

## HAFTA, HAFTA, HAFTA



I hafta rise and shine and be at school by eight.  
I hafta do my homework and not stay up too late!  
I hafta raise my hand and not chew gum at all.  
I hafta say "yes ma'am" and never spit spitballs.  
I hafta get in line. I hafta wait my turn.  
I hafta take a nap. I hafta live and learn.  
I hafta, hafta, hafta. I hafta day and night.  
When I hafta, hafta, hafta — it makes me so uptight.  
I hafta sit up straight and not act like a clown.  
I hafta hurry up. I hafta slow it down.  
I hafta take a bath. I hafta comb my hair.  
I hafta brush my teeth — put on clean underwear.  
I hafta drink my milk. I hafta eat my peas.  
I hafta use my manners, say things like pretty please.  
I hafta clean my room and put my toys away.  
It's all a part of growing up and learning to obey.  
You think with all the haftas — they'd make me go berserk!  
Momma says that haftas are laying the groundwork!  
'Cause someday soon I'll grow up and my haftas I'll outgrow.  
My hafta list will change and begin to overflow!  
I'll have to rise and shine and be at work by six.  
I'll have to mow the lawn and pick up all the sticks.  
I'll have to walk the dog and fix those things he chews.  
I'll have to clean up accidents like p.u. — doggie doos.  
I'll have to doctor scratches and wipe those snotty noses.  
I'll have to mop up throw up —  
then make things smell like roses.  
I'll have to nurse kids back to health  
and stay up most the night.  
I'll have to interfere and break up all those fights.  
Doing all these haftas now is just my way of showing —  
How much I love my parents. Hey! I can wait on growing.  
When asked to do my haftas — there's no need to blow up!  
After all is said and done —  
I don't really want to grow up!!!