

# 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?