

Tilt, Molly Coddled

Not exactly in the lap of luxury
You were not quite of blue blood
But you know you went to bed
With a belly full of supper
You were safe as a bug in a rug
You were swaddled and jolly molly coddled
Like a dolly and you mommy maybe gave a little shrug
When you threw a temper tantrum
For another piece of something
That other kids only dream of

Baby face baby face
Looking for a season in hell
Baby face baby face
I hope you learn your lesson well

Now you've chosen poverty
You did it for the sake fo being hip
Begging for a dollar
Never doubting for a moment
Your bohemian indignence
And you wonder why the folks
In your run down neighborhood
Don't recognize you as a kindred soul
'Cause they know you gotta a bed
In a sunny sub-division
Anytime you wanna run home