

# Global Warming

John Grant

You people and your cute little terms  
you like to throw around and make everybody squirm  
Upper class, middle class, lower class, Sassafras  
Everybody these days thinks that they're a bad-ass  
And how am I supposed to live in a world  
with no Madeline Kahn my favourite girl is gone  
And Bonnie Doon's is now an auto zone  
31 is trashed and now I just want to be left alone

Global warming is ruining my fair complexion  
Augmenting all my imperfections  
And Brazil does not need more encouragement  
Global warming encourages slack jawed troglodytes  
To leave their homes with guns and knives  
In search of bodily refreshments and some homicide

I'm so sick of hearing people talk about the sun  
They sound like a bunch of Aztec Indians  
And all they do is hang out clogging up the streets  
Congratulating each other on their pedicured feet  
Sure I like to see the fella's skateboard in their Vans  
Stripped down to their shorts so they can work on their tans  
I know I shouldn't care cause I'm a taken man  
But I guess you can look, nobody said that you can't

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All I've got are first world problems  
I guess I better get some more third world kind