

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
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 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
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 6 A.M and Bobbys wakin up
Rolls outta bed with sleepy eyes