

Dead Milkmen, Don't Deny Your Inner Child

There are others, and then there is myself

I must learn to distinguish the others from myself
They are separate people, with different personalities
They might not like the things I like
They might not eat the same food
Or they might not want to go to the places where I want to go

There are others, and then there is myself

There are men, and there are women
Often they don't get along
I must try to get along with everyone
No matter how stupid they might be
Or how asinine their opinions are
I must learn to love everybody
Even people who are so obviously inferior to me
That they make my flesh crawl
I will get to know these people
And I will cook them a ravioli dinner
From a can I found, in Mexico City

There are others, and then there is myself

I believe in the power of the human soul
I believe that the government is in control
I believe there's a Heaven up in the sky
I believe that my neighbours are human spies

Tomorrow I will begin bathing
This is the start of a 6 part plan
Which will take me into the next century
In the coming years, I will stop eating with my hands
I will let the dog out of the closet for some fresh air
I will put away the rubber mask
The cub-scout uniform
And yes, finally, even the cauliflower

There are others, and then there is myself

I believe in the goodness of all mankind
I believe that the government is reading my mind
I believe there's a god who loves us all
I believe in the Beatles, except for Paul!

I must no longer neglect my inner child
For he is very close
Right there, under the floorboards
I will learn to get in touch with my feelings
Even the ones that will probably get me arrested