

Don't Slay That Potato

Tom Paxton

How can you do it? It's heartless, it's cruel.
It's murder, cold-blooded, it's gross.
To slay a poor vegetable just for your stew
Or to serve with some cheese sauce on toast.
Have you no decency? Have you no shame?
Have you no conscience, you cad,
To rip that poor vegetable out of the earth
Away from it's poor mom and dad?

Oh, no, don't slay that potato!
Let us be merciful, please.
Don't boil it or fry it, don't even freeze-dry it.
Don't slice it or flake it.
For God's sake, don't bake it!
Don't shed the poor blood
Of this poor helpless spud.
That's the worst kind of thing you could do.
Oh, no, don't slay that potato
What never done nothing to you!

Why not try picking on something your size
Instead of some carrot or bean?
The peas are all trembling there in their pod
Just because you're so vicious and mean.
How would you like to be grabbed by your hair
And ruthlessly yanked from your bed
And have done to you God knows what horrible things,
To be eaten with full-fiber bread?

It's no bed of roses, this vegetable life.
You're basically stuck in the mud.
You don't get around much. You don't see the sights
When you're a carrot or celery or spud.
You're helpless when somebody's flea-bitten dog
Takes a notion to pause for relief.
Then somebody picks you and cleans you and eats you
And causes you nothing but grief.

There ought to be some way of saving our skins.
They ought to be passing a law.
Just show anybody a cute little lamb
And they'll all stand around and go "Aw!"
Well, potatoes are ugly. Potatoes are plain.
We're wrinkled and lumpy to boot.
But give me a break, kid. Do you mean to say
That you'll eat us because we're not cute?