Skinflynt

Teen Idols

There are times when a loving parent
Can spoil their child with earthly things
A heartfelt gift of a mom's endearment
Placed at the feet of her little kingBut the king, in a tantrum
Demands more for his enter sanctum
And he, by his highness
Makes his request with little shyness
A man is the sum of what's he's done
Not that which he has ownedAnd his friends will grow from toil
And from the seeds that he's sown
But his friends will fall away
If he's got self intent
And alone he'll rule a thrown
With no empowermentForever a skinflyntIn a lifelong scheme of obtaining more
And more and more he's lost one thing
You must give some to take a little
Or a stench of greed is all you'll bringAnd the stench is an odor
That can't be cleansed from a greed promoter
And married, a reputation of self-indulgent infatuation

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