Model Son

Latin Quarter

I grew up with a scorpion behind me Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air Within his means there was nothing he denied me But nothing was all we'd ever share

I couldn't be a model son Models have no self-motivation They ride little trains on endless tracks I had my own route, my own destination

In kidd or blood he claimed a distant cousin Shipping lumber, tramp steam, out of Jacksonville And he showed me reefs and hitches by the dozen But the knots that he tied in me, they're tighter still

I couldn't be a model son Models learn no self-preservation They live by grace on feet of clay Needed my own rock, to tangle with temptation

But tempted, stung to action Leaving home and stung some more So we have danced it down the decades Mother, father, son and squaw

I grew up with a scorpion behind me Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air And tipped in ink indelibly he signed me The blue-print of another son somewhere