

 ***I've Got Better Things To Do***

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Why do I spend my life caught in this storm and strife?  
Picking up puzzles to put into boxes  
Papers and peanuts and soggy galoshes  
I've got better things to do than to pick up after you

I could sail far away for a year and a day  
In a boat of shimmering blue  
To an island I know where the warm breezes blow  
And I know just what I will do  
I'll put up an umbrella on that glorious beach  
Right next to the "No Children" sign  
And I'll read three whole books from beginning to end  
And more if I feel so inclined

Why do I spend my life caught in this storm and strife?  
Picking up socks and a mouldy old bear  
Finding two months worth of old underwear  
I've got better things to do than to pick up after you

I could give of my talents to challenge the makers of war,  
I would march, I would sing  
I would write twenty letters, or then, even better,  
I'd give all the generals a ring  
I would talk to them nicely, and ask them politely  
To give up their nuclear toys  
But if they won't say that they'll put them away  
Then it's Time Out for those ornery boys!

Why do I spend my life caught in this storm and strife?  
Picking up things that I can't recognize  
Covered with fungus and lazy fruit flies  
I've got better things to do than to pick up after you

I could start up a workshop for mothers who've not  
Stood up straight since the youngest was born  
We'll do roll plays, and cry, learn a mantra, and sigh,  
"Born to stand", to repeat every morn  
And then for the test, we'll invite in a guest  
To drop socks in a heap on the floor  
Any woman who sweats and then trembles and heads for the socks  
Must repeat the whole course

Why do I spend my life caught in this storm and strife?  
Screaming and bribing and pleading my lot  
But will you pick up? No, you will not!  
I've got better things to do than to pick up after you