

Congratulatory Trinkets

Wax

I have a shirt that says I did a triathlon
People ask about it when I have it on
I tell 'em that I put in work and I went hard
When I really couldn't even tell you what the three events are
But somebody did train
I can tell by the sweat and blood stains that cover this Hanes
I got it at Goodwill with less effort
But didn't get that feeling of pride from said shirt
I got a gold record hanging on my wall
It looks pretty nice with the frame and all
I wonder where they got all the parts and glass
Probably at Michael's Arts and Crafts
The gold record sized hole in my heart's been patched
And now I have no desires or attachment
I'm a fully formed truly enlightened perfect me
'Cause I sold a bunch of songs ten years ago in Germany
A cake for another year of being here
Another cake for another year with no beer
I'm gettin' fat from these sweet congrats
When you're truly partying hard you never see no party hats
Many an actor who has won an Oscar
Will never get a fake Oscar statuette that reads "World's Greatest Father"
I played soccer as a kid
The trophies that I won, I don't know where they're located
If I had 'em, I would stare at 'em
And make my son stare at 'em too before his soccer practice
I'll teach him everything about soccer that I've ever known
In hopes that one day he'll get a trophy of his own
Don't get me wrong, I don't teach him for the love
I do it for the "World's Greatest Teacher" coffee mug
The one that holds the drug that awakes me in the morning
And keeps me from jumping off the fucking Coronado Bridge with zero warning
My daughter isn't great at math
It's not her favorite class, still she found a way to pass
She went to school all summer for that
I want a sticker on my bumper for that
I want a sticker that says "My daughter didn't make the honor roll
She's more of the creative type and good grades are not her goal"
Below that it would say "If you're still reading this
This sticker and this song are both meaningless"
I don't even have no freaking kids
All I have is time and it's running out faster than Bo Jackson in his prime
The references I make in my speeches will soon be lost
To anyone who's younger than me, even my boss
It's hard to find words of encouragement
Even harder to find courage in this world we're in
Easier to go on Amazon and search for it
Congratulatory trinkets, they're experts in 'em
Thank you for your thirty years of service, here's a pen
It's not like average pens, it's heavier than them
It writes excellent, I'd suggest you make the best of it
The perfect pen with which to sign your last will and testament
I lost my arms in the war, shit's hard
But the purple heart came with a Starbucks gift card
I'm gonna get a well-deserved treat
And lift the cup to my face with my feet
I lift the cup to my face with my feet

Ooh, I lift the cup to my face with my feet
Yeah, I lift the cup up to my face with my fucking feet
I lift the cup up to my face with my feet
Lift the cup up to my face with my feet
I lift the cup up to my face with my feet