

Babysitting

(Words and Music by Mark Wesling and Dana A. Zbozien)

I'm in a complicated situation
While my mom makes supper, I'm babysitting

My baby bro, he's out of control
He's moving fast, how long will this last?
Oh, he won't slow down, or stop running around
How does Mommy cope? Is there any hope?

That he will just relax in contemplation
And understand my real frustration

There must be a cure, I know for sure
'Cause he's throwing his toys, that's just like the boy
Will his temper cease? 'Cause I need some peace
This can't last, no, it has to pass

I'm only seven years old, I'm not the one in control
But this situation is really getting old

I wish I could zap him into a nap
Or convince him to look at a really big book
Or settle down, stop running around
If this is Mommy's work, then she must be an expert

But he's my brother, so we're stuck together
Yes, he's my brother, I guess we're stuck together
'Cause he's my brother, so we're stuck together
He's my brother, I guess we're stuck together