

Three Today

Michael Franks

Used to believe in Jesus
But I don't anymore
Is it booze or rouge
That makes his cheeks so red?
Used to hope for a perfect lover
But I won't anymore
At thirty I've finally got a few things straight
In my head

And my little son is three today
I bounced him on my knee today
We swam like fishes in the sea today

At school I ran the 120 lows
And I never won once
Ran the hundred a lot, put the shot
But never placed
My All-American Halfback Daddy
Nearly dropped his load
When I stumbled off the football field
In disgrace

And my little son is three today
I bounced him on my knee today
We threw our blue frisbee today

I've been knockin' around this earthquake town
For two years now
Breakin' my neck for a ninety dollar check in the mail
Breathin' the smog, puttin on the dawg
Playin' my fingers raw
But there's a ship out there somewhere
With my name on its sail

And my little son is three today
I bounced him on my knee today
He told me he loved me today

And my little son is three today
I bounced him on my knee today
He told me he loved me today