

# Proud of Your Boy

[Clay Aiken](#)

Proud of your boy  
I'll make you proud of your boy  
Believe me, bad as I've been, ma  
You're in for a pleasant surprise I've wasted time, I've wasted me  
So say, I'm slow for my age  
A late bloomer, okay, I agree That I've been one rotten kid  
Some son, some pride and some joy  
But I'll get over these lousin' up  
Messin' up, screwin' up times You'll see, ma, now comes the better part  
Someone's gonna make good  
Cross his stupid heart  
Make good and finally make you  
Proud of your boy Tell me that I've been a louse and loafer  
You won't get a fight here, no ma'am  
Say I'm a goldbrick, a goof-off, no good  
But that couldn't be all that I am Water flows under the bridge  
Let it pass, let it go  
There's no good reason  
That you should believe me  
Not yet, I know, but Someday and soon  
I'll make you proud of your boy  
Though I can't make myself taller  
Or smarter or handsome or wise I'll do my best, what else can I do?  
Since I wasn't born perfect like Dad or you  
Mom, I will try to, try hard to make you  
Proud of your boy

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