

Edgar McDonald

That's right, run. Run home to your mommy, little girl.

That's right, cry. Tell her the cruel, repulsive old man at the house on the corner shouted and screamed at you.

Don't forget to tell her how you treaded those unwanted golden leaves into my yard.

Don't forget to tell her how every year you try to push those stupid Girl Scout cookies on me too.

My bigheaded daughter comes along once in a while you know.

You and her, your exactly the same.

She bangs on my door, shouting to me to let her in.

I bang on the large darkened window and shout back and scare her with my trusty wooden cane.

Family, ha. Who needs them?

My two brothers are scum.

Chickening out and running home to their wives instead of defending their country.

Drowning their fears at a bottom of a bottle of rum.

Stupid kids now days don't get enough discipline obviously.

My father, a wealthy man, hit me once a day when I was young.

I could smell the ale on his breath and the smoke on his clothes as his belt hit the back of my legs.

Hit your kids once a day, it will make them bite their sharp little tongue.

After my father hit me my mother would come into my bedroom.

She would dry my tears and wash my face.

She was a gem that woman. A saint almost. I loved her more than anything.

But I could tell that she wasn't happy and she wanted to get out of that place.

When I came back from the war, my mother and father were dead.

Bombs had hit the house one morning during a raid.

I was angry when I was told the news when I returned, I was destroyed.

Over the years I tried to forget, but those memories, those torturous thoughts will never fade.

So yes little girl run home to mommy.

Crying your pathetic little eyes out

But you have never felt the pain and suffering I have.

And pray you don't, over-ambitious little Girl Scout.

