Fake Problems, Born & Raised

On April 29th, 1980-something, I was born to a new proud mother.
She said she would always care for me 'til the day she died, and
she'd never let anyone ruin my life but they sure try.
The day that I turned 18 my grandfather told me, he said
"Chris, I think you should join the army". I said I don't really
think I'm cut out for that, no I'm fairly certain I wouldn't last.
But I do agree the benefits are quite astounding, but I know that
I would throw up if saw someone dying.
But if I went I would make the best of every moment, and show
respect to my commanding officer and come home with a medal or
something cool like that.
Just a few months ago my best friend inquired, he said
"Do you think you'll ever go back to college?" I said yeah, sure,
eventually when the time is right, when I find a university I kinda like.
Because I do agree the experience is quite enticing, if I don't get
too distracted by all the drinking.
But if I went I would make the best of every moment, and pay
attention to the teacher and come home with some knowledge or
something great like that.