

Stan Freberg, That's My Boy!

What do I treasure most of all I possess?
It isn't fame or fortune, I must confess.
It's not a house, it's not a book, it's not a precious stone.
It's just a little curly head that I call my own.
Just take a look, ah, that's my boy.
Why, he's his daddy's little pride and joy.
The keeper of the keys to my heart.
Now, what's he gonna do with that poison dart?
Just take a look, ah, that's my lad.
Why, I'm in Heaven when he calls me 'Dad.'
He's all in life I'll ever desire.
See how cute, he sets the mailman on fire!
Little rascal, with his tousled hair,
Always seems so full of life.
Tiny footsteps, scampering here and there.
Just see how proudly he carries that knife!
When he's not giving Daddy a hug,
You'll find him pouring acid on the rug. Cute!
He's just an angel with an axe for a toy.
Ha ha, that's my boy.
Oh, just take a look, ah, that's my child.
Why, to call him bright would be just putting it mild.
He'll talk to you in words just as plain.
See how clear he says, "Derail the train!"
To me that little scamp can do no wrong.
He comes a-running when I call. Look at that!
He's so busy-busy all day long.
Now who's he gone and cemented up inside that wall?!
He falls in love with anything live.
He wants a colt for Christmas - Colt .45!
I'm mighty proud to call him my son.
Ha ha, look at him load that gun. Got his own little shoulder holster!
I'm mighty thankful for what I've got.
But I'm sure glad he's such a lousy shot.
Take a look - missed me! That's my boy!