

## Judy Collins "Born To The Breed"

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I was only nineteen  
The morning you were born  
With your hair fine and red  
And your eyes like my own

Barely a woman  
With only a song  
I sang to make you smile  
And held you all night long

Home through the streets  
With you in my arms  
Cold winter mornings  
In a Colorado town

I've seen you stumble  
You've watched me fall  
You know I've got nothing  
You know we've got it all

Trucks roll by and the rain coming down  
Does that old parka keep you dry?  
Sixteen years old out on the road  
Trying to get to the sky

Back in September  
You called me on the phone  
"Ma, you know I love you  
But I gotta be own my own"

"Comes a time in a boy's life  
When he's got to be a man  
Please don't try to find me  
Please try to understand"

Now he's playing guitar  
In a rock and roll band  
Looking like a baby  
Talking like a man

The life of a guitar man  
Is a hard life to live

What can I tell you  
You were born to the breed

Rain comes down, the trucks rolling by  
I that old poncho gonna keep you dry?  
Sixteen years old, January child  
Trying to get to the sky

I've watched you growing  
Through all these years  
You've seen me stumble  
I've watched your tears

Sometimes there was roses  
Sometimes there was thorns  
But I know you're gonna make it  
As sure as you were born

And I hope from what you wanted  
You get what you need  
I know you're gonna make it  
You were born to the breed  
Sixteen years old, January child  
Trying to get to the sky

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