Son Of A Carpenter

Taylor Hicks

In the times too short to follow
A man as cold as steel
A work that can only be swallowed
By a fire lit kiln

Now the times are heavy on their shoulders
For the people who pave our ways
No more running for the future cause
The past is here today

For the son of a carpenter
I can feel your pain
For the son of a carpenter
Alone again

Decades of sorrow war and grief
And to many things going wrong
The land is wasted and time is running short for their power is
Much too strong

For the son of a carpenter
I can feel your pain
For the son of a carpenter
Alone again

He has nothing but to be left alone
His hands and work should will
Be carried on
From a third generation son to a

Future grandchild
The work of a carpenters
Makes the whole world smile
And to many thing going wrong

The land is wasted and time
Is running short for the work
Of a carpenters will carry on, carry on

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