My father had so much to tell me things he said I had to know Don't make my mistakes there are rules you can't break But I had to find out on my own

Now when I look at my own sons I see what my father went throug $\ensuremath{\mathsf{h}}$

There's only so much you can do

You're proud when they walk scared when they run

That's how it always has been between fathers and sons

It's a bridge you can't cross it's a cross you can't bear

It's the words you can't say the things you can't change

No matter how much you care

So you do all you can then you gotta let go

You're just part of the flow of the river that runs between fat hers and sons

Now your mother she'll try to protect you she'll hold you as lo ng as she can

But the higher you climb the more you can see

And that's something I understand

One day you'll look at your own son there'll be so much that yo u want to say

But he'll have to find his own way

Down the road he must take the course he must run

That's how it always has been between fathers and sons

It's a bridge you can't cross...

We're just part of the flow of the river that runs between fath ers and sons