

# Fat Children

Tim Minchin

Do not feed doughnuts to your obese children  
You will regret it when they're in their teens  
Maccas might shut them up now that they're seven  
But they won't forgive you when  
They're getting picked last for PE  
Don't you see?

Boombalata motherfucker  
Have you noticed that yo kids are fat?  
What are you going to do about that?  
What are you going to do?

So you telling me that your family  
Has a history of obesity  
You got a wire loose in your pituitary  
It's just the way that God made me

It's unlikely, statistically  
To be a physical thing  
But either way it don't explain why you  
Are in the cue at Burger King

You can blame it on biology  
You can blame your physiology  
You can point to genealogy  
And your social anthropology

You can say you are an ectomorph  
That you just can't get the kilos orf  
Well you can be what you wanna be  
But stop feeding that boy KFC

He weighs 30 kilos and he's only three  
He looks like a clean-shaven Pavarotti

Switching to Diet Coke is not the way back  
Boombalata motherfucker  
Your kid's a fat, have you noticed that?  
Your 5 year old princess in her size 14 tutu  
Only eats pizza like that because you do  
And you, you should feel ashamed  
For you have only got yourself to blame

Will be dead of a heart attack  
Before your grandchildren are ten  
Perhaps you'll consider  
A cut-back on extra fries then

Boombalata kiddie-stuffer  
Have you noticed that your kids are fat?  
What are you gonna do about that?  
What are you gonna do?

So you're telling me that your family  
Has a history of obesity  
You got the polycystic ovaries  
Your mum had childhood diabetes

But - and in your case  
There's a fucking big butt  
Do you think it's an appropriate treat  
The all-you-can-eat at Pizza Hut?

There's no excuse you silly goose  
For a child with a caboose  
Like a moose who's eaten too much mousse  
It's tantamount to child abuse

Kick them off the fucking couch  
Unplug the Playstation  
Send them down to the park  
If they don't wanna go, make 'em

Tell them they have to jog  
Until their jogging shorts fit'em  
If they hesitate, ask firmly  
If they still resist, hit'em

Is this what you want for your girl and your guy?  
These chips off the pork chop, for the toffee apples of  
your eye?  
Kit Kats in value packs are not the way back  
Boombalata Motherfucker  
Your kids are fat, did ya notice that?

And you, you should feel ashamed  
For you have only got yourself to blame  
Your 6 year old miniature Jabba the Hut  
Eating half melted Mars Bars from the folds of his gut  
He'll be looking for a kidney  
Before your grandchildren are ten  
Perhaps you'll consider  
A cut-back on Taco Bell then  
Perhaps you'll consider  
A cut-back on Krispy Kreme doughnuts  
And Popcorn in bucket-sized boxes  
And microwave pizza or drive through McDonalds  
For weeknightly dinners in front of the TV  
And notes to the phys-ed instructor saying  
Timmy has asthma but he really just gets short of  
breath  
Cos he's 35 kilos above the ideal weight  
Of 35 kilos for a nine year old boy