# A Father's Son

## Citizen Cope

Look look what you've done
Not to become your Father's Son
Before that day, day, day is done
You'll get your day, day, day in the sun
In this time we've got here
Between heaven and hell
You'd prefer a motor craft
But you're prepared to set sail
The city wants details
The state wants you nailed
The people got they laws
But the Lord's got the calls
Since there's cash in the lots
You did what they said you could not
Writt that song like its all that you got
Look look what you've done
Not to become your Father's Son
Before that day, day, day is done

You'll get your day, day, day in the sun
Do you mind livin' day to day?
You mind livin' day to day
You was found now you're lost
You've got to make up what you cost
That boulder on your shoulder
Is that bear that you cross
That stare that you plot
That will that you got
Could never have been bought
In China or New York
Look look what you've done
Not to become your Father's Son
Before that day, day, day is done
You'll get your day, day, day in the sun
Do you mind livin' day to day?
You mind livin' day to day

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