

## **AS I WAS GOING OUT**

Anonymous (not a child's poem; too good not to use)

As I was going out one day my head fell off  
and rolled away.

But when I saw that it was gone  
I picked it up and put it on.

And when I got into the street a fellow cried  
“Look at your feet!”

I looked at them and sadly said:  
“I've left them both asleep in bed.”