

Greed (balsa Wood And Glue)

Tim Minchin

When I was a young chap, just a little bouncing boy; my family was not wealthy so I had to make do with second-hand pyjamas and a single wooden toy. A dinosaur my daddy made with balsa wood and glue.

But when i turned 13, and to high school off I trotted, I knew immediately that my dino wouldn't do 'cuz I had noticed all the toys the other boys had gotted and I couldn't help myself I wished that I had got them to

My daddy made a dinosaur with balsa wood and glue but before too long I knew that my dino wouldn't do

When I was 15 years old I first turned to thievin' To satiate my cravin' to have things the other kids had I stole a gnarly skateboard from a skateboard shop one evening it had bodacious fluero railing and a wickid fluero skidpad

By the following Monday mornin' the skateboardin' turned to boredom My appetite for skatin' was abatend(?) in a flash so I sold my board and bought a pair of flippers and a snorkel But soon I borked at snorkeling, forked my snorkel in the trash

My daddy made a dinosaur with balsa wood and glue but before too long I knew that my dino wouldn't do

At 18 I managed hedge funds and got fat by drinking beer At 20 I owned 7 cars and houses on the coast I fell in love at 23, with a swedish girl called mia I bought a 200 quid toaster with which mia made me toast

At 28 I went through like a buddhist kind of thing and decided that the matieral world and I were through I hooked up with some Buddhist chicks who said that theyw ere twins but they didn't look that similiar and they did stuff twins don't do

My daddy made a dinosaur with balsa wood and glue but before too long I knew that my dino wouldn't do

But now I'm 47 stone and 31 years old I have a kitchen staff of 12 on call 24 hours a day and a page 3 girl I payed to lick chocolate from my folds and a rent boy called Lewellen though I'm neither welsh nor gay

Now to those who judge my lifestyle to be gluttonous and brash and critize my access acquisition and consumption i say that critics of the wealthy are just those who don't have cash and who have never had a prostitute spread marmite on their scrotum

My daddy made a dinosaur with balsa wood and glue but before too long I knew that my dino wouldn't do

My father died a year ago to dust he's now returned and I found my wooden dinosaur which all these years have lasted and I cremated it and put it with dad's ashes in an urn below a grave stone with three words on it "Stingy bast-dad"

My daddy made a dinosaur with balsa wood and glue which is all very quaint but I'd rather eat paraguay(?) inside a porsche