

Kevin Weaver

Bowling For Soup

Dear mom,
Did you get the disk I sent?
The one with all the songs we used to sing in the car?
Waylon, ' Eagles, Kenny Rogers and Donna Summer
I hope it brings back the memories
Of good times we had together
Driving in the car to New Mexico
The Longest ride ever to Pennsylvania
'all the way with the windows down.

And I hope you're proud
I hope you see some good
In all the fucked up things I did
All the things you never understood.
I hope I made you proud,
And disappointments of the past
Are things we left back there forever
And we can move on together
While you live the rest of your days
And watch your grandkids play
And say, 'I'm proud of you!'

Dear dad,
You managed to turn your life around
Five separate times that you were born.
But that's not me just yet
Only twice so far, but I'm working on a third.
And I'm only half your age
And long props working against me
I've got five hundred more tattoos than you
I've broken 30 hundred more hearts than you
And as for the bottle, I say, 'call that a drug!'

But I hope you're proud, you're proud!
I hope you see some good
And all the fucked up things I did
All the things you never understood
I hope I made you proud
And the disappointments of the past
The things we left back there forever
And we can move on together
While you live the rest of your days
Watch your grandkids play and say,
'I'm proud of you!'

I almost lost my brother, in a car crash late last summer
Don't know what I would have done without you
Never would have made it half this far without you
' you touch your little brother well!

But I hope you're proud, you're proud!
I hope you see some good
And all the fucked up things I did
All the things you never understood
I'm so fucking proud
And the disappointments of the past
The things we left back there forever

And we can move on together
While you live the rest of your days
And we watch your grandkids play
Say, 'I'm proud of you!'