

# The Sandbox

## King Missile

And I would go  
And I would go everyday...almost to the sandbox  
And.. cause I loved the sandbox so much  
And...Cause I had my pail and my shovel  
and, and my shovel  
and I would play in my sandbox  
and it would be so fun  
And I would make mountains in the sand  
And would have so much fun  
And and, but one day I went to the sand box  
And it was so sad  
And I cried and I cried  
Because someone took a dutie in my sandbox!  
Some one took a dutie in my sand box!  
And, and, and that was so bad  
And, and, and, that was so bad  
And that was so discusting  
And how could they do that?  
And that was so bad  
And I didnt see it  
And I sat... right down in it  
And it felt swishy  
And I got up and I cried and I cried and I cried  
And... why didnt they clean up after themselves!?  
Why didn tthey clean up the mess!?  
And.. and, and now my pants are dirty and  
Im crying  
And im crying  
And im crying  
And im never going to the sand box again!  
Im never going to the sand box again!  
And I hate everybody!

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