

Psycho Dad

Frickin' A

Hey, her dad, is 6 foot 3
He never really cared for me
I went to pick her up
And he was cleaning out his gun

He asked her where, we were going
"First the party, and maybe bowling"
Have her home by midnight boy
He's so controlling

I really really like this girl and I
I want her so bad
But I don't really think that I can deal with
Psycho Dad

And I can picture
Driving home, after school
Sneaking up, up into her room
And making out, on her bed

We talked about it on the phone
Can't find a way to be alone
He's always there, and always mad
He freaks me out, Psycho Dad

Backseat, of my car
Laying underneath the stars
She ran her fingers through my hair
Love was in the air

And as I charmed her in my pinto
I heard a knock, on my window
There he was in boxer shorts
Pissed from head to toe

I didn't even get my hands
In the cookie jar
I didn't even know he had a GPS
On my car

Driving home, after school
Sneaking up, up into her room
And making out, on her bed

We talked about it on the phone
Can't find a way to be alone
He's always there, and always mad
He freaks me out, Psycho Dad

I had a dream, we were in the shower
And my hand was on her, arm
Worst dream I ever had
In walks the Psycho Dad

Oh no!
I hope!
I don't!

Drop the soap

Driving home, after school
Sneaking up, into her room
And making out, on her bed

She's been teasing me, I'll admit
About all the things I'll never get
He's always there, and always mad

We talk about it, on the phone
Can't find a way to, be alone
He freaks me out, freaks me out
Psycho Dad, Psycho Dad
Psych. Psycho Dad