

# 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?

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

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

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

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?

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