

Hit the Ground and Run

Great Big Sea

There's a wedding in the chapel
And the bride is oh so happy
And daddy's got a shotgun in his handThe groom is sweatin' bullets
As the priest steps to the pulpit
He's about to make this boy into a manSweet Jesus in the garden
Can you grant this boy a pardon
For it's true, he really don't know what he's done?Better lock the church door tight
'Cause at the slightest crack of light
That boy is gonna hit the ground and runHe's gonna run he's gonna fly
He's out the door and down street
And he won't say goodbyeDiapers and diatribes
Of her daddy on the rum
That boy is gonna hit the ground and runWas it the rubbing or the tugging?
Put a bun in Nancy's oven
She's praying she's not starting to showBut the wedding set for April
And she's known since November
She ain't got hells chance of a ball of snowWhat in the Lords name was he thinking
You can't blame this all on drinking
You can count the family teeth upon one handBy midnight he was muddled
For Her gene pool is a puddle
That boy might be the daddy of his old man

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