

Look at Your Son Now

The F-Ups

I hate the way you won't let me go out on Friday nights

I hate the way you try and say I need to live my life

I think that I am doing just as well off on my own

Why don't you go away dad and leave me all alone Well, I remember those times you told me to stay away from
dope

Dad, take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now I hate the way you make me stay in and do all my chores

It's such a hassle it seems that I'm always doing yours

I hate the car lectures you give me on the ride home

While blasting Aerosmith on your fucking radio Well, I remember those times you told me to stay away from
girls

Dad, take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now Son now

Son now I remember those times you told me to stay away from booze

Dad, take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now

Take a look at your son now

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>