

749-1000  
Plenty not to do

There's plenty not to do  
And that's what i plan on doing  
Sitting in the sun  
And days the years accruing  
My ever darker tan  
My ever growing belly  
I'll shower once a week  
Don't care if i'm that smelly  
There's plenty not to do  
No comments and no grading  
The stress like low tide ebbs  
The frustration soon is fading  
Not one ounce of me bitter  
Not one person i hate  
But there's plenty not to do  
So i'd better not long wait  
And so i wave goodbye  
adieu and and fare ye well  
There's plenty not to do  
No stories left to tell  
And when you think upon me  
Remember the man you knew  
Who now sits quiet breathing  
With plenty not to do