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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