

Every Mother's Son

J Mascis

Life goes on like a carousel
Life goes on, a never-ending tale
Of love reborn, from the cradle warm
A web is spun for every mother's son
Life goes on like a spinning wheel
Life goes on, never standing still
The Gods decide how blessed am I
The days to come for every mother's son
And these footprints in the sand, maybe nothing grand
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart
What more can I say than I was a king for a day
Once the web is spun for every mother's son
Life goes on like a tapestry
Life goes on, each thread a part of me
That master plan of who I am
A day will come for every mother's son
And these footprints in the sand, maybe nothing grand
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart
What more can I say than I was a king for a day
Once the web is spun for every mother's son
A thorn a winter rose, some highs and then some lows
That's the way it's spun for every mother's son
Every mother's son

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