Descendants

Chad Price

Heart on his sleeve,
Chip on his shoulder,
Maybe I'll be more like him when I'm older,
She's made of love down to her core,
That heart of gold,
They don't make it anymore,See they pass down their wings,
It's a generational thing,
Gotta keep 'em close,
Gotta keep 'em close,
Life has a way of knowing just what to say when you need it most,
When you listen close,Try as I might to find the right words,
I'll carry on, as your descendant, this body of work,
We've never met but we'll share a name,
We'll share a line that flows through these veins,
And as you go to write your own chapter,
You'll chase the same dreams that those before you were after,See they pass down their wings,
It's a generational thing,
Gotta keep 'em close,
Gotta keep 'em close,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers,
Our pillars,
Our strength,
Our shelter from pain,Try as I might to find the right words,
I'll carry on, as your descendant, this body of work,I just want to do right by you,
I just want to do right by you,
I just want to do right by you,
Oh I just want to do right by you,
And try as I might to find the right words,
I'll carry on, as your descendant, this body of work,
And I, I, I,
I'll carry on, as your descendant, this body of work,
This body of work,
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