

# The Things We've Handed Down

Marc Cohn

I don't know much about you  
I don't know who you are  
And we've been doing fine without you  
But we could only go so far  
I don't know why you chose us  
Were you watching from above?  
Is there someone there that knows us?  
Said we'd give you all our love  
Will you laugh just like your mother?  
Will you sigh like your old man?  
Will some things skip a generation  
Like I've heard they often can?  
Are you a poet or a dancer  
A devil or a clown?  
Or a strange new combination of  
The things we've handed down?  
I wonder who you'll look like  
Will your hair fall down and curl?  
Will you be a mama's boy  
Or daddy's little girl?  
Will you be a sad reminder  
Of what's been lost along the way?  
And maybe you can help me find her

In the things you do and say  
And these things that we have given you  
They are not so easily found  
But you can thank us later  
For the things we've handed down  
The things we've handed down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
You may not always be so grateful  
For the way that you were made  
Maybe some feature of your father's  
That you'd gladly sell or trade  
And one day you may look at us  
And say that you were cursed  
But over time that line has been  
Extremely well rehearsed

By our fathers and their fathers  
In some old and distant town  
From places no one here remembers  
Come the things we've handed down  
The things we've handed down  
The things we've handed down

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