

Rainmakers

"Good Sons And Daughters"

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(B. Walkenhorst)

Down through our histories we have been told
That women hold mysteries men cannot know
But boys learn true secrecy, how to hide lies
In cracks in their souls and behind shaded eyes
That filter all light through the sins of their fathers
Shining on down on good sons and daughters
We were true believers that this song of gold
Was a high holy fever that purified the soul
But peace turned to piss off, equality a laugh
As girls danced a-go-go to our golden calf
We borrowed the tune from the hymns of our fathers
We are not rebels, just good sons and daughters
The revolution came, the revolution went
Not meant for all, just that fifty percent
That drew the dots from pin-ups from porno to rape
And bought into Hollywood and Hefner's sly hate
Millions of Marilyn's who died for their lovers
Seducing a culture of good sons and daughters
Reading through the paper and I happened to see
A police-artist's sketch that looked a whole lot like me
So I started dodging questions, lying on top of lies
And I bought what I thought was a good alibi
I never knew your mother, your sister or daughter
I ain't no killer
I'm a good son

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