

Children's Bill Of Rights

My son came home from school one day a smirk was on his face
He'd decided he was smart enough to put me in my place
Guess what I learned in Civics Two, that's taught by Mr. Wright?
It's all about the laws today: THE CHILDREN'S BILL OF RIGHTS.
It says I don't have to clean my room; don't have to cut my hair.
No one can tell me what to think, how to speak, or what to wear.
I have freedom FROM religion and regardless what you say, I don't have to bow my head and
I sure don't have to pray. I can wear earrings if I want and pierce my tongue & nose.
I can read & watch just what I like, be tattooed from head to toes.
And if you ever spank me, I'll charge you with the crime,
I'll back up all my charges with the marks on my behind.
Don't you ever touch me, this body's for my use,
Not for your hugs and kisses, that's just more, child abuse.
Don't preach about your morals, like your mama did to you.
That's nothing but your mind control, and it's illegal too!
Mom, I have these children's rights, so you can't influence me, or
I'll call Children's Services, better known as C.S.D.

(Mom's Turn)

Well, of course, my natural instinct was to toss him out the door.
But the chance to teach a lesson, made me think a little more.
I mulled it over carefully, I couldn't let this go.
A little smile crept to my face . . . He was messing with a pro!

The next day I took him shopping at the local Good Will store
I told him, "Pick out all you want! There are shirts & pants galore."
I've called and checked with C.S.D., they said they didn't care,
If I bought you K-Mart shoes instead of Nike Airs.
OH! And . . . I've canceled that appointment to take your driver's test.
The C.S.D. is unconcerned, so I'll decide what's best.
No time to stop and eat or pick up stuff to munch,
and tomorrow you can start to learn to make your own sack lunch.
Just save that raging appetite and wait 'til dinnertime.
We're having liver and onions. It's a favorite dish of mine.

He ASKED: Can we stop to rent a movie, so I can watch the VCR?
Sorry, I said, I sold your TV for new tires on my car.
I also rented out your room, you can take the couch instead.
The C.S.D. requires just a roof above your head.
Your clothing won't be trendy now, I'll choose the food we eat,
That allowance that you used to get will buy me something neat.
I'm selling off your Jet Ski, dirt bike & roller blades.
Check out the PARENTS' BILL OF RIGHTS. It's in effect today!
Hey, Hot Shot, are you crying? Why are you on your knees?
Are you asking God to help you? GO CALL THE C.S.D.

