

# How It's Gonna Be

## The Dead Milkmen

Start off in the womb, yeah, where it's nice and warm  
Things are lookin' good, then it's time to be born  
Doctor pulls you out and slaps you on the butt  
And before you know it your umbilical cord is cut  
Drag you from your mama, wheel you down the hall  
Room full of babies, who just lie there and bawl  
Lysin' in a diaper, feelin' like a fool  
Things'll get much worse when it's time to go to school

You're crammed into a classroom with 30 other kids  
Good you get nothing - bad you get hit  
Nobody likes you and the classroom is cold  
Stuck with a textbook that's 35 years old  
Bullies beat you up, teacher puts you down  
Sittin' in the corner don't dare make a sound  
If you learn one thing, better learn to curse  
'cause from now on, life gets even worse

Now that you are 30, better get a job  
You will buy a house, you will buy a Saab  
Get up in the morning, you will feel like dyin'  
As the years go rollin' by, you will lose your mind  
You were once a young man, now you're turnin' grey  
Listening to people talkin' 'bout the Judgment Day

Now you've retired, goodbye to the job  
And you've lost your teeth, goodbye corn-on-the-cob  
Look back on your life and all the things you did  
Standin' in the yard, yellin' at the kids  
Now you're kickin' back, you don't have a care  
Time to see the world from your Craft-matic chair

You'll move to Arizona where all the old folks go  
You will vote Republican, you'll see UFO's

Then one day you die, find yourself in Hell  
With the lake-o'-fire and that awful brimstone smell  
You were really good, but you weren't good enough  
Living ain't so easy, dying's really tough  
Now look around, see how it's gonna be  
Yes, my friend, you're screwed for all eternity