

“Doing It Wrong” by Carol Parsons

This morning I made breakfast.  
When my brother came along,  
He looked at how I scrambled eggs  
And said, “You did it wrong.”

I went and made a snail house.  
When my brother came along,  
He saw how I had stacked my twigs  
And said, “You did it wrong.”

I thought I’d wash the dishes.  
When my brother came along,  
He tossed more dishes in the sink  
And said, “You did it wrong.”

I tried to play some jump-rope.  
When my brother came along,  
He threw me off my seventh count  
And said, “You did it wrong.”

I tried to stain a garden bench.  
When my brother came along,  
He knocked the stain onto the ground  
And said, “You did it wrong.”

Tonight, he’ll try to go to sleep,  
But it won’t last for long.  
I’ll hide, and when he starts to dream,  
I’ll scream, “*You did it wrong!*”