

Like Father, Like Son

Rick Springfield

He was raised in the English way
His daddy taught him respect, he taught him how to pray
They sent him off to boarding school
Where he learned how to live by someone else's rule

And he went to confession
He went to confession
Holy Father wash my sins away
He went to confession
He went to confession
Mother Mary take the pain away

He read letters from home at night in his bed
And got this uneasy feeling when his father said

Fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise a good boy
The fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise a good boy

He bought his daddy's car and he learned to drive
And when he left school he got a nine to five
He met the girl and he got his spouse
And they had the child and they got the house

And he went to confession
He went to confession
Holy Father wash my sins away
He went to confession
He went to confession
Mother Mary take the pain away

He loved his son and he helped him build walls and fronts
He knew he'd heard it before
Someone had said it once

Fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise a good boy
The fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise a good boy

He raised his son in the English way
And he taught him respect, he taught him how to pray
He sent him off to boarding school
Where he learned how to live by someone else's rules

And he went to confession
He went to confession
Holy Father wash my sins away
He went to confession
He went to confession
Mother Mary take the pain away

It must be something much deeper than fear or pain
Another child learns a pattern he won't break the chain

Fear of God and the feel of the rod

Will raise a good boy
The fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise a good boy
The fear of God and the feel of the rod
Will raise the next boy