

Idiot Son

The Loud Family

Father, you know that I don't mean disrespect
But the house is winning
I don't want to be there when they collect
(Father) the gratis-riding days couldn't last
Smoking courtesy cigarettes and rolling up the tinted glass

You're smart enough to make the numbers appear
The way the shouts around the table want to hear
But when it's over and the life we know is done
What will you say to your idiot son?
What will you say to your idiot son?

I dreamed that I was being chased over ground
I was climbing over backyard fences on my way out of town
(I dreamed) but every place I came to was new
And my legs gave out as I cried out
"I don't think we can still get through."

And I saw real estate that I would not call land
And not a council seat would fail to understand
But on the day there's really nowhere left to run
What will you say to your idiot son?
What will you say to your idiot son?
Oww! Say this!

You're smart enough to make the numbers appear
The way the shouts around the table want to hear
But you never had an ounce of faith in anyone
What will you have for your idiot son?
How do you explain to your idiot son?