

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 la la, Oh oh oh oh...
La la 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