

The Overprivileged "Happy Birthday"

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[Originally by Weird Al Yankovic]

happy birthday, happy birthday to you
it's time to celebrate your birthday, it happens every
year,
we'll eat a lot of broccoli and drink a lot of beer
you should be good and happy that there's something
you can eat,
a million people every day are starving in the street
your father's in the gutter with the wretched and the
poor,
your mother's in the kitchen with a can of cycle-four
there's garbage in the water, pollution in the sky,
i guess it won't be long before we're all gonna die.
what's the matter, little friend, think this party is the
pits?
enjoy it while you can, we'll soon be blown to bits
the monkeys in the pentagon are gonna cook our
goose,
they got their finger on the button, all they need is an
excuse
it doesn't take a military genius to see,
we'll all be crispy critters after world war three
there's nowhere you can run to, nowhere you can hide,
when the bomb gets dropped we all get fried
come on boys and girls, sing along, ok?
well there's a punk in the alley and he's looking for a
fight,
an [overprivileged] on the corner buying everything in
sight
there's a mother in the ghetto with another mouth to
feed,
seems that everywhere you look today it's misery and
greed
well i guess you know the earth is gonna crash into the
sun,
but that's no reason why we shouldn't have a little fun
so if you think it's scary, if it's more than you can take,
just blow out the candles and have a piece of cake

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