

# Fifteen, Grow Up

Mama said, pour me some wine son  
And you can have a sip for your self  
Mama said, do your homework  
And you can watch TV all you want  
Mama said, do what I say or I'm gonna beat the fuck out of you  
Mama said, this is normal-see  
You don't have it as bad as the other kids on the block  
So then we all pretended that I grew up  
Mama said, I got a letter today  
Says you've cut 187 out of 190 days  
Mama said, we've noticed lately  
You have no interest in gainful employment  
Mama said, it's time to lock you up  
Make your round brain fit in a square hole  
I said, sure thing, I'm just gonna play one last show  
In the city, but you know, I didn't ever go home again  
I stopped pretending that I had a family  
We all pretend, that we love our children  
Until they show any signs of having their own will  
Then we beat them, into submission  
We beat them into the superior ways of our way of thinking  
4,000 kids are murdered by their parents each year.