

# The Graduation Song

## Rhett and Link

For the past eighteen years  
Your life's been pretty smooth  
Let's take a moment and reflect  
On all you've had to do You've rolled out of bed  
And strolled to the living room  
And watched Cartoon Network  
While your mom made waffles for you Your laundry was magically clean  
And your dad's back pocket was an ATM machine  
Your life's biggest worry was what to wear to the prom  
And your only regret was that incident  
With the stink bomb Do you hear that subtle sound?  
That's the sound of reality  
about to slap the taste out your mouth  
Now you're on your own  
You should be scared  
But we can tell  
You don't care  
Why don't you care?  
You should be frightened You're young and now you're free  
The world is your oyster  
We have no clue what that means  
But let us paint a picture of your future You're gonna eat a lot of Hot Pockets  
And you're thinkin' that sounds great  
Well get back to us in six months  
When you've had three hundred and seventy-eight As soon as you move out  
You know what your parents are gonna do  
They're gonna turn your bedroom into an exercise room  
That they never use And you won't use lockers in college  
And this might be a total bummer  
There are no yearbooks either  
You'll actually have to say  
'Have a great summer' Do you feel that gentle breeze?  
It's the category five hurricane of adulthood  
About to hit you upside the head with a tree  
Now you're on your own  
Don't screw this up  
You're on your own  
Good luck You're gonna need it

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