

## Idiot Son

The Loud Family

Father, you know that I don't mean disrespect  
But the house is winning  
I don't want to be there when they collect  
(Father) the gratis-riding days couldn't last  
Smoking courtesy cigarettes and rolling up the tinted glass

You're smart enough to make the numbers appear  
The way the shouts around the table want to hear  
But when it's over and the life we know is done  
What will you say to your idiot son?  
What will you say to your idiot son?

I dreamed that I was being chased over ground  
I was climbing over backyard fences on my way out of town  
(I dreamed) but every place I came to was new  
And my legs gave out as I cried out  
"I don't think we can still get through."

And I saw real estate that I would not call land  
And not a council seat would fail to understand  
But on the day there's really nowhere left to run  
What will you say to your idiot son?  
What will you say to your idiot son?  
Oww! Say this!

You're smart enough to make the numbers appear  
The way the shouts around the table want to hear  
But you never had an ounce of faith in anyone  
What will you have for your idiot son?  
How do you explain to your idiot son?