

Early Sunday Morning

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Early Sunday morning
When my parents were asleep
I snuck out of my bedroom
To the kitchen I did creep
I went into the cupboard
And I got some peanut butter
I was oh, so careful
Not to wake my mother
With the sticky icky peanut butter
Stuck to me like fudge
I tried to shake my brother
But Tommy wouldn't budge
When I whispered in his ear
He was still asleep
So I crawled upon his tummy
And I tickled both his feet
First I heard him grumble
And he chased me down the stairs
And grabbed me by the ear lobe
And tried to pull my hair
He hit him in the tummy
And he tried to grab my face
And round and round the house
We both began to chase
I went and got some ice cream
And poured it in his hair
Then he threw an apple at me
So I hit him with a pear
The eggs were hurled across the room
I hid behind the chairs

And Tommy ran right after me
When I ran up the stairs
We were hanging on the curtains
When our parents saw us there
With chocolate on our underwear
And ice cream in our hair
There was chocolate on the couch
And eggs upon the chairs
Tomatoes on the door
There was ketchup on the stairs
Milk spilt on the floor
Curtains ripped and torn
Peanut butter on the rug
And our pajamas torn
Our Daddy was so angry
Mom yelled at both of us
She said we had to clean up
There was nothing to discuss
So now on Sunday mornings
When my parents are asleep
Sometimes I still get hungry
And I want something to eat
Early Sunday mornings
When my parents are asleep
I sneak out of my bedroom
To the kitchen I still creep

I go into the cupboard
And I get some peanut butter
But I'm oh, so careful
Not to wake my mother