

## Shel Silverstein

### "Plastic"

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Now a little bitty termite, he come knockin',  
Knockin' at my front door,  
He walked right in, sat right down  
Started nibblin' on the kitchen floor  
He chewed on the walls and the ceilings and the halls --  
Lord knows he tried --  
But he kept a-gettin' thinner  
And he never got no dinner  
And finally he sat up and cried...

He said, "It's plastic, good Lord, it's plastic!  
I know it ain't no wood  
And it can't do me no good,  
Because it's plastic -- and you can't eat plastic,  
Everything's gonna be plastic by and by!"

Then one afternoon in the month of June  
I went down to the beach.  
There were cuties and beauties in little bathin' suities  
And all of them within my reach.  
Then a 38-24-36 miss just happened to be passin' my  
way.  
I said, "Please don't think I'm nervy, but you look so  
very curvy  
Please tell me how you got that way!"  
She said, "It's plastic -- it's only plastic,  
It's pretty as can be, but you know that it ain't me,  
Because they're plastic, oh yes they're plastic,  
Everything's gonna be plastic by and by."  
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