

Tism

"Dazed And Confucious"

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I want to be in the avant garde,
But I'll never do it, it's just too hard.
I wear the clothes like a pine head,
But when it's 10:30, I'm off to bed.

Chorus:
Go to bed.

Week night discos and late night movies
Are indispensable to be called groovy.
My friends go out at 11:30 p.m. -
I'm meant to be in bed an hour before then.

They go to clubs and then go berserk;
I go to bed then go to work.
They look at me and shake their heads,
Just like they did when their mum said:

To go with them would be heaven sent
But staying out doesn't pay the rent.
They look with pity on us conventional sheep;
I wanna be an artist, but I just go to sleep.

Mum said:
"Skag, Fred?
Of course
Try horse."
But Fred
Shook head -
Wet eyed
Replied:
"Mother,
Rather
Clean room,
Sweep broom,
Pass test -
Do best."
"Oh, son,
No fun:
Here's crack;
Try smack.

Homework's
For jerks."
"But mum,
Listen -
One day
Straight A's
I'll get.
Effort,
Damn it,
'S worth it."
"Bullshit.
I knit
Booties;
Nappies
I fold;
I hold
You tight
At night -
Now you
Think you
Know all!
Gone all
Straight guy!
Where'd I
Go wrong?
Have bong,
Syringe;
Don't whinge -
NO sums;
No son
Of mine
Can't find
Mainline,
Sink scoob,
Miss food,
Skip school,
Break rule,
Paint train,
Kill brain;
Here Fred,
Acid -
Drop it.
Stop it,
This bluff:
Straight stuff's
A bore.
No more.
You'll part
Mum's heart."
Fred spoke:
"I'll take,

Oh no,
On no
Drug pipe
Tonight.
No bong.
It's wrong!
Cocaine
Rots brain.
Need rest:
Maths test
Friday -
Good day."
So said
Son Fred.
He went to
GO TO BED.

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