My Son Is...

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My Son Is. . .

Oh honey it's a little baby boy
And he has my eyes and your ears
And your mother's nose.
He is gonna be a soccer player and
Play the guitar and go to Yale.
No, Harvard and my son is . . .
No, you may not sleep at Joey's house
You have a math test tomorrow
And you want to get into the good middle school
Don't You?
Because the good middle school leads to the good High school
And my son is . . .
An 85?
Unsatisfactory young man. I am extremely disappointed in you.
Go to your room. My son is . . .
Borrow the car?
You come home with a 1000 on the SAT's
And you want to borrow my car? Fat chance!
No son of mine will get a 1000 on the SAT's and borrow my car.
What about Harvard?
Where are your soccer cleats?
You have guitar lessons today and you better not miss them again.
You are ruining you childhood and . . .
Oh My God
My son is . . .
GONE

--Mike Bailey