

F-Ups, The "Look At Your Son Now"

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I hate the way you won't let me go out on friday nights
I hate the way you try and say I need to live my life
I think that I am doing just as well off on my own
Why dont you go away dad and leave me all alone

I remember those times you told me to stay away from
dope
Dad take a look at your son now

I hate the way you make me stay in and do all my
chores
It's such a hassle it seems that I'm always doing yours
I hate the car lectures you give me on the ride home
While blasting Aerosmith on your fucking radio

I remember those times you told me to stay away from
girls
Dad take a look at your son now

I remember those times you told me to stay away from
booze
Dad take a look at your son now

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