

Father's Day

Frank Turner

When I was sixteen I cut myself a Mohawk,
Because I wanted to walk the walk,
And not just talk the talk,
But it was a bit of a disaster because
I did the sides with kitchen scissors,
Because I didn't have any clippers,
And I didn't want to use a beard-trimmer
I'd made that mistake before. When you got home you didn't want to talk about what I'd done.
You said I'd let you down, I'd fucked around, when I was only having fun.
With the way that you've been lately, you've no right to scream and shout.
You and I, we've got a lot that we need to talk about. What's the point in making vows that you're never going
to keep?
A lifetime lying awake means you'll never get to sleep.
And all the promises you made, that were painful and untrue,
Of all the things you do they reflect worst on you. We all have our own devices
For handling mid-life crises
Usually involves a motorbike and
Suspicious fashion decisions.
But you choose to stave off grey hairs by
Lamely hacking at the sides
With lies and flimsy alibis
For your suspicious expeditions. When I get home I don't want to talk about what you've done.
Yes you've let me down, you've fucked around, but I guess you were having fun.
With the way that I've been lately, I've no right to scream and shout.
You and I, we've got a lot that we need to talk about. You always told me Father's Day was just another way
Of selling Hallmark greeting cards
Twenty Years of waking sleep, of lying through your teeth,
Meant every Father's Day spent wondering who the hell you are. What's the point in us making vows that we're
never going to keep?
I keep trying to keep you up, but you keep on falling asleep.
And all the promises we made were painful and untrue,
But for better or for worse, I am turning into you.

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