

Matt Channen  
A Slacker's Creed

Why do I sit here studying for this test?  
I find reading a book will not work for the best.  
Perhaps there is an easier road that may work out just well,  
But the means of this path hell I'll never tell.

What shall I use to accommodate this job?  
Now that I think about it, this gig won't be a lob.  
The boss stares around with the precision of a hawk  
And with her mighty hearing I dare not to talk.

But back to the point, what could be my bible?  
I must think hard or I'll lose my slacker title.  
A cheat sheet won't work nor will a crib,  
How about the back of a can of Mr. Pib?

What am I saying? These ideas aren't good.  
Perchance I'll leave my knapsack open, yes maybe I could.  
But that is too risky, oh what shall I do?  
Hey buddy it might be time to quit, true and true.

DAMN! What have you become! Straight edge all the way?  
Well by golly for this I swear they will pay!  
I'll pull this off for they never again will feel,  
A grade so incredible like one I am about to steal!

That's the spirit! There's no way you couldn't get through this,  
Now right down your answers in a way you'll never miss.  
I'VE GOT IT! IVE GOT IT! Oh how could I ever forget?  
Writing on my desk should earn me all correct!

So wish me luck I'll be back in a few,  
Don't move a muscle until I give you my Q'  
I'm back I'm back! Oh what a great score!  
It was as simple as making a knock on a door.

I am a cheat, a liar, yet a crook with a lead,  
No need to say anymore, for that is a Slacker's Creed