

# What Gives My Son?

## Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Far be it for me to say you're loose son  
Far be it for me to say you're no one  
I've heard your excuse, I've heard your excuse  
I've heard your excuses, every one You don't know what's going  
You don't know what's going  
You don't know what's going on my son Far be it for me to say you're brain dead  
It might help if you get your ass out of bed  
It twists me inside to see your girlfriend's backside  
She get tongue-tied and run You don't know what's going  
You don't know what's going  
You don't know what's going on my son My son, my son  
You're my son  
You're my son  
I'm older than you  
You can't be a man too  
Your hair's too long  
Get out of my home  
Get out of my home Papa, growing old  
You're growing cold  
I said growing old  
You're growing cold  
You went too far  
You crashed my car  
You crashed my car  
You crashed my car  
I'm in a rage  
Get off of that stage  
Get off of that stage  
Okay, okay

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