

Teenage Angst

I'm sad, mad and not very glad.
I don't eat, sleep, I'm just very weak.

I wears dark clothes
And a stud through my nose.

It's my duty, 'cos of my puberty,
To get my beauty

Sleep till late,

Then, grumble and moan
When I's at home.

I ain't no fool,
But I worry them all.

Spotty and snotty.

I tell them, no fret,
About getting me into debt.

When I go to university,
They'll like my diversity.

But in my bed
I'm in dread.

I don't want to go,
how can I say, no!

It's their idea,
that puts me in fear.

Nobody gets me man,
I am what I am.

Anxiety, apprehension,
I'm always in tension.

Where will I be,
When I'm twenty-three?

Mortgage round my ears,
Thems are my fears.

Going it alone,
Not being at home.