

Proud of Your Boy

John Barrowman

Proud of your boy
I'll make you proud of your boy
Believe me, bad as I've been, Ma
You're in for a pleasant surprise

I've wasted time
I've wasted me
So say I'm slow for my age
A late bloomer, Okay, I agree

That I've been one rotten kid
Some son, some pride and some joy
But I'll get over these lousin' up
Messin' up, screwin' up times

You'll see, Ma, now comes the better part
Someone's gonna make good
Cross his stupid heart
Make good and finally make you
Proud of your boy

Tell me that I've been a louse and loafer
You won't get a fight here, no ma'am
Say I'm a goldbrick, a goof-off, no good
But that couldn't be all that I am

Water flows under the bridge
Let it pass, let it go
There's no good reason that you should believe me
Not yet, I know, but

Someday and soon
I'll make you proud of your boy
Though I can't make myself taller
Or smarter or handsome or wise

I'll do my best, what else can I do?
Since I wasn't born perfect like Dad or you
Ma, I will try to
Try hard to make you
Proud of your boy