

Sweet Little Son

By: Hazel Gay Lee Song Lyrics in Poem Format © 2013

Everybody needs at least one
Of these sweet little things they call little sons
To rock and cuddle close in their arms
That's if he hasn't already broke
The rocking chair and that's no joke
After all that's the job of a little son

Clocks and radios that used to work
Are now in pieces all over the dirt
And warning signs are now on all our doors
Warning all who might trespass
Demolisher on duty and he works fast
It's the specialty of a little son

Check those pockets for what you'll find
There's one of each of every kind
Treasures that are sure to come inside
Frog and bugs and old tin cans
Mice and snakes that you just can't stand
In closet, beds, and everywhere they'll hide

He's dynamite in little jeans
Sweet little eyes that mischief mean
A ball of fire steaming hot
He'll steal your heart with those big sweet eyes
While tearing up everything you buy
But send him back? Absolutely not!
Would I send him back? ABSOLUTELY NOT!!!

My little son, may you have one
Of these sweet little things they call little sons
To love and cuddle like I love and cuddle you
To steal our hearts with his big sweet eyes
While he tears up everything we buy
But would we send him back? ABSOLUTELY NOT!!!!!!