

Family Tales

Long ago and far away, In a land you've never been,
There lived a great, big, family. The worst I've ever seen.
They never could be quiet, They never could be sweet.
Their house was always messy. It wasn't ever neat.

The boys were always fighting. They'd wrestle and they'd punch.
Their mom was always yelling. I'd hate to go for lunch.
At breakfast it was chaos. At lunch and bedtime too.
Their mother was beside herself. She didn't know what to do.

No matter how mom threatened, No matter how mom cried.
They would not stop their foolishness, No matter what mom tried.
They seemed to like to argue, They seemed to like to fight;
No matter how she pleaded And said it was not right!

Those boys were in one family. Their mom and dad the same.
To see them always fighting Was really quite a shame.
"To bed" their mom would tell them. "I've had enough today.
Or read or play piano, Or go outside and stay!"

"That's boring" they would answer. "There's nothing here to do.
What will we have for supper? It better not be stew!"
"But stew is very yummy" Their mom said with a grin.
"There's lots of good old gravy To dip your bread right in."

"I can't cook all the things you like With all this noise around,
But I could make a restaurant meal If you wouldn't make a sound."
Those boys were really hungry. They didn't want the stew.
By the way their mother acted, There was just one thing to do.

Tom went over to his brother, And he whispered in his ear,
"Hey Bob, I know what we can do, So lets get out of here."
Now the house is very quiet; The brothers get along.
You want to know their secret? They turned the TV on!