

A Good Kid

By Frederick William Schroeder IV

I was a good kid, unlike those first rate fuck-ups, but I knew
that I had to let loose with a few bros, a few brews.
Drinking has a way of screwing with your judgment,
but I won't say no to a party.

We got more than a few brews, said the few bros,
but we still need an open house to throw down in.
Man, you can't say no to a party.
You gotta own this vacation!

I knew of an open house, not exactly the type to throw down in
but the keys were mine for two weeks,
while the owners were on vacation.
Fuck it, let's get some girls.

With keys that wouldn't be mine in two weeks,
I opened the house and spread the word.
I let the girls in, hoping at least to fuck
at that rager on Hillsdale Ave.

Word spread of the open house,
from the horny girls on the track team to the random freshman dudes,
about the rager on Hillsdale Ave.
Bottles and cans began to empty.

Ignoring the dudes, I went for the horniest girl I could track down.
My drunken luck improved
with every bottle and can that was emptied.
A mirror shattered, somewhere.

I felt drunk and lucky
before the neighbors crashed the party.
They heard a mirror shatter,
and threatened to call the cops.

The neighbors crashed my party
and saw the house in shambles.
The cops would have been on my case
if I didn't haul ass right then.

I left the house in shambles.
Shitfaced, I thought I'd be in the clear;
hauling ass home seemed right, then.
The neighbors would clean up the mess.

It was clear I was in deep shit

when I got the phone call. That's when I knew:
The neighbors cleaned up the mess,
but put the blame all on me.

I was on the phone, not knowing
how to apologize for what I'd done.
I'd have to take the blame.
I fucked up, it wouldn't happen again.

I'm sorry for what I've done, I apologized,
I guess drinking really screwed up my judgment.
Though I swore it wouldn't happen again,
I knew a good kid wouldn't have fucked up in the first place.