

Adult Children

we live on styrofoam and plastic
and gasoline up to the gills
but when petroleum gets costly
we petition capitol hill

we join the union when we're eighteen
and sleep away half of the day
but with the Chinese exporting
we toss our hands up and complain

ichi-kichi-kichi-coo waa-waa
ichi-kichi-kichi-ca waa-waa
I wanna bottle and a diaper
don't wanna face up to the real world
boo-hoo

we're eating hamburgers and frosties
and jelly donuts, too
and if we get a little hefty
we're gonna lawyer up and sue

we get all sniffly and weepy
with post traumatic stress nerves
we call the therapist, pleading
to kiss the booboo where it hurts

ichi-kichi-kichi-coo waa-waa
ichi-kichi-kichi-ca waa-waa
I wanna pluggles and a lamby
singing the baby's blues boo-hoo

I'm going down, going down, going down, going down
into the repressed memories of my childhood
my daddy can't make me rake the leaves
I wanna play my nintendo!
I wanna juice box!
no no, daddy, no!

we are the latest generation
of happy indolent youth
we got a house, wife and children
but sucking binkies till we're blue

ichi-kichi-kichi-coo waa-waa
ichi-kichi-kichi-ca waa-waa
I wanna bottle and a blankie
don't wanna grow up like you

ichi-kichi-kichi-coo waa-waa
ichi-kichi-kichi-ca waa-waa
I wanna bottle and a diaper
don't wanna face up to the real world