

# Diesel Boy, Cooler Than You

I'm twenty-four, I don't own a tie  
I don't have a job, and I love to get high  
My hairline's receding, I'm getting a gut  
I love to jerk off, and I love to read smut

I can't beat you up, I can't run a mile  
I'm not Calvin Klein, but I got my own style  
I smoke a pack a day, on a good day it's two  
But with all my faults, I'm still cooler than you

I can't drive a stick, I don't really surf  
My parents disowned me, cause I'm a real jerk  
I hate to cook, and I don't wash my car  
I can't program the timer on my VCR

I hate doing laundry, can't stand washing a plate  
I haven't seen a girl naked since 1988  
I know this sounds wrong, but believe me it's true  
With all this against me, I'm still cooler than you

You must realize  
I don't mean what I say  
But lying to myself  
Helps me get through the day

We are the same  
We are Abbot and Lou  
You are as I  
And I are as you