

Randy Newman, Four Eyes

One September morning when I was five
My daddy said, "Son, rise from your bed."
I thought, I must be dreaming, it's still dark outside
He said, "Son if you fall behind you'll never get ahead
Here's your little brown cowboy shirt, put it on
Here's your little brown cowboy pants, put 'em on
Here's your little brown shoes, can you tie them yourself?
Get into the car, we're gone!"
We drove, it seemed like forever,
Further than I'd ever been away from home
Then my daddy stopped the car, and he turned to me
He said, "Son it's time to make us proud of you,
It's time to do what's right
Gonna have to learn to work hard"
I said, "Work? What are you talking about?
You're not gonna leave me here, are you?"
He said "Yes I am!"
And drove off into the morning light
For a while I stood there, on the sidewalk
A Roy Rogers lunch pail in my hand
Then I heard sweet children's voices calling
And I began to understand
They said, "Four eyes! Look like you're still sleeping!"
"Four eyes! Look like you're dead!"
"Four eyes! Where have you been keeping yourself?"
"Look like you been whapped upside the head."