

I was heading to the bus stop, Matty,
You were reading in your room,
Holed up all day.
You picked me up in a brand new Audi
And said, "She bought it for herself on Mother's Day."

Then we hum along
To some familiar tune.
"I like women and songs,"
You said, "It's from volume two".

Then you give me one,
Another you just finished.
You're my library,
Always open for business.
But you never show it;
You're just sitting with it.
But I know the score,
And you're killin' it.

Line after line,
When you're taking it in.
Time after time,
When you try to fit in to some white shoes
Or a blue collar.

So we listened to your choice for the first ten seconds.
I turned the dial
And it turned your expression.
I said, "Now, haven't you learned your last lesson?"
I try to understand;
I just don't get it.

Then we hum along
All from memory,
"I like women and songs,"
You said, "It's from volume three".

Take me to the bus stop, Matty,
Drive me back to Hamilton.
You talk about your step-dad funny.
You sound just like your father's son.
In '98 he liberated
Every Latin rhythm.
He never used to play it
'Cause she could never stand to listen.