

# Trace Aber, Big Socks

It's a rough day,  
especcially when your name is Fay.  
I have big socks,  
and they don't fit my goat.  
Boom,Click,Soup.  
I have brown underwear.

I like pasta  
I like ink  
I like to do the winky-dink  
I like to shave my armpits  
Inside my nose.

Sometimes I fart  
But...Noone is there  
I begin to cry, and wonder if I should just die.  
It's like...  
I'd rather burp and puke,  
But I hate to do the Jukey-Juke.

I sit in a chair, with my butt, bare.  
The chair is cold, but my great aunt is old.  
I have big shoes,  
But here I am, singing the blues.

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