

John Ralston

"Still Your Son"

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I am still your son
No one knows at all
Taught me how to run
Tripped me until fall

If you were alive
I'd embarrass you
If you were not uptight
I'd be too embarrassed too

Funny how the wounds congeal somehow
Scars remain but all the hurt fell out

Seven miles of storm
All the way to town
Work was always hard
We swung the hammer down
Shot my twisting mouth
Bite my corpse's tongue
Journey inside out
To show me how it's done

Funny how the wounds congeal somehow
Scars remain but all the hurt fell out

I shove the food back down
I knock the feeling out
I shove the food back down
I knock the feeling out

Funny how the wounds congeal somehow
Scars remain but all the hurt fell out

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