My Old Man's A Fatso

Angry Samoans

I'm locked inside my bedroom lookin at the pictures up on the wall
I need a little elbow room, I need space and that ain't all
Get home first thing you know my folks jump on my case
Get a job put the dishes out put the trash bag in its place
Someday when I'm a man I'm gonna put them in their place
'cause my old man's a fatso
He's got a potbelly for a mouth
Baby my old man's a fatso
But you know he owns this house
Yeah
I'm locked inside the classroom starin at the dots up on the wall
My teacher's all the retards, I need out baby and that ain't all
I don't care about textbooks or the Jews and discoveries of Spain
I gotta gotta gotta leave this town I'll take a bus, catch a plane
Cause my old man's a fatso
He's got a bathtub for a mouth
Baby my old man's a fatso
But you know he owns this... house!
Two three four!
I'm cruising on the highway, feels so good to see open space
I don't feel like a prisoner, I don't feel like a basket case
I turn the radio up to ten and you know I found my place
Yeah get a job put the dishes out put the trash bag in its place
Now that I'm a man I'm gonna put them in their place
Cause my old man's a fatso
He's got a bathtub for a mouth
Baby my old man's a fatso
But you know he owns this house

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