

ON THE CARPET

By T-Bone Slim

Boss:

Why hello there, Joe! I spose you
don't know,
Tomorrow you're just a big bum;
I'm weary, in short, to serve you
support
My arm is all done-up and numb."

Joe:

"Why you, you fat slob, 'twas I
on the job
That put all that flesh on your chin;
So you support me? Just how can
that be?
I spose that's the reason I'm thin?"

Boss:

I've worked hard for you, far into
the night,
At times even missing my lunch;
That you and your wife might use
fork and knife,
And carefree your marshmallows
munch.

Joe:

Oh well, even so, we'll say that you
toiled,
To feed me and mine from the
throne,
Your efforts, in fine, even added to
mine,
Have left me a wreck — skin and
bone.

Boss:

I'm sorry, dear Joe, that you are so
low,
While I am both hearty and plump;
It does happen so, as worldly things
go—
I'm thinking, dear Joe, you're a
chump.

P. S.—I see where the boss got the
last word.