

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.