When I'm 43

Raspberry Pie

Stuck inside with a pencil and desk
On a Saturday morning for a meaningless test
The one that will determine
All the rest of my years
Will they be spent in squalor
Or earning top dollar?
Couldn't care much less
'Cause I hear a holler
At the window
And your sweet familiar face appears

Now answer me this one, true or false
If the question at hand means nothing at all
Then why don't I just run down the hall
And escape?

Ditching school and the added attraction
Of being with you are just the distractions I need
To keep me from taking my SATs
'Cause it's a beautiful day and bubbling letters
Won't help me live my life any better
Today
Or when I'm 43

If I manipulate the system of tests that they give
And wind up with a maters I'm still gonna live
In my parents' basement
Until I find something better to do
From nine to 5 all the days I'm alive
With no days off 'til the day that I die
When I'd rather play the truant game wit you

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Now let's make haste, 'cause it won't be long
Before the proctor looks up and sees that I'm gone
And he grades my empty paper
With an automatic fail

Now answer me this one, show your work
If the test in front of me has no worth
Then why don't I just run down the hall
And escape?

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