

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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wish that I could forget
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I forget, what you said, not yet