

King Missile, The Sandbox

And I would go
And I would go everyday...almost to the sandbox
And.. cause I loved the sandbox so much
And...Cause I had my pail and my shovel
and, and my shovel
and I would play in my sandbox
and it would be so fun
And I would make mountains in the sand
And would have so much fun
And and, but one day I went to the sand box
And it was so sad
And I cried and I cried
Because someone took a dutie in my sandbox!
Some one took a dutie in my sand box!
And, and, and that was so bad
And, and, and, that was so bad

And that was so discusting
And how could they do that?
And that was so bad
And I didnt see it
And I sat... right down in it
And it felt swishy
And I got up and I cried and I cried and I cried
And... why didnt they clean up after themselves!?
Why didn tthey clean up the mess!?
And.. and, and now my pants are dirty and
Im crying
And im crying
And im crying
And im never going to the sand box again!
Im never going to the sand box again!
And I hate everybody!