

# 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