Welcome My Son

Adam Sandler

Welcome my son to your very first day
So proud to be the one who brought you this way
I love you with all my heart
And my love is here to stay
But I can't help worrying will you eventually smoke weed?
Soon enough you'll be walking
You and me hand in hand
The silly words you'll be talkin'
Only daddy can understand
We'll go out making snowmen
Building castles in the sand
And all the time I'm thinking, will this kid end up smoking' weed?
But time keeps on going
And you keep on growin'

You're now six years old
You're getting so good at your spellin'
But my mind is always dwellin'
On the fact that you could be the kind of guy
Who grows up and needs to smoke weed on the couch
All the time
All the time
So answer me this while you're lying in your little bed
Why must you insist on bein' such a fuckin' pothead?
There's other things in life
That can make you feel good
But you just keep on smoking' your herb
You can't get enough of your precious, precious reefer
Where you getting all this money
To buy so much Hawaiian dope?

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