

# The Squat

Down this road, in a gym far away,

A young man was heard to say,

“ No matter what I do, my legs won’t grow.”

He tried leg extensions, leg curls, and leg presses, too.

Trying to cheat, these sissy squats he’d do.

From the corner of the gym where the big men train,

Through a cloud of chalk and the midst of pain,

Where the noise is made with big Forty-Fives,

A deep voice bellowed as he wrapped his knees.

A very big man with legs like trees.

Laughing as he snatched another plate from the stack,

Chalking his hands and in a monstrous bark,

Said, “Boy, stop lying and don’t say you’ve forgotten,

The trouble with you is you ain’t been

**SQUATTIN’.**”