

# Every Mother's Son

Matt Dusk

Life Goes On like a carousel,  
Life goes on a never-ending tale  
Of love reborn, from the cradle warm  
A web is spun for every mother's son

Life goes on like a spinning wheel  
Life goes on never standing still  
The gods decide how blessed am I  
The days to come for every mother's son

And these footprints in the sand maybe nothing grand  
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart, what more can I say

Than I was a king for a day  
Once the web is spun, for every mother's son

Life goes on like a tapestry  
Life goes on each thread a part of me  
That master plan of who I am  
A day will come for every mother's son

And these footprints in the sand maybe nothing grand  
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart, what more can I say

Than I was a king for a day  
Once the web is spun, for every mother's son

A thorn a winter rose, some highs and then some lows  
That's the way it's spun, for every mother's son  
Every mother's son