

What Gives My Son

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Far be it for me to say you're loose son
For be it for me to say you're no one
I've heard your excuse, I've heard your excuses,
Every one

You don't know what's going on
You don't know what's going on
My son
Far be it for me to say you're brain dead

It might help if you get your ass out of bed
It twists me inside to see your girlfriend's backside
She get tongue-tied and run
You're my son, I'm older than you,

You can't be a man too
Your hair's too long
Get out of my home
Papa, growing old

You're growing cold
You went to far
You crashed my car
I'm in a rage

Get off of that stage...
O.k.