Grow Up

Mustard Plug

When I was just a little boy, I'd sit around all day. Thinking about the future to pass the time of day. With my friends sittin' laughin', they would mainly laugh at me, because I was always different, it was all so plain to see. Didn't want to be a fireman, a cowboy, or a cop.
I
was always different like a sore thumb I stuck out. Because even in my dreams I won't pretend to age, I knew a life of normacy was nothing but a cage.
When I grow up, I don't want to be like you!
To be a barbarian would be a lot of fun. Sit around, eat raw meat in the mid day sun. I'd dance around the fire, like a madman I would yell, I'd smell a bit I'd fart a lot, I'd cut class and I'd belch. I'd sack the Roman Empire and do with a grin. I'd set the cities all ablaze...do it on a whim. And people would shriek as I was coming into town, because I'd bring my minotaur to help me fry it down.
When I grow up, I want something fun to do. I don't know much, but this much I know is true..when life is short, I
don't want to be like
you!
When I grow up I think I want to be white trash living in a trailer park and sitting on my ass. I'd beat my wife, I'd kiss my kiss, I'd pass out in the lawn. I'd steal my brewskies from my mom and often kick my dog. I'd go to work an hour later, bitch about my boss.
And every friday night I think I'd bowl a round or two, because standing watching monster trucks is just the thing to do!!
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