

I'm Not My Father's Son

Billy Porter

When I was just a kid
everything I did, was to be like him
under my skin
My father always thought,
if I was strong and fought
not like some albatross, I'd begin
to fit in
Look at me powerless and holding my breath
trying hard to repress what scared him to death
It was never easy to be his type of man
to breathe freely was not in his plan
and the best part of me
is what he wouldn't see
I'm not my fathers son
I'm not the image of what he dreamed of
With the strength of Sparta and the patience of Job,
still couldn't be the one
to echo what he'd done
and mirror what was not in me
So I jumped in my dreams and found an escape
maybe I went to extremes of leather and lace,
but the world seems brighter six inches off the ground
and the air seemed lighter
I was profound and I felt so proud
just to live out loud
I'm not my fathers son
I'm not the image of what he dreamed of
With the strength of Sparta and the patience of Job,
still couldn't be the one
to echo what he'd done
and mirror what was not in me
The endless story of expectations swirling inside my mind
wore me down
I came to a realization and I finally turned around
to see
that I could just be me (Charlie)
I'm not my fathers son
I'm not the image of what he dreamed of (Lola)
With the strength of Sparta and the patience of Job, (Charlie/Lola)
still couldn't be the one
to echo what he'd done
and mirror what was not in me (Lola)

We're the same, Charlie boy,
you and me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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