

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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