

BOO-HOO

My parents tried to raise me pan-theistically
A little this, a little that -- but realistically
It's hard when you're a child to understand it all
The boils, the toils, the suffering -- and that God planned it all
So wasn't I delighted when my father said one day
The thrust of all religion can be summed up in this way
Sheep go baa, cows go moo
Life just sucks, well, boo-the-fuck-hoo

Boo hoo. Boo-the-fuck-hoo
You're gonna suffer, kid, whatever you do
Expect to get it right up the wazoo
Life just sucks, so boo-the-fuck-hoo

In college I was baffled by philosophy
If God had given Man free will -- then who's the boss of me?
I couldn't get "ennui" or "angst" or "anomie"
Until I met that cute TA -- who made a man of me!
In bed she read me Nietzsche, Camus, and Kierkegaard
But I finally understood it when she put it like a Hallmark card
God is dead. Violets are blue
You are confused? Well, boo the fuck hoo

Boo hoo. Boo the fuck hoo
You're waiting for Godot? And his little dog, too?
And now it's finally dawning on you
Dog is dead, so boo the fuck hoo!

And now my kids have kids, they're all I care about
But current thought and modern trends, I'm unaware about
Their parents sigh and say what an old fool I am
I even read them Doctor Seuss—that's how old school I am
Last night we turned to Horton and they hung on every word,
As we plumbed the implications of the Who that Horton heard:
When you're small, sad but true,
No one cares, well, boo the fuck hoo

Boo hoo. Boo the fuck hoo
Knock knock. Who's there? Thing One and Thing Two
I hate to tell you, you don't run the zoo
Till you do, it's boo the fuck

Who the fuck knew it would be wall to wall
Boo the fuck hoo.
Go for a walk and soon you're knee deep in dog doo
Each day is one more turn of the screw

Well, boo the fuck me
And boo the fuck you
Is it karma? Is it Pharma? Is it catch 22?
No, it's reality you're smelling all over your shoe
Cause life just sucks
Well, boo the fuck hoo