

The Proclaimers, He's Just Like Me

His father's pride, his mother's joy
The end result of love, a beautiful little boy
You think he's perfect, and that he'll be
The answer to the disappointment that you feel in me

But he's just like me
You'll never own him
You won't control him
He'll never phone
You civilise him
And I'll criticise him and along the way
He'll grow to be a man

How many mothers
Gaze on their sons
And hope with all their heart
That he's gonna be the one
Who'll never roam and never stray
Who'll understand women better
Than his daddy does
But all I've got to say is

He's just like me
You'll never own him
You won't control him
He'll never phone
You civilise him
And he'll criticise him and along the way
He'll grow to be a man

and then there'll come a time
With tears and eyes all red when
His girl will say "I blame his mother"
I'll say "no you blame me instead";

Cause he's just like me
You'll never own him
You won't control him
He'll never phone
She civilised him
And I criticised him and along the way
He grew to be your man

He's just like me
You'll never own him
You won't control him
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And I'll criticise him and along the way
He'll grow to be a man