Bowling For Soup, Running From Your Dad

Remember the summer time we were swinging On the front porch out in the rain and It was Sunday you were all dressed up again we made out under the window pane

Chorus

And I can still see your dad Running after me with a shovel in his hand I don't remember much after that La la la, la la la la, Oh oh oh oh... La la la, la la la, Oh oh oh oh...

Remember on Christmas Eve you were crying I guess you didn't really like the gifts Porno DVDs and see through underwear Should have saved all that for your sis

Back to Chorus

So I guess I'll just run away, run away, run away He's starting to catch up Run away, run away I think I might throw up Run away, run away

Back to Chorus