

# The Things We've Handed Down

Marc Cohn

Don't know much about you  
Don't know who you are  
We've been doing fine without you  
But, we could only go so far  
Don't know why you chose us  
Were you watching from above  
Is there someone there that knows us  
Said we'd give you all our love

Will you laugh just like your mother  
Will you sigh like your old man  
Will some things skip a generation  
Like I've heard they often can  
Are you a poet or a dancer  
A devil or a clown  
Or a strange new combination of  
The things we've handed down

I wonder who you'll look like  
Will your hair fall down and curl  
Will you be a mama's boy  
Or daddy's little girl  
Will you be a sad reminder  
Of what's been lost along the way  
Maybe you can help me find her  
In the things you do and say

And these things that we have given you  
They are not so easily found  
But you can thank us later  
For the things we've handed down

You may not always be so grateful  
For the way that you were made  
Some feature of your father's  
That you'd gladly sell or trade  
And one day you may look at us  
And say that you were cursed  
But over time that line has been  
Extremely well rehearsed  
By our fathers, and their fathers  
In some old and distant town  
From places no one here remembers  
Come the things we've handed down