

## Son Of A Carpenter

Taylor Hicks

In the times too short to follow a man as cold as steel  
A work that can only be swallowed  
by a fire lit kiln  
Now the times are heavy on their shoulders  
for the people who pave our ways  
No more running for the future cause  
the past is here today  
for the son of a carpenter  
I can feel your pain  
For the son of a carpenter  
alone again  
Decades of sorrow war and grief  
and to many things going wrong  
the land is wasted and time is running short for their  
power is

much too strong  
for the son of a carpenter  
I can feel your pain  
For the son of a carpenter  
alone again  
He has nothing but to be left alone  
his hands and work should will  
be carried on  
From a third generation son to a  
future grandchild  
the work of a carpenters  
makes the whole world smile  
and to many thing going wrong  
the land is wasted and time  
is running short for the work  
of a carpenters will carry on, carry on