

***Don't Mess With Mom***

My son came home from school one day, with a smirk upon his face.  
He'd decided he was smart enough, to put me in my place.  
"Guess what I learned in Civics Two, that's taught by Mr. Wright?  
It's all about the laws today, The "Children's Bill of Rights."

It says I need not clean my room, don't have to cut my hair.  
No one can tell me what to think, or speak, or what to wear  
I have freedom from religion, and regardless what you say,  
I don't have to bow my head, and I sure don't have to pray.

I can wear earrings if I want, and pierce my tongue & nose.  
I can read & watch just what I like, and get tattoos from head to toes.  
And if you ever spank me, I'll charge you with the crime.  
I'll back up all my charges, with the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me, my body's only for my use,  
not for your hugs and kisses, that's just more child abuse.  
Don't preach about your morals, like your mama did to you.  
That's nothing more than mind control, And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights, so you can't influence me,  
or I'll call Children's Services Division, better known as C.S.D. "

Of course my first instinct was To toss him out the door  
But the chance to teach a lesson made me think a little more.  
I mulled it over carefully, I couldn't let this go.  
A smile crept upon my face, he's messing with a pro.

The next day I took him shopping at the local Goodwill Store  
I told him, "Pick out all you want, there's shirts & pants galore.  
I've called and checked with C.S.D., who said they didn't care  
if I bought you K-Mart shoes instead of those Nike Airs.

And I've canceled that appointment to take your driver's test.  
The C.S.D. is unconcerned so I'll decide what's best. "  
I said "No time to stop and eat, or pick up stuff to munch.  
And tomorrow you can start to learn to make your own sack lunch.

Just save that raging appetite, and wait 'til dinner time.  
We're having liver and onions, a favorite dish of mine.  
He asked "Can I please rent a movie, To watch on my VCR?"  
"Sorry, but I sold your TV, for new tires on my car.  
I also rented out your room, you'll take the couch instead.  
The C.S.D. requires just a roof above your head.

Your clothing won't be trendy now, and I'll choose what we eat.  
That allowance that you used to get, will buy me something neat  
I'm selling off your jet ski, dirt-bike & roller blades.  
Check out the "Parent's Bill of Rights", It's in effect today!

Hey hot shot, are you crying, and why are you on your knees?  
Are you asking God to help you out, instead of C.S.D.?