

WHAT'S IN THE SACK?

by Shel Silverstein

What's in the sack? What's in the sack?
Is it some mushrooms or is it the moon?
Is it love letters or downy goose feathers?
Or maybe the world's most enormous balloon?
What's in the sack? That's all they ask me.
Could it be popcorn or marbles or books?
Is it two years' worth of your dirty laundry,
Or the biggest ol' meatball that's ever been cooked?
Does anyone ask me, "Hey, when is your birthday?"
"Can you play Monopoly?" "Do you like beans?"
"What is the capital of Yugoslavia?"
Or "Who embroidered that rose on your jeans?"
No, what's in the sack? That's all they care about.
Is it a rock or a rolled-up giraffe?
Is it pickles or nickels or busted bicycles?
And if we guess it, will you give us half?
Do they ask where I've been, or how long I'll be stayin',
Where I'll be goin', or when I'll be back,
Or "How do?" or "What's new?" or "Hey, why are you blue?"
No, all they keep asking is, "What's in the sack?"
"What's in the sack?" I'm blowin' my stack
At the next one who asks me,
"What's in the sack?"
What?
Oh no. Not you, too!

