

Manners

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I got all this love to share
But Jesus guards my underwear
Gotta get to class on time
The teacher calls my name at nine

I find pop appropriate
But mom wants me to graduate
Gotta get me a good job
Or a bank job, or a bank to rob
Gotta drop the kids off at school
Then empty the kiddie pool

They say I got manners
Everybody wants to have
Everybody, everybody
Everybody hates to have

Jelly beans with Billie Jean
To celebrate my sweet sixteen
Talking 'bout the dress in pink
But really thinking about drinking

Stacked up high like tapes of porn
In our bunk beds in a dorm
They try to tell 'bout the man upstairs
They whisper down the bunks
I whisper Jesus only tells me
That he loves only when he's drunk

They say I got manners
Everybody wants to have
Everybody, everybody
Everybody hates to have