

2/18/1976

In San Francisco town
there lives a whale

Who eats pork chops by the pail

- by the suitcase
- by the pillbox
- by the bath tub
- by the schooner

Her name is Sara and she's a peach, but you
can't leave food with her reach — nor
nursemaids, nor airdales, nor chocolate
ice-cream sodas.

she's not too wild, but when she smiles,
you can see her teeth for miles and miles —
and her adenoids, and her spare ribs, and
things too fierce to mention.

Now what can you do with a case like
that? What can you do but sit on your
hat? — or your toothbrush, or your
Grandmother, or anything else that's helpless

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(WSB)