

Surviving Twin

Loudon Wainwright III

Last week I attended a family affair &
A few remarked upon my recent growth of facial hair
You look just like your father did
With that beard someone said
I answered back I am him even though my old man's dead
I didn't want to be him will at first I did
When I loved & looked up to him as a little kid

He sent me to his old school I was a numeral with his
name & he gave me this gold signet ring
And he wore one just the same
And I guess that I believed him & probably it was true
When he told me I was just like him
That's what some fathers do

But a father's always older and my dad was rather tall
Who says size doesn't matter, he was big & I was small
I needed to be big enough to be someone someday
& I learned I had to beat him & that was the only way

I learned I had to fight him, my own flesh & bone & kin
Buyt I felt I was ust like him can a man's son be his
twin

First we fought for my mother, that afforded little joy
When he left she was heart broken
& I was still their little boy
But I started to get bigger & to win the ugly game
When I made a little money & I got a bit of fame

& I saw how this could wound him
Yes this could do the trick &
If I made it big enough I could kill him off quick
But how can you murder someone
In a way that they don't die
I didn't want to kill him, that would be suicide