

John Denver "Eagles & Horses"

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Like father, like son
Like father, like son
Like father, like son

Don't come on so cocksure boy
You can't escape your genes
No point in feeling purer boy
Your background intervenes

Listen good and listen straight
You're not the master of your fate
To this you must be reconciled
You'll always be your father's child
At times acclaimed, at times reviled
You'll wind up doing just what I've done

Like father, like son
Like father, like son

Don't assume your vices
Get handed down the line
That a parent's blood suffices
To condemn the child's design

I've done wrong, I can't deny
But at least I know that I
Shouldn't blame that on my stock
This may come as quite a shock
But I'm no chip off any block
I wouldn't wish those words on anyone

Like father, like son
Like father, like son

Son, you're nervous, take my hand
All is settled, all is planned
You've got the world at your command
I don't think you understand

Just have the slave if you must
And be done with her
Don't ever speak of her

Like that again

I appreciate too well
The squalor at which you excel
It isn't very hard to tell
Evil's a distinctive smell

From this day on
I choose my own way
If I choose to be with Aida
Then I will be
And no one, not you
Not even the gods can stop me

He's lost all sense of reason, and why?
Some foreign slut
Not only is that treason
Some doors are slamming shut

Just like me, he's found that flesh
Can excite but will enmesh
Watch me rid him of this blight
Once the harlot's out of sight
Then I think he will see the light
He won't walk back to daddy, he will run

Like father, like son
Like father, like son

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Like father, like son

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