

# **It's Gotta Stop**

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You never do, what I ask you to  
You always claim you forgot  
It may be the age, but it's gotta stop

I cast a glance, at your funny pants  
And wonder how they got bought  
It may just be a stage, but it's gotta stop

You seem to need to give me grief, when I suggest you comb your hair  
And you know they make me cringe...those goofy sunglasses you wear

You say my music, just makes you sick  
But it's my house, so guess what  
It may be just be the age, but it's gotta stop

Instrumental

You have a ball at the mall, ogling each girl you see  
It doesn't seem to bother you, that you're embarrassing me.

Every meal, you make a big deal  
It's either too cold or too hot  
Even if it's the age, it's gotta stop

Instrumental

Since you came to live with us, we all shrug and sigh  
And because, I'm the dad, I've got to lay things on the line

I learned from you to always tell the truth,  
And I practice the lessons you taught  
So though you're my old man, it's gotta stop  
Even though you're my pop, it's gotta stop  
It's gotta stop, it's gotta stop  
I love you, pop, but it's gotta stop (repeat and fade)