

# Welcome My Son

Adam Sandler

Welcome my son to your very first day  
So proud to be the one  
Who brought you this way  
I love you with all my heart  
And my love is here to stay  
But I can't help worrying  
Will you eventually smoke weed?

Soon enough you'll be walking  
You and me hand in hand  
The silly words you'll be talkin'  
Only daddy can understand  
We'll go out making snowmen  
Building castles in the sand  
And all the time I'm thinking,  
Will this kid end up smokin' weed?

But time keeps on going  
And you keep on growin'  
You're now six years old  
You're getting so good at your spellin'  
But my mind is always dwellin'  
On the fact that you  
Could be the kind of guy  
Who grows up and needs  
To smoke weed on the couch  
All the time  
All the time

So answer me this while  
You're lying in your little bed  
Why must you insist on bein'  
Such a fuckin' pothead?  
There's other things in life  
That can make you feel good  
But you just keep on smokin' your herb  
You can't get enough of  
Your precious, precious reefer  
Where you getting all this money  
To buy so much Hawaiian dope?