

He was a rich frat boy who was never told no
With a brand new truck and a real fast boat
Momma was miss Mississippi back then
And thought everything was just easy
Daddy ran the school and the football team
Made sure that his boy was homecoming king
Shook hands with every politician in town
Pulling big crooked deals all across the south

And then it came out that daddy was running coke
And all their dreams went up in a cloud of smoke

So life ain't gonna be easy now for Junior
It turns out your own destiny can screw ya
I don't envy you like I did back then
You had twice as much but not one real friend
Never worked for nothing, it all just came right to ya
Now didn't it, Junior?

Well the bank stopped by and they took that truck
Came back for the boat in 2 short months
And all we remember was a cocky little kid
Who ran his mouth like his daddy once did

Well he packed his bags and he moved out of state
Where no one knew his family or his name

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Now didn't it, Junior?
Didn't it, Junior?

Seems honest work was way too much
For a spoiled rich kid who liked to have fun
And he whined and he moaned saying it's not fair
That's right, son, life's hard, it's probably time to grow a pair

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