



The Perfect High

by Shel Silverstein

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There once was a boy named Gimmesome Roy. He was nothing like me or you.
'Cause laying back and getting high was all he cared to do.
As a kid, he sat in the cellar, sniffing airplane glue.
And then he smoked bananas – which was then the thing to do.
He tried aspirin in Coca-Cola, breathed helium on the sly,



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