

a chip off the old block
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I went back home the other day, first time in quite a while.
My Uncle Bill looked up at me, an then I saw him smile.
He said I'd know you anywhere, you are my Brother's Son.
Did they finely let you out? or are you on the run?

you're a, chip off the old block, You won't amount to much.
And You know your evil ways, would make a preacher cuss.
Now it's been good to see you, hope you won't take me wrong.
Come and see us any time, but please don't stay too long.

The last time I saw you, you burnt my out house down.
You was smoking something,you pulled out of the ground.
I didn't press no charges, cause you are my brothers son.
But it's hard to put the fire out, when Aunt Beckie's on the run.

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I said so long to Uncle Bill, and told Aunt Becky by.
But I'll be back again some day, that made Aunt Becky cry.
We didn't like your Daddy, and we sure don't like his son.
Did they finely let you out? or are you on the run?

you're a, chip off the old block, You'll never amount to much.
And she said your evil ways, would make a preacher cuss.
Now it's good you came to visit, but please don't take me wrong.
Come and see us any time, when you can't stay so long.

Come and see us any time, when you can't stay so long.