

Tim Minchin, Fat Children

Do not feed doughnuts to your obese children
You will regret it when they're in their teens
'Maccas' might shut them up now that they're seven
But they won't forgive you when they're getting picked last for PE
Don't you see?

Boombalata, motherfucker
Have you noticed that your kids are fat?
What're you going to do about that?
What're you going to do?

So you're telling me that your family
Has a history of obesity?
You've got a wire loose in your pituitary?
"It's just the way that God made me"?

It's unlikely, statistically
To be a physical thing
But either way it don't explain why you
Are in the queue at Burger King

You can blame it on biology
You can blame your physiology
You can point to genealogy
Or your social anthropology

You can say you are an ectomorph
That you just can't get the kilos off
Well you can be what you wanna be
But stop feeding your boy KFC
He weighs 40 kilos and he's only three
He looks like a clean-shaven Pavarotti

Switching to Diet Coke is not the way back
Boombalata, motherfucker
Your kids are fat, have you noticed that?

And you, you should feel ashamed
For you have only got yourself to blame
Your 5 year old princess in her size 14 tutu
Only eats pizza like that because you do

She'll be dead of a heart attack
Before your grandchildren are ten
Perhaps you'll consider
A cut-back on extra fries then

Boombalata, kiddie-stuffer
Your kids are fat, have you noticed that?
What're you gonna do about that?
What're you gonna do?

So you're telling me that your family
Has a history of obesity
You got the polycystic ovary
Your mum had childhood diabetes

But (and in your case
There's a fucking big butt)
Do you think it's an appropriate treat
The all-you-can-eat at Pizza Hut?

There's no excuse, you silly goose
For a child with a caboose

Like a moose who's eaten too much mousse
It's tantamount to child abuse

Kick them off the fucking couch
Unplug the PlayStation
Send them down to the park
If they don't wanna go, make 'em

Tell them they have to jog
Until their jogging shorts fit 'em
If they hesitate, ask firmly
If they still resist, hit 'em

Is this what you want for your girl and your guy?
These chips off the pork chop, for the toffee apples of your eye?
Six-packs of Kit Kats are not the way back
Boombalata, Motherfucker
Your kids are fat, did you notice that?

And you, you should feel ashamed
For you have only got yourself to blame
Your 6 year old miniature Jabba the Hut
Eating half melted Mars Bars from the folds of his gut

He'll be looking for a kidney
Before your grandchildren are ten
Perhaps you'll consider
A cut-back on Taco Bell then

Perhaps you'll consider
A cut-back on Krispy Kreme doughnuts
And popcorn in bucket-sized boxes
And microwave pizza or drive-through McDonalds
For weeknightly dinners in front of the TV
And notes to the phys-ed instructor saying
Timmy has asthma but he really just gets short of breath
Cause he's 35 kilos above the ideal weight
Of 35 kilos for a nine year old boy