

Remember when you made a choice
That turned out not so smart?
This story's of exactly that,
I'll tell you every part.

First off, there's this kid Adam.
He lived in his backyard.
His house wasn't quite next door
But wasn't all that far.

Adam was a smart-ish guy,
But not so smart with books.
He had a sort of simple mind,
And simple kind of looks.

He wasn't young (but wasn't old),
And lived a simple way.
He had the best day of his life
Before his eighth birthday.

See, Adam wasn't super rich,
Didn't know much about money.
The way he spent, I bet you'd say,
Was quizzical and funny.

So here's the story that I'll tell,
Though I'm nobody's scholar.
It happened on the very day
Adam found ten dollars.

I can't remember anymore
If the cash was a present.
Maybe an allowance,
or maybe an investment.

And this was in the 80s!
Ten bucks, oh man; cha ching!
A can of pop was fifty cents,
Penny candies were a thing!

So ten whole bucks is what he had,
And ten bucks was his fortune.
He knew he had to spend it
On something real important.

He thought about it quite a lot
And pondered this new tool.
No matter what, he'd find a way
To splurge on something cool.

Should it go to needy folk
Or stay within his hands?
After lots of crucial thought,
He came up with a plan.

He wrote a list and made it long,
'Cause Adam was no flaker.
He wore a pencil to a nub,
And soon ran out of paper.

Some comic books? A model car?
A nice bouquet of flowers?
A DVD of muscled dudes
With awesome superpowers?

Maybe lunch or some junk food,
A treat he can't get daily?
Some chips or pop or chocolate bars
Or heck, a ukulele?

The list went on, and on some more.
He covered every option.
From gifts to goodies of all kinds,
To things he dreamed of often.

Skateboards, slippers, sticker books,
T-shirts, action figures,
Ant farms or a BB gun,
Or maybe something bigger.

A poster or a statue,
A used badminton racket,
Maybe enough Bazooka Joe
To get the denim jacket.

I wish he'd spent on stuff like that.
This ending would be better.
The honest truth is Adam
Went and bought a block of cheddar.

Yeah. Cheese. That's right. The orange stuff.
I'm serious, okay?
He chewed on it all afternoon,
And half of the next day.

I mean, who would choose a chunk of cheese,
When ten bucks buys much more?
Why write a list of everything
You'd possibly afford?

That list he wrote? He tried his best.
The thinking played its part.
Sometimes a list just ain't as good
As listening to your heart.

Not many people know this tale,
Very few had witnessed.
The fact that this choice made no sense
Made the story just the best.

But, you know what?
It's funny how a good tale never dies.
Adam spent his money
And was immortalized.

So yeah, it's just a little
underwhelming story.
Adam traded ten whole bucks
To be a tale of glory.