

Chicory "Son Of My Father"

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Mama said to me
We gotta have your life run right
Off you got to school
Where you can learn
The rules they write

Be just like your dabbling father
When it seems tradition
Never go astray and
Stay an honest loving son

Son of my father
Molded, I was folded
I was preform dried

Son of my father
Commanded, I was branded
In a plastic vac
Surrounded and confounded
By statistic facts

Tried to keep me in but I
Jumped out of my skin in time
I saw through the lies
And read the alibi signs

So I left my home
I'm really on my own at last
Left the trodden path
And separated from the past

Son of my father
Changing, rearranging
Into someone new

Son of my father
Collecting and selecting
Independent views
Knowing and I'm showing
That a change is due

Son of my father

Molded, I was folded
I was preform dried

Son of my father
Commanded, I was branded
In a plastic vac
Surrounded and confounded
By statistic facts

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