

Don't Call Me Lad

*Don't call me lad
dad
just don't call me lad
got more hair on my balls dad
than y'v got
or had*

*i'm eighteen years old man
& i'll sink or i'll swim
just don't call me lad
dad
my name is James
or just Jim*

*& now that i vote dad
my party is green
get away with those flags dad
red & blue are both mean*

*y' can roll up y'r sleeves dad
& slip on y'r tie
y' can rant & lay guilt trips
but i'll spit in y'r eye*

*yeah i grow some plants dad
but i'm keeping it cool
four's not a plantation
i'm not such a fool*

*i just can't find a job dad
year twelve was a waste
two friends have just died dad
too much of a taste*

*yeah i get the dole dad
though it don't do much good
but don't call me lad
dad
i'd work if i could*

*now i'm mellowing out man
this home-grown is just wild
so don't call me lad*

dad

i'm no longer a child

so don't call me lad

dad

i'm no longer a child.