

The Sock Monster

There's a monster in the dryer
He sleeps far in the back
I hardly ever see him
But he's there and that's a fact

I know he's in there somewhere
Because he eats my socks
He eats them one by one
I think we need some locks

Every time I take my clothes out
I go really really slow.
In hopes the monster doesn't get me
Or bite my biggest toe

I know he must like dirty feet
Because my socks all stink
The monster must be hungry
Enough to eat a kitchen sink

There's always one missing sock
From every pair I've worn
It's either completely gone
Or sometimes just all torn

I have a little funny thought
Or maybe it's a clue
That he likes to eat the socks
that have a thread of blue.

So I'm going to wear just my orange ones
The ones with polka dots
And I have an idea so he won't get hungry
He can still eat plenty lots

I'm getting my brother a birthday gift
All wrapped up with a great big bow
Three packages of blue colored socks
He'll be surprised I know.