

Inheritance

New Model Army

Mother, father, I'm doing okay
On the other side of the country and far away
And though I know the things that you want to hear me say
Sometimes these things are hard[Foreign Content]
Right down to the long thin pointed face
And my muddled up and twisted tongue
And now I find that I'm doing things you would have done
Sometimes these things are hard So do I thank you? Or do I curse you?
These tracks stretch out before me, that ones you left behind
What I want, what I feel, it's yours, yours, not mine Mother, father, all those battles that have been
And the long, long silences that lay in between
Please don't try to tell me that all those were in vain
Sometimes these things are hard We line up at the wedding in rows of deep set eyes
In our finest formal dresses yeah, proper suits and ties
Like a family of Munsters in a really bad disguise So do I thank you? Or do I curse you?
These tracks stretch out before me that the ones you left behind
Of me thinks what I feel, what I want, it's yours, yours, not mine

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