

**April 6, 2039**

**Pedro the Lion**

Here we have our dust free dining set  
We guarentee it won't collect a spec  
Freeing up the children to instead  
Grow into your molding  
Heed more of your scolding  
Go early to their new self-making beds

It seems like you'd be tired of losing face  
Like you'd want to put the children in their place  
The more you have to tell them to do their chores  
The more you run the risk of being ignored

If you're lucky they'll turn out as good as you  
You tell them that they're good kids  
But you know that it's not true

Your father drank a little  
You're on liver number two

Progress has a way of feigning ease  
Convenient new inventions bait the tease  
For though it is impossible to cure  
A husband bent on cheating  
The oxygen's depleting  
A child who's always bragging  
A wife's persistent nagging  
We're equipped to live as though it were

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