

## AIDA

### "Like Father, Like Son"

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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 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 a  
quite a shock  
I'm no chip off any block, I wouldn't wish those words  
on anyone

Like father, like son  
Like father, like son

He's lost all sense of reason, and why some filthy slave  
That is the road called treason that winds up in the  
grave  
Just like me, he's found out a flesh, can excite but will it  
mesh  
Watch me rid him of this blight, once this 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  
Like father, like son  
...

