

Choose Your Weapon

7-5-05

It's an uphill fighting battle
That I don't know how to win.
My feet are getting tired
And my armor's wearing thin.
I've got miles and miles ahead of me
There's no near end to this old war.
My muscles are over-weary,
And everything is really sore.

The fighting is horrendous
And I'm near a forced retreat.
Battle axes of bread and butter
Are knocking me off my feet.
The leaden weights of potato swords
Are battering my shield,
While rice and pretty coffee cakes
Decorate the battle field.

The corpses of a thousand dinners
Lie scattered on the ground.
And though I may search and search,
No escape has yet been found.
I'm carrying around the weight
Of, at least, two young men
And any time I start to lose,
I put it all on again.

I've got 180 pounds to lose
(That's 80 kilo or 13 stone).
And it's not only for my health,
It's that I'm tired of being alone.
I'm afraid a boy will tell me
That I'm "cute, but just too fat."
And I just can't help but wonder
If I could live like that.

I'm looking for a lifestyle change.
I'm tired of this fight.
I wish it was something really easy.
(I'm an American, right?)
I want something that takes no work,
Something that I can live by.
It takes the weight off, nice and simple.
There's nothing I'm afraid to try.

Detox, Atkins or South Beach,
Weight Watchers and Slim-Fast...
I need to take this weight off.
I'm tired of being last.
The fight is getting harder
As, each day, I put on weight.
Help me out, all you diets.
Help... before it's too late.