

# Hats Off

## The Connells

When I was born, the doc he held me by my ankles  
smacked my red behind.  
They hosed me down, wrapped me like a bean burrito  
then marked the date and time.  
Hats off, to the ones that string the beads together  
and keep the ducks in line.  
Hats off to all the ones that stood before me  
and taught a fool to rhyme.  
At thirteen, I made myself a motion picture  
out of lumps of clay.  
At fourteen, I pulled some weeds and bought a four string  
  
taught myself to play.  
At seventeen, I'd get naked with a beauty queen  
at the Hot Tub Zone.  
At nineteen, she was livin' hard and snortin' drugs  
that decayed her bones.  
Hats off to the ones that put it all together  
and keep their ducks in line.  
Hats off to all the ones that erred before me  
and taught me how to survive.

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