

Grown Man

Loudon Wainwright III

You got a grown man for a boyfriend,
So you better treat him just like a baby.
He's a saint on Sunday, he's a bum on Monday;
The rest of the week he's just crazy.

He's unpredictable, like an animal,
Proud as an eagle, big and strong like a bear;
He's a snake and a frog, he's a pig and a dog;
There's a menagerie that's living in there.

You'll be his princess--forever after, yes--
If you keep acting like you're always sixteen.
He is the king, ruling the kingdom's his thing;
Just remember his mother is queen.

Sometimes he fools around when he goes out of town
But sooner or later he's bound to get caught.
He loves coming home, but then he has to roam;
Mr. Ambivalence is the guy that you've got.

He's got some problems--no, you can't solve them--
He's got some goblins that he can't exorcise.
Mostly he wants to cry, he's afraid to die,
But he's living life like it's a booby prize.

He wishes he were young, a little better hung,
And he's paranoid you feel that way too;
So reassure him, you'll never cure him,
But he still needs his daily dose of you.

You got a grown man for a boyfriend,
So you better treat him just like a baby.
Yeah, he's a saint on Sunday, he's a bum on Monday;
The rest of the week...
He's asleep on Sunday, he's a beast on Monday;
Rest of the week...
He's blue on Sunday, and he's manic on Monday;
Rest of the week he's just crazy.