

Happy Town

Jill Sobule

I could slip, I could fall
Down that mean and awful hall
With the other jealous bitches
And the bitter grumbling men

I could sneer, I could glare
Say that life is so unfair
And the one who made it, made it
'cause her breasts were really big

Well I don't want to get bitter
I don't want to get cruel
I don't want to get old before I have to

I could bitch, I could moan
Say I want to be left alone
But that's not really true
Because I like my time with you

Till you rant and you rave
Wishing fat folks to their grave
But I feel sorry for them
You say they get what they deserve

Well I don't want to get bitter
I don't want to get cruel
I don't want to get old before I have to

I don't want to get jaded
Petrified and weighted
I don't want to get bitter like you
Like you, with the darts in your eyes
Like you, with disdain for mankind
I was charmed, now I wonder

Well I don't want to get bitter
I don't want to get cruel
I don't want to get old before I have to

So I'll smile with the rest
I'll wish everyone the best
And know the one who made it
Made it 'cause she was actually pretty good

Well I don't want to get bitter
I don't want to get cruel
I don't want to get old before I have to