

Tim Minchin, Happy Boy

She says the carpet's for sweeping stuff under
She says you don't want to open the can
Who needs a naval if it's not for gazing?
Well, I'm doing the best that I can

He's such a happy boy
Cries every time he drinks beer
He thinks too much not enough
Don't leave me here
Cos I'm sick and I'm cold and I'm happy
I'm naked and yours to devour but I'm not alone
I always go crazy like that when I listen to winter
I don't think I want to go home

He says you love her, so don't let her leave you
He says there isn't a question to ask
No need to try to look into the future
When you still haven't dealt with the past

He's such a happy boy
Cries every time he drinks beer
He thinks too much not enough
Don't leave me here
Cos I'm sick and I feel like a cliché
Depressed and ecstatic at once but I'm not alone
I would be embarrassed, but shame was never my forte
I think I had better go home

I can't make decisions any more
I can't write easily as before