

# Harlan Howard, We're Proud To Call Him Son

He's an all American boy mama's pride and papa's joy  
Paper waddin' all the girls tiein' knots in sister's curls  
BB gunnin' passers by with a twinkle in his eye  
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him son  
He pushed grandma down the stairs and he knelt and said his prayers  
And he blessed us one and all and set fire to the hall  
While the fireman fought the fire our boy punctured all their tires  
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him son

[ piano ]

We went fishin' me and him and he knew I couldn't swim  
So this playfull little lad liked to drown his lovin' dad  
Nearly cought my death of cold but his mother said don't scold  
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him son  
Well he poisoned grandma's tea now she lies in agony  
Made his mother kind of ex't she says what will he do next  
When he shot the neighbor's goats we agreed that's wild oats  
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him son

[ guitar ]

Now they took our boy away and we miss him more each day  
For our life's adored and tame since the paddy wagon came  
We sit and stare in vain through each broken window pane  
He's a youngster full of fun and we're proud to call him son