

Grandpa's Chair

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Your pudding cakes have made me sick
They're clear as mud or a pocket knife
Let's swim with dad without the wheelchair
I've sunk to the bottom and drown like a brick

These damn hiccups
Are bringing me down
I'm tired of reasons
It's time to fist fight
Old men and women
Sleep in the park
Then young children steal their stuff

Trap beavers in the woods then bring em' home
We can barbecue out back
With some propane gas
Make some room for dessert
We've got plenty of soup
We've got chicken noodle
Or the vegetable beef

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With malted barley selected cereal grains
And the choicest hops for superior taste
I've slipped in the bathtub
Just bring me a towel
Then put my slippers on
Before I freeze to death

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