

# Rising Son

## Clutch

Rising son, rising sun, beating down on me  
I'm my daddy's rising son, world in front of me  
But daddy, he ain't smilin' none, what could the problem be?  
He just asys "My foolish one, you live too dangerously" But, daddy, I ain't hurtin' none, she's spread in front of  
me  
I'd be a fool not to taste the pleasures offered me  
But, daddy, he just turns away and locks it with a key  
The thirty years years between us must have changed him bitterly I took my money into town and spread it  
gingerly  
Every table I laid it down, world in front of me  
Wine and women, women, wine taste so honey sweet  
Every pleasure, overwhelming knocks me off my feet If anybody crossed my path, I'd cut them down to size  
Self-righteousness and forward flow moved me to the prize  
I stayed out drinking every night, toasting to the sunrise  
I'm my daddy's rising son, won't he be surprised? All the prophet prophesied my agonized defeat  
All the men I trampled on, waited for my sleep  
All the women I wronged, waited round with glee  
For the big comeuppance that was waiting mad for me It's the way of this mean world, things ain't really fair  
The evil deal out from the bottom without a single care  
The goodly try the best they can to hold to what is theirs  
The sun, it rises one more day and I'm still standing here

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