

Turning Point

Bodysnatcher

If you listen to this song
I hope it hits home
I'm the son that you raised
Now tainted to the bone
I was so young
Everything went south
On that day I saw you put
That loaded shotgun in your mouth

I tried for years on end
To make you happy, to make amends
You were a fake, a coward, a dead beat dad
Always reflecting on the life that you once had

Down talking her to try and get me to sway
Just bit you back and kept me away
Down talking her to try and get me to sway
Just bit you back and kept me away

You think I got my morals from you
After all the shit you put me through?
A con, a fake
Whichever you prefer
I promise you I got my morals
I got my morals from her

Don't poke fun
At the woman that raised your children
You snide motherfucker
I hope you hear this

I hope you look back at your life
And realize everything you've done
I hope you change because
It'd be nice to have a father again

You fucking dick