

Fleas

Turgid

My father used to say
You sleep with dogs, the next day
You'll wake in the night scratching
Those inevitable fleas At ten years old
You listen to what you're told
But I never have the itch
I never would Mother had forbidden me
To waste away my life
I want you to have all the things
I could never buy you Don't stop what I'd begun
You're my one my only son
Follow what I say not what I've done
Follow what I say not what I've done Shower, scrub, and shave
Cleanly boys don't misbehave
Follow what I say, not what I've done

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