

When It's Gone, It's Gone

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 its 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?

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Don't slice it or flake it
For God's sake, don't bake it

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Oh, no, don't slay that potato
What never done nothing to you

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

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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?

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