

# TOO MUCH STUFF

To be sung to the tune of Three Blind Mice

Too much stuff, too much stuff,  
More than enough, more than enough.  
It's out of the closets and filling our space;  
It's growing and spilling all over the place;  
We're tripping all over, a terrible case.  
of too much stuff.

Too much stuff, too much stuff,  
More than enough, more than enough.  
The piles are staring us in the face;  
They multiply at an alarming pace;  
And soon we'll be buried without a trace,  
in too much stuff.

Too much stuff, too much stuff,  
More than enough, more than enough.  
It isn't easy to run the race,  
With all this stuff slowing down the pace;  
I think that I need some additional grace,  
for too much stuff.

By Mrs. Marjorie Morrison  
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