Every Mothers Son

Wedding Present

i was born with my hand in a fist
and my eyes shut tight
any wonder that i cannot resist
punchin' blindly in a fight
the first time i saw swans flyin' to the sun
i wanted to be onelike every mother's son
when i saw my life had begun
i wanted to be someone
like my brother and my one and only father
and like every mother's son
i was raised within a cause
with a purpose to fulfill
i was taught to defend what was mine
and instructed not to kill
my small mortal eyes can see eternity
in the clouds that dissolve and then regroup endlesslylike every mother's son
when a man showed me how to use a gun
i wished i'd never need one
like my brother and my one and only father
and like every mother's soneverything in domesticity
assumes its role better than me
i'm a displaced person whose culture let me down
i raise my own daughters in a pornographic town
like every mother's son
i've lost some and some i've won
now i'm waiting for a new dawn
like my brother and my one and only father
and like every mother's son
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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