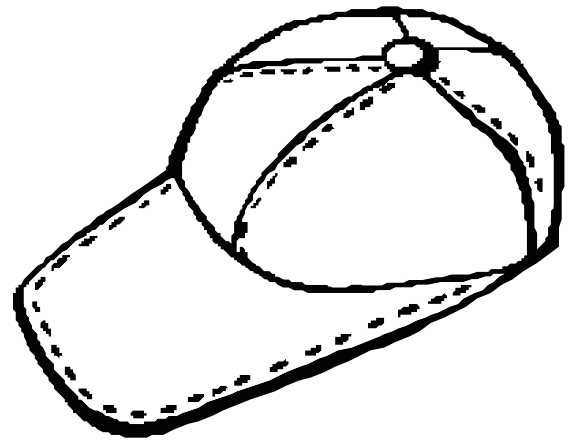


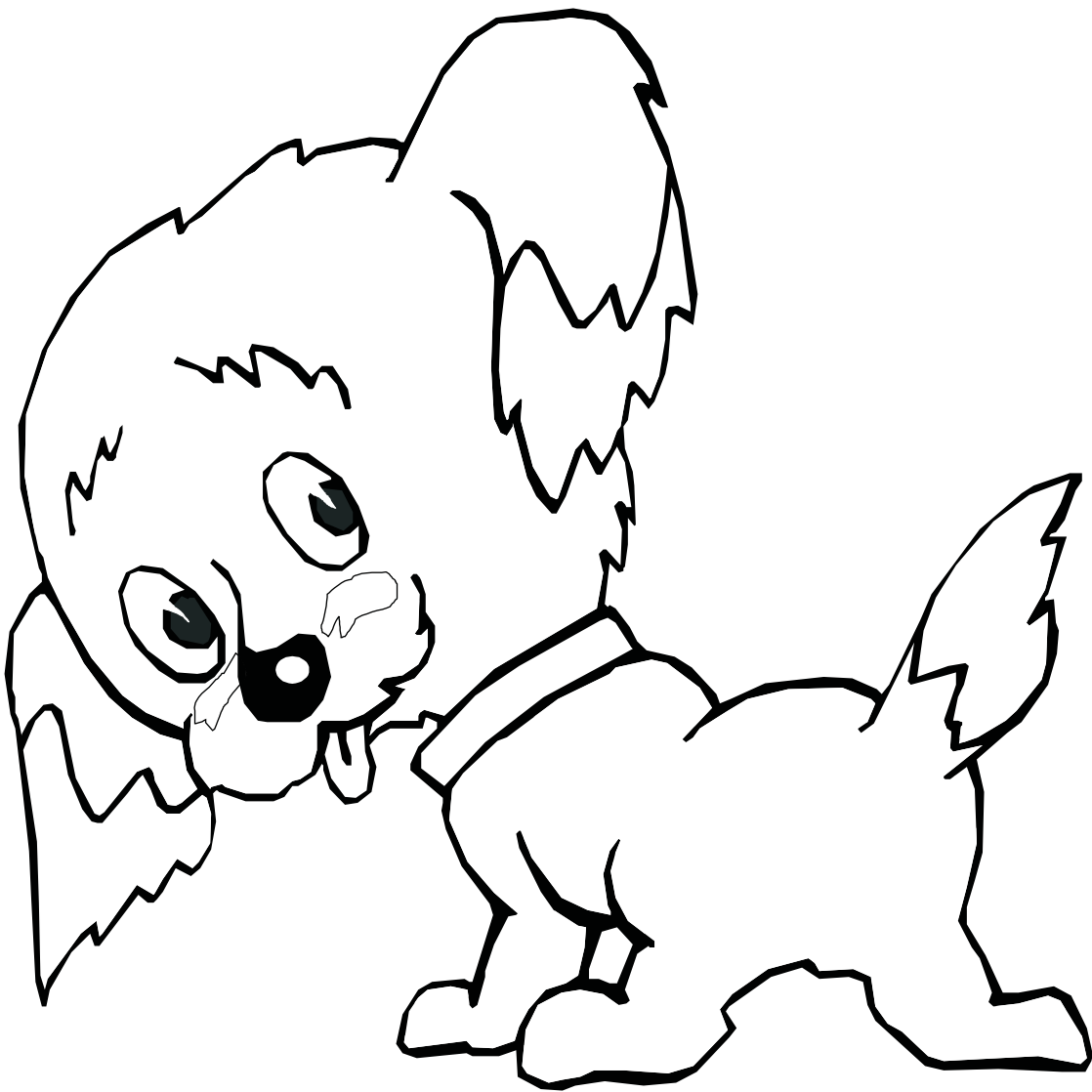
Hey Albert, pick up your shoes
And the shirt hanging over the door
Your bat, glove and basketball
That are lying all over the floor



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