

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.

Big Socks
Big Socks
Big Socks
Big Socks
Big Socks
Big Socks