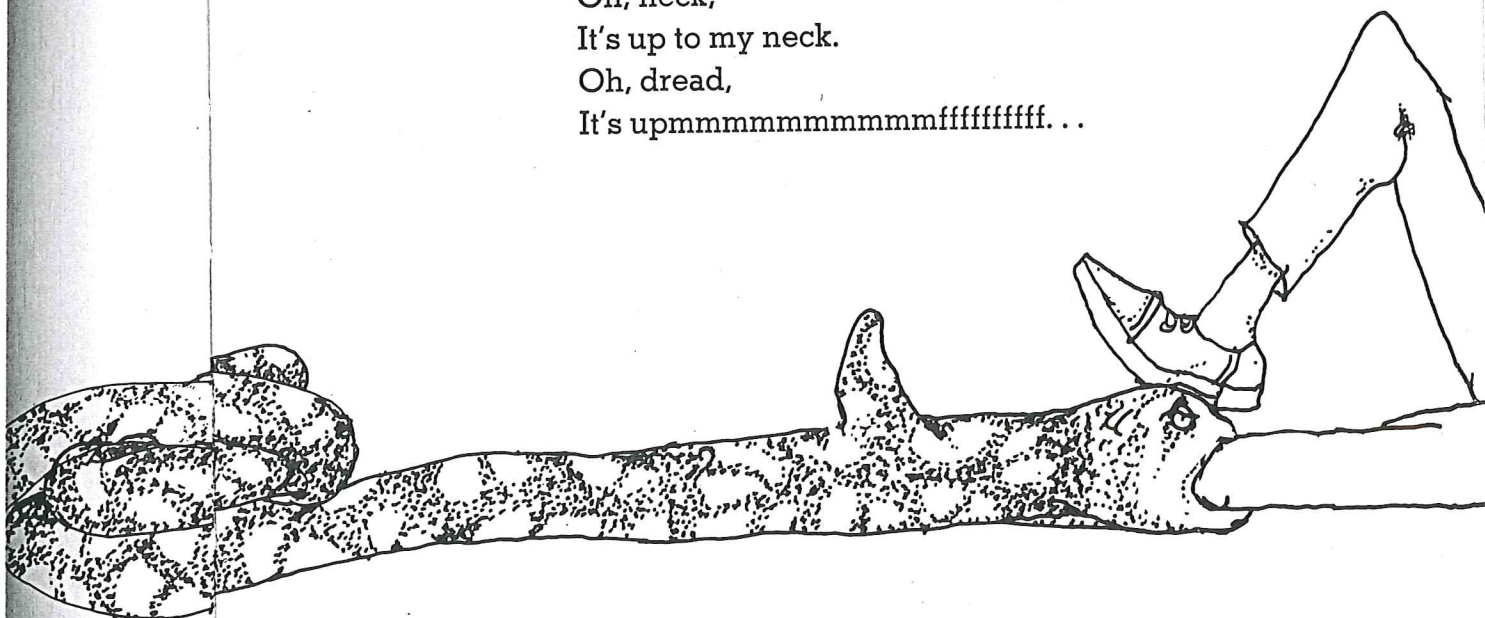
Hello
Pardon me
How are you?
Excuse me
Bless you
May I?
Thank you
Goodbye

If you know some that I've forgot,
please stick them in your eye!



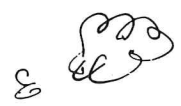
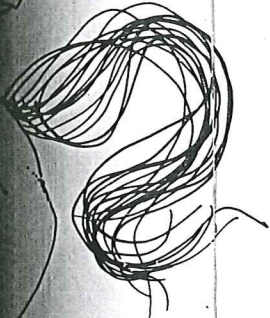
BOA CONSTRICTOR

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...



TRUE STORY

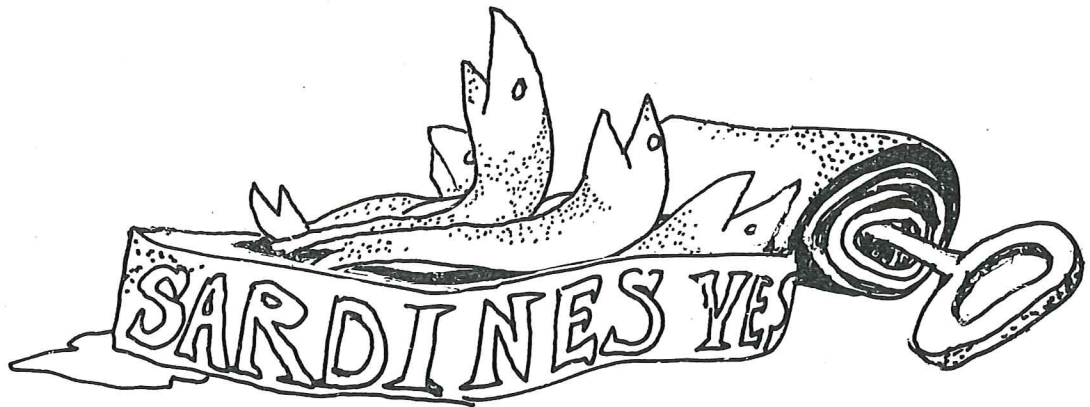
This morning I jumped on my horse
And went out for a ride,
And some wild outlaws chased me
And they shot me in the side.
So I crawled into a wildcat's cave
To find a place to hide,
But some pirates found me sleeping there,
And soon they had me tied
To a pole and built a fire
Under me—I almost cried
Till a mermaid came and cut me loose
And begged to be my bride,
So I said I'd come back Wednesday
But I must admit I lied.
Then I ran into a jungle swamp
But I forgot my guide
And I stepped into some quicksand,
And no matter how I tried
I couldn't get out, until I met
A water snake named Clyde,
Who pulled me to some cannibals
Who planned to have me fried.
But an eagle came and swooped me up
And through the air we flied,
But he dropped me in a boiling lake
A thousand miles wide.
And you'll never guess what I did then—
I DIED.





SLEEPING SARDINES

"I'm tired of eating just beans," says I,
So I opened a can of sardines.
But they started to squeak,
"Hey, we're tryin' to sleep.
We were snuggled up tight
Till you let in the light.
You big silly sap, let us finish our nap.
Now close up the lid!"
So that's what I did. . . .
Will somebody please pass the beans?



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.

Whoosh, swoosh—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.

