Running In The Family

Mark King

Our dad would send us to our room
He'd be the voice of doom
He said that we would thank him later
All day he was solid as a rock
But by eight o'clock we'd be crumbling

One night, my brother Joe and me
Climbed down the family tree
That grew outside our bedroom window
We ran though we knew it couldn't last
Running from the past
From things that we were born to be

CHORUS:
Looking back it's so bizarre
It runs in the family
All the things we are
On the back seat of the car
With Joseph and Emily
We only see so far
And we all have our daddy's eyes
Looking back it's so bizarre

Dad rang the officer in charge
A man so large he barely fitted his circumstances
He said two kids out on the street
Were picked up on the beat
And in the station

So there's me with Emily and Joe
And daddy driving home
All heading in the same direction
He knew no matter what the breaks
We'd make the same mistakes
Couldn't take his eyes off Joe and me

CHORUS
It runs in the family
All the things we are
Looking back it's so bizarre

Like a dream within a dream
We're all somewhere in between
Like a drummer with his drum
Like a father, like a son
You're gonna have to face the music, oh yeah
(Face the music)

Hey hey, we keep it running in the family
Hey hey, we keep on coming in the family

CHORUS
Running in the family...
And we all have our daddy's eyes...
Looking back it's so bizarre...

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