

Bros

"Drop The Boy"

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I get down to dry my hair
with a little touch of gel
I read all the newspapers
but my mother still reads my mail

I won't wish my life away but
tell me if you can
Who decides when I'm grown up
and I've turned into a man

Drop the boy drop the boy
I'm a man, yes I am
but they still call me boy
Drop the boy drop the boy
I'm a man, yes I am
and I'll be jumping for joy
when they drop the boy

I'm tired of the boy thing
I've got other things to do
I'd like to be in politics
can't take another visit to the zoo

No more bikes or plastic models
and braces on my teeth
I'd like to drive a dino
and to live out of my reach

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