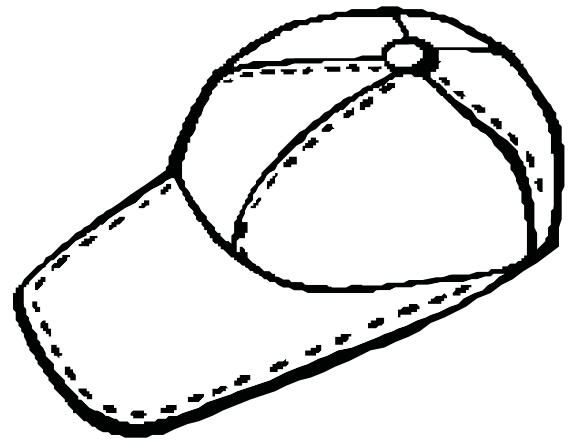


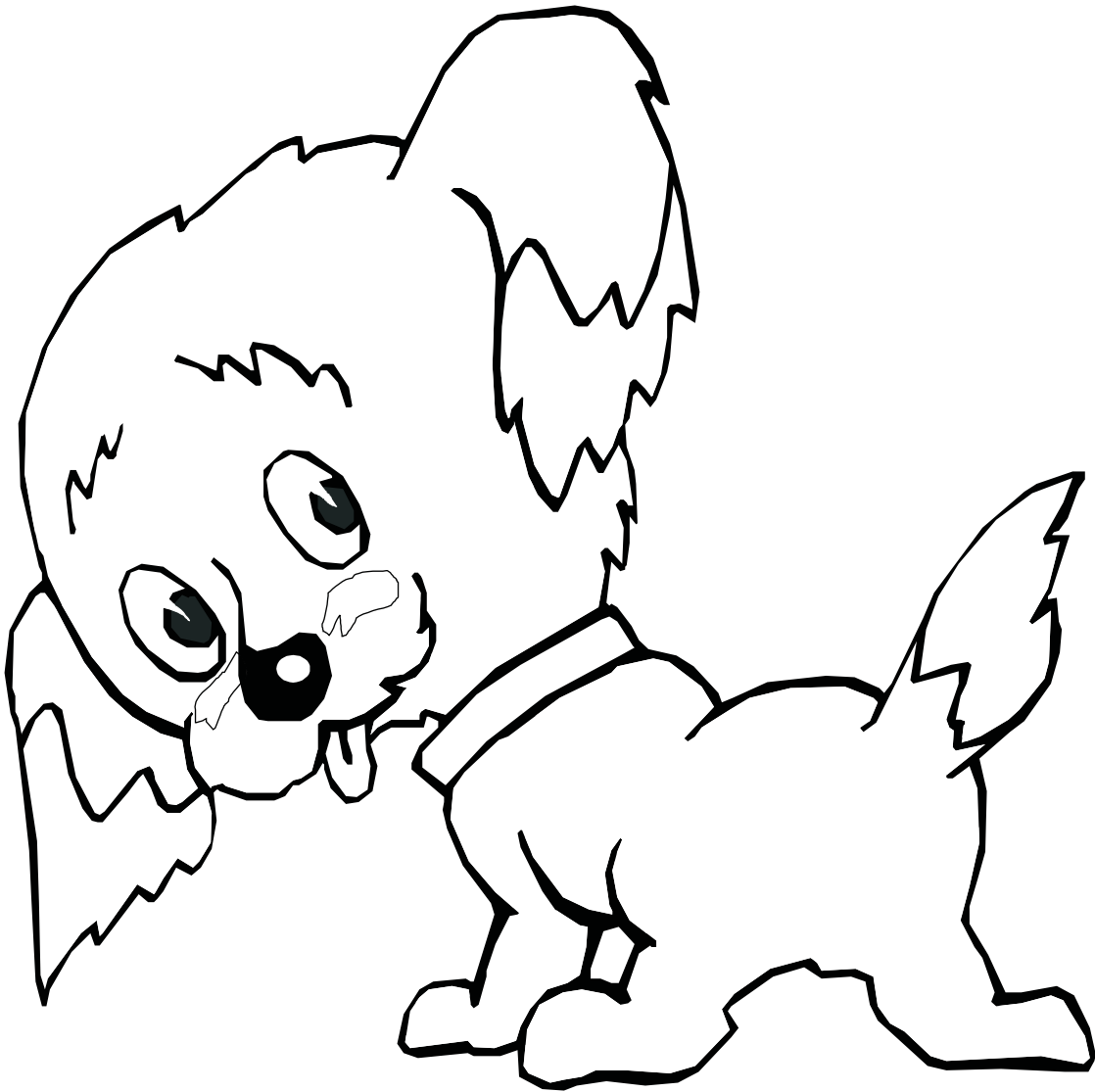
Hey Albert, pick up your shoes  
And the shirt hanging over the door  
Your bat, glove and basketball  
That are lying all over the floor



Hey Albert, pick up your socks  
The blue and the striped and the red  
And your sandwich, glass and napkin  
That are all hiding under your bed



Hey, Albert, where is your jacket  
And the hat that is practically new  
I think if you were not all attached  
We'd soon be missing you



Hey Albert, I just remembered  
We're looking for our dog Lou  
He doesn't come when he's called anymore  
Do you think you've misplaced him too?



Hey, Albert, I don't mean to nag  
But I fear you're doing things wrong  
For your life would be much easier  
If you'd put things where they belong