Rising Son

Patterson Hood

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 bitterlyI 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 feetIf 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 meIt'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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