

Ha. Ha.

JIMMY'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND, JIMMY'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND,  
JIMMY'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND, JIMMY'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND, Jimmy, got a girl, ...

JIMMY and Marsha  
Sittin' in a tree  
Ray-I-ess-ess-I-er gee!

"Jimmy, do you like Marsha?"

"Marsha who?"

"Marsha Jones, stupid!"

"What?!? ~~That's~~ Her?!? No. ~~But~~ I don't  
like no girls 'cept my man ~~and Sally~~ and some  
who know how to play football."

"Jimmy?"

"Huh?"

"I like you."

"Shut up, Marsha."

"Do you like me?"

"No!"

"When we grow up we'll get married."

"No we won't!"

"Why not?"

"I'm gonna marry Sally Clarke."

I used to laugh with the ~~joy~~<sup>love</sup> of life  
And all the angry young men glared at me  
I used to run and leap and shout for joy  
And the angry young men looked disgusted with me  
I used to be happy and handsome and a superman  
And the angry young men called me an asshole  
I used to be rich ~~and~~  
And the angry young men despised me  
But now I'm old, and ~~and~~ ugly and ~~and~~ crippled  
and poor and psychotic  
And they worship me as a wise old God.

I guess it's time to say "Goodbye,  
Cruel World" and flush myself down  
the toilet and die.

And I'd do it except that then I'd  
become a legend among the Angry Young Men,  
as an angry old man, the father image.

Jesus H. Christ! What the hell  
am I gonna do?

I'd do something stupid like joining some  
rediculous religion, except that then all the  
Angry Holy young men would do the same thing.