

Bad Son

Rusted Root

Bad son, there you go
There you go again
Many matches come
Many matches go
You ain't listening my friend
You might listen though
Little wet boy, you got no clothes on
And see
You be dog gone
Bad son, there you go
Whatta you try to proof?
Bad son, blood on your hands
You need a consequence
So whatta we waiting for?
You're not listening
This isn't something that can break
You sent freedom out the door
Don't make no sense to me
Your ignorance or your vanity
You sent more
You sent more to die, die, die
You're not listening
You're not, not listening though
Bad son, there you go
There you go again
Whatta you trying to do?
Bad son, blood on your hands
It's time to clean up your mess
But you're not listening
Your mind is sober cut
You're not listening
You're not, not listening
(You're not listening)
You're not, not listening) You mind is cold
(You're not listening)
You're not, not listening) More miss than bull
Less scalp will do you well
You better wear something that's more emperor
Don't speak
Not another word said
?, so it's time for bed
Got to be a man
Who cares?
? your father
Your father knows best
Listen to you father
Your father knows best
You're not listening
Little emperor, you've got no clothes on
Bad son, there you go
Whatta you trying to proof?
Bad son, whatta you doing now?
Where's your common sense?
'Cause bad son, yeah we all know, you're not a president
Bad son, blood on your hands
You need a consequence
So whatta we waiting for?

You're not listening
You're not, not president
You're not listening
It's time to count the dead