My Old Man

Chase Rice

When I was a young boy in Brooklyn
Going to public school
During recess in the concrete playground
They lined us up by twosIn alphabetical order, Reagan, Reed and Russo
I still remember the names
And stickball and stoopball were the only games
That we playedAnd 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 manI 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 manAnd then like everyone else
I started to grow
And I didn't want to be
Like my father anymoreI 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 chokeAnd 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 manA 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 againLike my old man
Like my old man
Like my old man
Like my old manAnd 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 manJust like my old man
Just like my old man
Just like my old man

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