

Son of It All

Don McCloskey

CHORUS X2

Son of the part and son of the whole
Son of the mind, body and soul
Son of the love, incapable love
Son of the hate that's out of control

I was born, son of a McCloskey son of a Moore
Son of two young boys, sent to fight an old man's war
Son of the nights they stayed awake unsure
If that would be the night that they would sleep tight, forever more
Son of the wives they'd return to
Son of the lives they came back down to Earth to
Son of the babies they gave birth to, the
First born and the girl next door
Son of the younger more
That the world could never keep down
Son of a young man who rolled up his sleeves at nineteen
So he could come home at night and throw the meat down
Son of his young wife, whose voice was a sweet sound
To the baby she would sing to sleep
Even on weeks where ends were not meet
Son of the hometown
The lost burrow
Son of those who reach for the bootstraps when the world knocks 'em down
Singin'

CHORUS X2

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Son of the heat that would rise from the streets and playgrounds
Of Bristol in the summertime
Son of a long toss rollin' over cars for touchdowns or rebound
Thinkin' we were the Gators and Eagles
Son of the old sounds that came down from my momma's vinyl ripin' on needles
Son of Motown, James Brown, the Rolling Stones, and Beetles
Son of the new sound, the sonic amazement

That had me losing my mind, pressing rewind and seeking salvation

CHORUS

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I was born

CHORUS

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Son of the whole thing now
The ball of wax, the human race
Stranded and spinning and hurling through space
Son of the mess we're in
Son of those who don't know where to begin
Son of those who have given up and given in
Son of those who rise above our time
Whose eyes burn with fire
Son of those whose eyes cannot tell lies
Son of those who shine
Son of the sages who blaze throughout the ages
Son of the prophets who bleed on pages
Whose words alone could cut through Rome and move mountain ranges
Son of those whose minds are considered dangerous
Son of the freaks unafraid to take the streets
Unafraid to speak their minds
Unafraid to disturb the peace
The soldiers, who walk shoulder to shoulder
Or belong to the government, the world
That say, "Let freedom ring, or its all over"
Son of the pain and the laughter
Son of the bombs that fall like rain at the end of days
And son of the sun that rises on the morning after

CHORUS X2

Son of the part and son of the whole
Son of the mind, body and soul
Son of the love, incapable love

Son of the hate thatâ€™s out of control

Oh, itâ€™s out of control

Lyrics submitted by Mason.

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