

# Sicko, The Sprinkler

Looking out my window  
I see some old friends riding down the street  
on the bikes we used to ghostride on the playground  
but I broke my bike last fall  
and my parents were appalled  
at my lack of respect for personal property

Sitting in the basement  
eating Peanut Butter Captain Crunch  
watching "Flipper" and building models  
but that stuff wears out faster than my All-stars  
lock myself in my bedroom and play with my Hot Wheels Cars

Layin' in the back yard  
playin' like a rock star  
wish that I could forget  
running through the sprinkler  
until I'm soaking wet

I forget whatever happened to  
me and all my white-trash friends  
they got sick of me or I grew out of them  
but they must have felt betrayed  
when I stopped seeing things their way  
lost all interest in the stupid plans we made

But I can still see them skating down the steepest hills  
we were all fearless and our parents feared the doctor's bills  
just having fun was our excuse  
just being cool was the truth  
don't try to stop us 'cause it ain't no use...

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I forget, what you said, not yet