

Harlan Howard

"We're Proud To Call Him Son"

Visit "[We're Proud To Call Him Son](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's an all American boy mama's pride and papa's joy
Paper waddin' all the girls tiein' knots in sister's curls
BB gunnin' passers by with a twinkle in his eye
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him
son

He pushed grandma down the stairs and he knelt and
said his prayers

And he blessed us one and all and set fire to the hall
While the fireman fought the fire our boy punctured all
their tires

He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him
son

[piano]

We went fishin' me and him and he knew I couldn't
swim

So this playfull little lad liked to drown his lovin' dad
Nearly cought my death of cold but his mother said
don't scold

He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him
son

Well he poisoned grandma's tea now she lies in agony

Made his mother kind of ex't she says what will he do
next

When he shot the neighbor's goats we agreed that's
wild oats

He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him
son

[guitar]

Now they took our boy away and we miss him more
each day

For our life's adored and tame since the paddy wagon
came

We sit and stare in vain through each broken window
pane

He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him
son

Visit [Harlan Howard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

