

Hit The Ground and Run

Great Big Sea

There's a Wedding in the chapel,
And the bride is oh so happy,
And Daddy's got a shotgun in his hand,
The groom is sweatin' bullets,
As the priest steps to the pulpit
He's about to make this boy into a man

Sweet Jesus in the Garden
Can you grant this boy a pardon
For its true he really don't know what he's done
Better lock the church door tight
'Cause at the slightest crack of light
That boy is gonna hit the ground and run
He's gonna run he's gonna fly
He's out the door and down the street
And he won't say Goodbye
the Diapers and the diatribes
Of her Daddy on the rum
That boy is gonna hit the ground and run

Was it the rubbing or the tugging
Put a bun in Nancy's oven
She's praying she's not starting to show
But the wedding's set for April
and she's known since November
She ain't got hells chance of a ball of snow

What in the Lords name was he thinking
You can't blame this all on drinking
You can count the family teeth upon one hand
By Midnight he was muddled
for her gene pool is a puddle
That boy might be the Daddy of his old man