

Poetry Recitation

Crocodile's Toothache by Shel Silverstein

Oh the Crocodile
Went to the dentist
And sat down in the chair,
And the dentist said, 'Now tell me, sir,
Why does it hurt and where?'
And the Crocodile said, 'I'll tell you the truth.
I have a terrible ache in my tooth.'
And he opened his jaws so wide, so wide,
That the dentist he climbed right inside,
And the dentist laughed, 'Oh, isn't this fun?'
As he pulled the teeth out, one by one.
And the Crocodile cried, 'You're hurting me so!
Please put down your pliers and let me go.'
But the dentist just laughed with a Ho Ho Ho,
And he said, 'I still have twelve to go --
Oops, that's the wrong one, I confess.
But what's one crocodile's tooth, more or less?'
Then suddenly the jaws went snap,
And the dentist was gone right off the map.
And where he went one could only guess...
To North or South or East or West...
He left no forwarding address.
But what's one dentist more or less?