

Son Of My Father

Chicory Tip

Mama said to me we gotta have your life run right
Off you got to school
Where you can learn the rules there right
Be just like your dad lad
Follow in the same tradition
Never go astray and stay an honest lovin' sonSon of my father
Molded, I was folded, I was preform-packed
Son of my father
Commanded, I was branded in a plastic vac'
Surrounded and confounded by statistic factsTried to let me in but I jumped out of my skin in time
I saw through the lies and read the alibi signs
So I left my home, I'm really on my own at last
Left the trodden path and separated from the pastSon of my father
Changing, rearranging into someone new
Son of my father
Collecting and selecting independent views
Knowing and I'm showing that a change is due

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