

Dead Poets

Family of the Year

You got expelled for smoking pot
near the music room
You used to play your drum so loud
You're painting house now
You're keeping items in like a cage
with a blanket of snow you got a couple DUIs
Now you're hitch hiking under grey skies
Oooooohhh oo oooooh
oooo ooooooh

Mom says, dad says,
"Can't you be more like your bother?"
You're mind grows darker
You run run run run run away
back into the woods

You've got your snacks you've got you're tent
And your sleeping bag
You use your compass to find out
Where you're sleeping out
The stream is rushing by your toes
Fishing for trout catching minnows
Oooooohhh oo oooooh
oooo ooooooh

Mom says, Dad says
"Can't you be more like your brother?"
You're mind grows darker
You run run run run you run away
back into the woods

You don't need them anyway
Mom says, Dad says
"Can't you be more like your brother?"
You're mind grows darker
You run run run run you run away
back into the woods