

You're Not My Real Dad

16

I think I was born to lose
I thought I would have a chance
But my real dad bailed out
Before I was three years passed
Someone quickly filled the void
Locked me up for correction
But he never had a chance
My downhill lack of direction

You're not the boss of me
You're not my real dad anyways

Rebel in a disturbing manner
Life is too short to suffer
Third wheel tries to run my house
Obey my rules or get out
Gentle words of faith
Evil shouts of hate
Short lived bursts of praise
Large explosions of rage

You're not the boss of me
You're not my real dad anyways

You won't control my life
You're not my real dad anyways