

Pretenders, The

"Every Mother's Son"

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I was born with my hand in a fist
And my eyes shut tight
Any wonder that I cannot resist
Punchin' blindly, in a fight
First time I saw swans flyin' to the sun
I wanted to be one

Every mother's son
When I saw my life had begun
I wanted to be someone

Like my brother, my one and only father
And like every mother's son

I was raised within' a cause
With a purpose to fulfill
I was taught to defend what was mine
And instructed, not to kill
(My small mortal eyes can see eternity)
My small mortal eyes can see eternity
In the clouds that dissolve and then regroup endlessly

Like every mother's son
When a man showed me how to use a gun
I wished I'd never needed one

Like my brother, my one and only father
And like every mother's son

Everything in domesticity
Assumes it's role other than me
Displaced persons whose culture let me down
I raised my own daughters in a pornographic town
(I raised my own daughters in a pornographic town)

Like every mother's son
I've lost some and some I've won
(Now I'm waiting for a new dawn)
Now I'm waiting for a new dawn

Like my brother, my one and only father

And like every mother's son

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