

## OH, I WISH I'D LOOKED AFTER MY TEETH by Pam Ayres

Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth,  
And spotted the perils beneath,  
All the toffees I chewed,  
And the sweet sticky food,  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.

I wish I'd been that much more willin'  
When I had more tooth there than fillin'  
To pass up gobstoppers,  
From respect to me choppers  
And to buy something else with me shillin'.

When I think of the lollies I licked,  
And the liquorice allsorts I picked,  
Sherbet dabs, big and little,  
All that hard peanut brittle,  
My conscience gets horribly pricked.



My Mother, she told me no end,  
"If you got a tooth, you got a friend"  
I was young then, and careless,  
My toothbrush was hairless,  
I never had much time to spend.

Oh I showed them the toothpaste all right,  
I flashed it about late at night,  
But up-and-down brushin'  
And pokin' and fussin'  
Didn't seem worth the time... I could bite!

If I'd known I was paving the way,  
To cavities, caps and decay,  
The murder of fillin's  
Injections and drillin's  
I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair,  
And I gaze up his nose in despair,  
And his drill it do whine,  
In these molars of mine,  
"Two amalgum," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my Mother's false teeth,  
As they foamed in the waters beneath,  
But now comes the reckonin'  
It's me they are beckonin'  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.



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