

# Favorite Son

## Green Day

He hit the ground running,  
At the speed of light.  
The star was brightly shining,  
Like a neon light. It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son. A fixture on the talk shows,  
To the silver screen.  
From here to Colorado,  
He's a sex machine. It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son. But isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
It's pretty bloody sad,  
But isn't it a drag? A clean-cut All-American,  
Really ain't so clean.  
His royal auditorium,  
Is a murder scene. It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.  
Oh, isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
It's pretty bloody sad,  
But isn't it a drag? Well no one says it's fair.  
Turn a teenage lush,  
To a millionaire. Now where's your fuckin' champion?  
On a bed you laid.  
He's not the All-American,  
That you thought you paid. It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.  
But isn't it a drag?

Songwriters

ARMSTRONG, BILLIE JOE/WRIGHT III, FRANK EDWIN/PRITCHARD, MIKE RYAN  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>