

# My Old Man

## LittleHorse

When I was a young boy in Brooklyn  
Going to public school  
During recess in the concrete playground  
They lined us up by twos  
In alphabetical order, Reagan, Reed and Russo  
I still remember the names  
And stickball and stoopball were the only games  
That we played  
And I wanted to be like my old man  
I, I wanted to grow up just like my old man  
I wanted to be like my old man  
I wanted to dress like, I wanted to be just like  
I wanted to act like my old man  
I wanted to be like, I wanted to act like  
I wanted to be just like my old man  
And then like everyone else  
I started to grow  
And I didn't want to be  
Like my father anymore  
I was sick of his bullying  
And having to hide under a desk on the floor  
And when he beat my mother  
It made me so mad that I could choke  
And I didn't want to be like my old man  
I, I didn't even want to look like my old man  
I didn't even want to seem like my old man  
A son watches his father, being cruel to his mother  
And makes a vow to return only when  
He is so much richer, in every way so much bigger that  
The old man will never hit anyone again  
Like my old man  
Like my old man  
Like my old man  
And can you believe what he said to me  
He said, "Lou, just act like a man  
Why don't you act just like a man?  
Act like your daddy, act like a man"  
"Oh, why don't you act just like a man?  
Like your old man  
Just like my old man  
Just like my old man  
Just like my old man

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