Poster Child

© 2004 Will Stanley

Junked cars are the ornaments in his yard
He claims he served in the National Guard
So his friends call him The Tank, and that's what he's in

He's had three live-in love affairs
But they couldn't wait to get out of there
Once they'd had their fill of the filth they'd been living in.

His buddies call him on the weekend, cuz they know that he will never pretend
That he's got something to do, or someplace to be.

So when you see him on the street
Point him out to the youngsters you meet
Cuz he's the poster child for dysfunctionality

His breakfast consists of peanuts and beer,
He can't keep a job, cuz his head ain't clear
With his welfare check, he buys more of the same.

When evening comes, he gets down to brass tacks
With 80 proof and 18 packs
He curls up on the couch, and passes out, while he's watching the game.

It may seem that his life's a waste, but he says it's a matter of taste.
He tells everyone that he's footloose and fancy free.

So when you see him on a park bench
Surrounded by smoke and an awful stench
Call him the poster child for dysfunctionality.

Please don't feel bad, for what he's become
Just remember the yearbook, that said he'd be the one
To take the world by storm, and to set things right
Instead he turned into a social parasite
Instrumental
So when you see him on the street
Point him out, no need to be discrete
Cuz he's the poster child for dysfunctionality.
Yes, he's the poster child for dysfunctionality.