

I Wonder

Tal Bachman

Dad says, It's striking
How I look like you
And how we share the same eyes
Yes, he swears I'm just a smaller form of you

But brittle bones and a wisp of white hair
Are all I see in that old rockin' chair

Tell me, how long have you been around?
And how long since you're underground?
Tell me, how can a son be a father
A mother, a daughter
And I be a man someday?
Well, I wonder
Yes I do, I really wonder

Could I belong to someone so old, who
Can only speak in whispers
And who cannot hear a single word I say?

You're a man with a quivering hand
How we're connected, I just can't understand

Tell me, how long have you been around?
And how long since you're underground?
Tell me, how can a son be a father
A mother, a daughter
And I be a man someday?
Well, I wonder
Yes I do, I really wonder

But when I think of how you smile
And the way you look at me
It isn't hard to recognize
That you belong to me, yeh
That you're a part of me, ya

Tell me, how can a son be a father
A mother, a daughter
And I be a man someday?
Well, I wonder
Yes I do, I really wonder

Aahhh