

MESSY ROOM

From *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!

His underwear is hanging on the lamp.

His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,

And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.

His workbook is wedged in the window,

His sweater's been thrown on the floor.

His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,

And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.

His books are all jammed in the closet,

His vest has been left in the hall.

A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,

And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!

Donald or Robert or Willie or--

Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,

I knew it looked familiar!

COLORS

*From **Where the Sidewalk Ends** by Shel Silverstein*

My skin is kind of sort of brownish

Pinkish yellowish white.

My eyes are grayish blueish green,

But I'm told they look orange in the night.

My hair is reddish blondish brown,

But it's silver when it's wet.

And all the colors I am inside

Have not been invented yet.

MY ROLES

From *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein

If you want to marry me, here's what you'll have to do:

You must learn how to make a perfect chicken-dumpling stew.

And you must sew my holey socks,

And soothe my troubled mind,

And develop the knack for scratching my back,

And keep my shoes spotlessly shined.

And while I rest you must rake up the leaves,

And when it's hailing and snowing

You must shovel the walk... and be still when I talk,

And—hey—where are you going?

DIRTY FACE

From *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein

Where did you get such a dirty face,

My darling dirty-faced child?

I got it from crawling along in the dirt

And biting two buttons off Jeremy's shirt.

I got it from chewing the roots of a rose

And digging for clams in the yard with my nose.

I got it from peeking into a dark cave

And painting myself like a Navajo brave.

I got it from playing with coal in the bin

And signing my name in cement with my chin.

I got it from rolling around on the rug

And giving the horrible dog a big hug.

I got it from finding a lost silver mine

And eating sweet blackberries right off the vine.

I got it from ice cream and wrestling and tears

And from having more fun than you've had in years.

MONSTERS I'VE MET

*From **Where the Sidewalk Ends** by Shel Silverstein*

I met a ghost, but he didn't want my head,

He only wanted to know the way to Denver.

I met a devil, but he didn't want my soul,

He only wanted to borrow my bike awhile.

I met a vampire, but he didn't want my blood,

He only wanted two nickels for a dime.

I keep meeting all the right people—

At all the wrong times.

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