

peanut butter sandwiches

Milo

Reflex like a mild clonic knee jerk
And when it lands, I'm crushing sand and my feet hurt
R. Kelly is still trapped in a closet
And I'm mowing the lawn in a toothpaste suburb
We couldn't afford the deposit
There's a goose in place of your mother
And black folks hanging from nooses like rubber wheels
I'm committed to exactly two ideals
Keeping my friends from starving and cultivating my pubic garden
Whine to God about how life is so dreary
Enable the laugh track when watching Big Bang Theory
Keep magic beans in your left pocket
And speak to old thieves about wristwatches
Eat salad leaves in great big swatches

This is how you grow nice and tall
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Everyone here is condescending
And turn events into verbs like rear-ending
That's a symptom of the time
Someone will recycle your phospholipids when you die
Order Chinese food and never leave the computer screen
Hobbies among other things include Googling
And no one can remember when they last heard a truth
And no one would react if I were to leap from this roof
Because Rob Dyrdek did that in the first season

This is how we live in a toothpaste suburb
And mother makes peanut butter sandwiches with Smuckers
And everything is good, and everything is fun
And everything is good, and everything is fun

People don't die, we expire
And science has removed the fear of hell fire
And in its place given us NASA space expansion
And wasted McMansions and lots of english muffins
I don't feel the tinglies for nothing
Reality is scripted
And rappers no longer spontaneously rip shit
It's calculated, studied and designed
Binary code, asterisks and dollar signs

And we feel fine, and we feel good
And we feel fine, and we feel good
And we feel fine, and we feel good
And we earned it, and we earned it