

Cleaning This Gun (Come On In Boy)

Rodney Atkins

The declaration of independence
Think I can tell you that first sentence
But then I'm lost
I can't begin to count the theories
I had pounded in my head that I forgot
I don't remember all that spanish
Or the gettysburg address
But there is one speech from high school
I'll never forget

Come on in boy, sit on down
And tell me 'bout yourself
So you like my daughter, do you now
Yeah we think she's something else
She's her daddy's girl and her mama's world
She deserves respect, that's what she'll get, ain't it son
Now y'all run along and have some fun
I'll see you when you get back
Bet I'll be up all night
Still cleaning this gun

Well now that I'm a father
I'm scared to death one day my daughter's gonna find
That teenage boy I used to be
Who seems to have just one thing on his mind
She's growing up so fast it won't be long
'fore I'll have to put the fear of god
Into some kid at the door

It's all for show, ain't nobody gonna get hurt
It's just a daddy thing, hey believe me man, it works

[repeat chorus]