

## Inspection 12 "Sweet Sixteen"

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Every morning I go to my local foodstore  
To buy a bag of sweet sixteen.  
God I love those little doughnuts  
It looks like I'll turn out to be  
A cop even though I dream of  
Playing every sold out show.  
Having dreams and eating sweets  
Won't get you where you want to go.  
I try as hard as hard can be  
I still can't get the stuff I need  
But it's ok- For now it seems  
I'm living life expectancy  
I'd really love a new guitar

Something bright metallic green.  
Guess I'll wait for it a while  
For now I'll eat my sweet sixteen.  
Well if I am a mindless fool  
I'll die by following the rules  
Now Heaven doesn't want me there  
And Hell must have a load to bear  
Cause they said, "Gee we're all filled up!  
Please take a number wait in line."  
There must be other doughnut eaters  
Hey, perhaps they're friends of mine

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