

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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