

Born To The Breed

Judy Collins

I was only nineteen
The morning you were born
With your hair fine and red
And your eyes like my own

Barely a woman
With only a song
I sang to make you smile
And held you all night long

Home through the streets
With you in my arms
Cold winter mornings
In a Colorado town

I've seen you stumble
You've watched me fall
You know I've got nothing
You know we've got it all

Trucks roll by and the rain coming down
Does that old parka keep you dry?
Sixteen years old out on the road
Trying to get to the sky

Back in September
You called me on the phone
"Ma, you know I love you
But I gotta be own my own"

"Comes a time in a boy's life
When he's got to be a man
Please don't try to find me
Please try to understand"

Now he's playing guitar
In a rock and roll band
Looking like a baby
Talking like a man

The life of a guitar man
Is a hard life to live
What can I tell you
You were born to the breed

Rain comes down, the trucks rolling by
I that old poncho gonna keep you dry?
Sixteen years old, January child
Trying to get to the sky

I've watched you growing
Through all these years
You've seen me stumble
I've watched your tears

Sometimes there was roses
Sometimes there was thorns

But I know you're gonna make it
As sure as you were born

And I hope from what you wanted
You get what you need
I know you're gonna make it
You were born to the breed
Sixteen years old, January child
Trying to get to the sky