

I DON'T! I WON'T!

I don't! I won't!
I'll slam the door,
If I don't get my way,
I'll fall to the floor!

In Walmart, McDonalds,
And the doctor's office too.
I'll even do it,
Inside the zoo.

I'll have a tantrum.
I'll have a fit.
I'll fling my arms and scream,
And I'll even hit.

People can look.
I don't really care.
People can point.
People can stare.

I don't even care,
If they give a big laugh,
Cause I'm thowing a fit,
Underneath a giraffe.

I want it! I want it!
I'll slam the door,
If I don't get my way,
I'll fall to the floor!

Give me what I want,
And give it right now.

I don't know why,
I can't have a pet cow.

I don't care what you say,
And I don't care your reason.
I'll throw a tantrum all day,
All the way to the end of the season.

I'll keep going
Till the leaves turn green,
And when Christmas comes,
You'll still hear me scream.

I'll keep going,
Till I'm red in the face,
And I'll yell so loud,
That I shake this place.

I don't! I won't!
I'll slam the door,
If I don't get my way,
I'll fall to the floor!

Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h! S-c-r-e-a-m!
Wait a minute! Where did you go?
Aren't you going to stay,
And watch my little show?

No?
And what's that you say?
I can no longer go outside?
I can no longer play?

I have to sit in the chair,
For five minutes long?
Because what I did was mean,
And what I did was wrong.

Fits aren't very fun,
I've changed my mind now.
Tantrums are wrong,
And who really needs a pet cow?

I'd talk to you more,
But because of my fit,
I have to go now,
And be quiet and sit.



Obeying Parents

“Pick up your mess.”

“Clean up your closet.”

“It's time to brush your teeth.”

What do you do when your parents tell you to do something? Do you complain? Do you argue? Do you pretend not to hear them? Or do you obey them without having to be told a second time. Listen to what God says in the Bible in Proverbs 20:11, “Even a child is known by his actions, by whether his conduct is pure and right.”