

## A Father's Son

Citizen Cope

Look look what you've done  
Not to become your father's son  
Before that day, day, day is done  
You'll get your day, day, day in the sun

In this time we've got here  
Between heaven and hell  
You'd prefer a motor craft  
But your prepared to set sail

The city wants details  
The state wants you nailed  
The people got they laws  
But the lord's got the calls

Since there's cash in the lots  
You did what they said you could not  
write that song like its all that you got

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Do you mind livin' day to day?  
you mind livin' day to day

You was found now you're lost  
you've got to make up what you cost  
That boulder on your shoulder  
is that bear that you cross

That stare that you plot  
That will that you got  
Could never have been bought  
In China or New York

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