

Things Mommy wishes she could stop doing...

Stop referring to myself as “mommy.”

Stop being co-dependant with my three-year-old accident-prone dog by hiding her “mistakes” from my husband.

Stop searching for reasons to go to Target.

Stop getting food from the drive-through and calling it having a “picnic in the car.”

Stop checking my blog stats counter.

Stop looking for my old friend, Louise Madison, on-line. Face it, she was cute and perky, she most likely got married and changed her last name.

Stop saying, “I’ll be right there,” when I know perfectly well I won’t be right there.

Stop spending hours watching 80’s videos on YouTube.

Stop wishing there really was a place called “Lazytown” and longing to go there (especially if *Sportacus* is there).

Stop regretting ever wearing overalls-pregnant or not.

Stop defending Bob Dylan’s talent; either you love him or you don’t.

~~Stop writing long stupid lists.~~