

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?