

# Inheritance

New Model Army

Mother, Father, I'm doing OK  
On the other side of the country, far away  
And though I know the things that you want to hear me say  
Sometimes these things are hard

Mother, Father, I am your son  
Right down to the long thin pointed face  
And this muddled up and twisted tongue  
And now I find that I'm doing  
All those things you would have done  
Sometimes these things are hard

So do I thank you? Do I curse you?  
These tracks stretch out before me - the ones you left behind  
What I want and what I feel - it's yours, yours, not mine

Mother, Father, all those battles that have been  
And the long, long silences that lay in between  
Please don't try to tell me all those were in vain  
Sometimes these things are hard  
We line up at the wedding in rows of deep set eyes  
In our finest formal dresses and proper suits and ties  
Like a family of Munsters in a really bad disguise

So do I thank you? Do I curse you?  
These tracks stretch out before me - the ones you left behind  
What I want and what I feel - it's yours, yours, not mine