Chuck Wicks, Man Of The House

6 A.M and Bobbys wakin up

Rolls outta bed with sleepy eyes

Goes to his sisters room across the hall

Hey Daisy rise and shine

He pours two bowls of Captain Crunch

Puts a fresh pot of coffee on

He wakes his momma up off the couch

The bus is here we love you mom

He made the breakfast

He did the dishes

So she wouldnt have to

Oh hes only ten

This comin of age he ought to be out playin ball

And video games

Climbin trees

Or on a bike just ridin around

But its hard to be a kid

When youre the man of the house

Its late at night and Larry King is on

Mommas up on the couch again

Bobby hears them all talk about

That awful war his daddys in

So he runs off, straight up to his room

Dont want his momma to see him right now

He climbs in bed and says a silent prayer

Then he cries his little blue eyes out

Dont wanna let her down

Oh hes only ten

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And video games

Climbin trees

Or on a bike just ridin around

But its hard to be a kid

When youre the man of the house

Its finally Saturday

Bobby gets a phone call

Another world away from home

He says, I love you dad

Daddy says it right back

Wish I could reach through this phone

And hug you, and Daisy, and your mom

Im so proud of you son.

Hes only ten

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When youre the man of the house

Its 6 A.M and Bobbys wakin up

Rolls outta bed with sleepy eyes