

The Wonder Years

"When Keeping It Real Goes Wrong"

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I've got this job that equates swallowing shit where I puree food for dementia patients, and the commute is an hour each way. I'm so sick of taking the train. I guess that I'm a hypochondriac, cause I'm always sick, or at least I think I am. I wish the Tylenol would kick in cause I'm so sick of feeling the same. We know that everything is going to be okay. All we need is Kerouac and a glass of sweet tea, or burritos and New Found Glory. I'm just trying to get through the week. Hey, do you think that you could loan me ten bucks so that I could buy the new season of Scrubs? I'm short on cash this week and I'd pay you back on Thursday. I've got these friends that hate their fucking lives. I guess that's what inactivity does to the mind. So, I stay busy day and night. I don't have time to complain. Everything, everything, everything is going to be okay.

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