

Obsessed With Childhood

Bif Naked

I have to tell you I am obsessed with my childhood. I never pooped. I'm serious, I hated pooing, I never did it. I refused to poo as child. mostly, I couldn't. it wasn't meat loaf, it wasn't chicken and rice, it wasn't six hot-dogs at lunch with kraft dinner on top, it wasn't sloppy joe's, it wasn't inactivity, I just never ever pooped. my parents had this house on milinocket that had a bathroom upstairs. it had a door in the hallway and a door in the master bedroom. they used to close the hallway door, open the bedroom door, sit me on the potty and pull the t.v. Here you know, so I'd sit and watch and wait. I mean hours. I must have been rotting insdie! it would be like a week in between. you know, I discussed this at length with my mom, and she was concerned thinking she fed me too much meat and stuff. but you know what I say, my two sisters had no problem pooping, and they ate the same suppers. it was just me. I was sick as a child, I was always sick.

If I fell off my bike and got a scrape, it would be infected. when I had the chicken pox, I was hospitalized because each pock was infected. each one! in my eyelids, everywhere. the nurses would dab each pock with a medicated cotton ball. my dad used to take us camping, and this one time I stepped on a dirty nail, you know, like rusty, with my barefoot. my whole hell became infected (Ghs). it was huge! my heel was the size of a volleyball! I had to go to the doctor and get it drained. i was so ticklish all the time it took 5 or 6 doctors and nurses to hold me down and then feeling of the lanced hell, and I was screaming. my older sister was laughing her head off, right there. I had scarletina this one time, and was quarantined. I had a tonsillectomy. I even remember one time in the hospital, of course for you know the reason. a nurse was trying to put a suppository in my rear end. I was squirming and wrigglin' and gigglin'. you know, cause I was getting tickled. then I'd cry, cause I was all tense, you know, and it hurt. sooner or later, I had to make a run for it to the bathroom. boy, those nurses sure got mad at me for leavin' a trail. someone's always mad, hey

You know, I took lots of things as a kid; ballet and jazz, dance, soccer, piano. I was always in trouble, always bein' a ham. when I was 5 we were all on the stage with these cardboard clocks. I know, two feet across, tied around us with string, like a sandwich board. we were all moving our arms back and forth, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock. I was wearing red buckle shoes, then I know. well, my string broke and the clock fell off, right there on stage, I just stood there, frozen, and bawling. the teacher had to walk on to the stage and carry me off. you know, I react the same way when that stagedivin' crowd surfer kicked my microphone into my teeth. hey, the more things change. I quit all of it eventually. dance class cause I got lazy, soccer cause I grew up, and piano cause my teacher

Her, mrs. davies, got mad at me and called me a stupid girl and banged my hands on the keys. you know I was even a cheerleader. hey, in grade 6 in kentucky it was a cool thing. s-u-c-c-e-s-s that's the way we spell success!'. I can't believe it. (laughs) v-i-c-t-o-r-y, victory, victory is our cry gotta go'. that's how it went. I don't really remember the hand movements. but I was never one of the popular cheerleaders. I remember this girl april was very popular, and this other girl jennifer was very popular. there were like, we were all in grade 6, but they had

E, bodies of 17year old people. and, and hey looked like farrah fawcett, you know all blond with feathered hair
and endless teeth. i didn't look like that. I wonder if my dad wouldn't have
Us around so much, what if I woulda turn out different? you know, normal? or am i? i, I'm obsessed with my
childhood. cause I dont' think I'm fully grown up. are you? I mean really? i
Inner child. i
Had to search for my inner adult. and I'm still lookin'. I still eat 6 hot dogs for lunch, they're just vegetarian
now.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>