

# Rising Son

## King Biscuit Time

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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