

Watching His Son Go Down

Jeff Bates

On the day that he was born, a proud dad took him home
Wrapped in dreams that reached to the sky
Said "You're the only one I'll ever call son
And I'll call you son because you shine"

By the time he turned 18
He'd been everything
A leader in church and in school

Yeah, the old man had been blessed
Because on every list the boy was
Voted the "Most likely to"

Now there's a monkey on his back
And it's leavin it's tracks
On arms that were once muscle bound
Yeah the old man sits on his front porch everyday
Watching his son going down
Watching his son going down

Nine years old, shootin basketball goals
Now his goals just aren't the same
But when you've got to get high, just to survive
Scoring's still the name of the game
From a pepsi and a Baby Ruth
To pills and 90 proof
And his coke is not the carbinated kind

Cause the old mans not forgotten
His only begotten
He says "I just call you son now
Bacause your mine"

Now there's a monkey on his back
And it's leavin it's tracks
On arms that were once muscle bound
Yeah the old man sits on his front porch everyday
Watching his son going down
Watching his son going down

Yeah the horse he rode away
Didn't live on oats and hay
But still he rode that horse into the ground
Now the old man stands with flowers all round
Watchin his son going down
Watchin his son going down