

# William's Son

Chris Knight

One shot from a lawman's gun  
My father paid for the things he done  
Mama got old when she was 31  
I was born alone, I'm William's son  
Back and forth to the foster homes  
Til I figured out I was better off alone  
I hold my head high when I walk these streets  
Get suspicious looks from the people I meet (Chorus)  
And I'll spit in your eye, stand my ground  
Just to keep my head from hangin down  
Ain't gonna hide and I ain't gonna run  
Hell ya'll know me, I'm William's son  
I know it ain't right to feel this way  
But I'm kinda glad my daddy got blown away  
I know he grew up hard and he grew up mean  
But me and little sister, no we ain't to blame  
And we'll spit in your eye and stand our ground  
Just to keep our heads from hangin down  
We ain't gonna hide and we ain't gonna run  
Hell ya'll know me, I'm William's son  
And I'll spit in your eye, stand my ground  
Just to keep my head from hangin down  
Ain't gonna hide and I ain't gonna run  
Hell ya'll know me, I'm William's son  
I'm William's son

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