

Sam Broussard

"Ira Visits His Dad"

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Ira my bastard loco weed
proof that the saints and plumbers
should never breed
Put the dope in my strongbox
before the nurses' aides can steal me blind
Nurses' aides, oh, they're nice enough
though some show up sick
and some they treat me rough
They're understaffed, underpaid
so they steal our underwear

How could I notice my mind drifting loose
and I don't mind the white Lysol walls
And if I deserve pain it's for having you
But you'll clear your name
when you hit my vein
and take your old Dad to the ballgame
hallelujah
wheel me
out to the ballgame

I win our fight, meet your Waterloo
I'm poor but at least
I'm a burden to you
you waste of the womb of a saint
if you really want the truth

We called you Stinky Sweet Pea
Well, here we are now
the one in diapers is me
And though I don't like you
I love you like the son I wish I'd had

Gone in two years what I'd saved all my life
Ira, inherit the wind
Clean-living, hard-working I win the prize
A son who walks in
with his needles and pins
and I'm in love, I'm feeling groovy
groovy
everything's beautiful

They took away all my Lucky Strikes
as if we might rise
and trade our wheelchairs for bikes
I know they mean well
and I forgot what I was gonna say

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