

## What Gives My Son

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Far be it for me to say you're loose son  
For be it for me to say you're no one  
I've heard your excuse, I've heard your excuses,  
Every one

You don't know what's going on  
You don't know what's going on  
My son  
Far be it for me to say you're brain dead

It might help if you get your ass out of bed  
It twists me inside to see your girlfriend's backside  
She get tongue-tied and run  
You're my son, I'm older than you,

You can't be a man too  
Your hair's too long  
Get out of my home  
Papa, growing old

You're growing cold  
You went to far  
You crashed my car  
I'm in a rage

Get off of that stage...  
O.k.