

Four Years Old

Adam Sandler

Hey
Why'd you wake me from my nap?
I'm not in the mood
To play your games
Or sit on your lap

You
Where's my Yankees drinking glass?
I want some juice
And I want it now
So you better move your ass
And feel bad for me
'Cause I'm just getting over a cold

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
Somebody better tie my shoes!

Now
I run down the hall
I scream and I yell
And I cry 'cause I fell
Bring the rubbing alcohol

Outside
I get mud on my shoe
I come back in the house
I get it on the rug
The cleanging's up to you
And I won't take a bath
Unless you make me Spaghetti-O's

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!
Mommy reads to me at night
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Well
I can't have a job
And I can't go to school
If no grownups are around
I can't go near the pool
I'm not allowed to climb
My neighbor's apple tree
I'm not allowed to sit
Too close to the TV
I don't know how to drive
And I don't know how to spell
But if I hear my brother cursing
I do know how to tell
'cause he made me eat some bread
That was covered in mold

I'm four years old!
I'm four years old!

I'm four years old!
I just threw up on my grandmother