

# Green Day, Favorite Son

He hit the ground running,  
At the speed of light.  
The star was brightly shining,  
Like a neon light.

It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.

A fixture on the talkshows,  
To the silver screen.  
From here to Colorado,  
He's a sex machine.

It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.

But isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
It's pretty bloody sad,  
but isn't it a drag?

A clean-cut All-American,  
Really ain't so clean.  
His royal auditorium,  
Is a murder scene.

It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.  
Oh, isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
Isn't it a drag?  
It's pretty bloody sad,  
but isn't it a drag?

[Bridge]

Well no one says it's fair.  
Turn a teenage lush,  
To a millionaire.

Now where's your fuckin' champion?  
On a bed you laid.  
He's not the All-American,  
That you thought you paid.

It's your favorite son.  
It's your favorite son.  
But isn't it a drag?