

## Early Sunday Morning

Barry Louis Polisar

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