

Adam Sandler

"Four year sold"

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Hey
Why'd you wake me from my nap?
I'm not in the mood
To play your games
Or sit on your lap

You
Where's my Yankees drinking glass?
I want some juice
And I want it now
So you better move your ass
And feel bad for me
'Cuz I'm just getting over a cold

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
Somebody better tie my shoes!

Now
I run down the hall
I scream and I yell
And I cry 'cuz I fell
Bring the rubbing alcohol

Outside
I get mud on my shoe
I come back in the house
I get it on the rug
The cleanging's up to you
And I won't take a bath
Unless you make me Spaghetti-O's

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
Mommy reads to me at night
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Well
I can't have a job

And I can't go to school
If no grownups are around
I can't go near the pool
I'm not allowed to climb
My neighbor's apple tree
I'm not allowed to sit
Too close to the TV
I don't know how to drive
And I don't know how to spell
But if I hear my brother cursing
I do know how to tell
'Cuz he made me eat some bread
That was covered in mold

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I just threw up on my grandmother

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