

Quiet Riot, Fit To Be Tied

What a problem, you know he's fit to be tied
He tried to solve it, that was his only crime

Well, I ain't got no inhibitions
And my daddy gets left, alright
The time for him to make the decision
If this is still the place, I'm gonna spend the night
He says, "get out, your no son of mine"

What a problem, you know he's fit to be tied
You don't understand, he thinks he's always right

He says, your lust is the toy of confliction
And you think you got fun all the time
In school, you ain't got no direction
He thinks I'm just a kid that ain't got no mind
I say, "no way are you gonna run my life"

What a problem, you know he's fit to be tied
On my way, he pushed me over the line
What a problem, I'm only one of a kind

He says, "get out, your no son of mine"
I say, "no way are you gonna run my life"

Packed my bags, won't even say good-bye
I'll show you a thing or two, you know I've got my pride
What a problem, you know he's fit to be tied