

## Latin Quarter

### "Model Son"

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I grew up with a scorpion behind me  
Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air  
Within his means there was nothing he denied me  
But nothing was all we'd ever share

I couldn't be a model son  
Models have no self-motivation  
They ride little trains on endless tracks  
I had my own route, my own destination

In kidd or blood he claimed a distant cousin  
Shipping lumber, tramp steam, out of Jacksonville  
And he showed me reefs and hitches by the dozen  
But the knots that he tied in me, they're tighter still

I couldn't be a model son  
Models learn no self-preservation  
They live by grace on feet of clay  
Needed my own rock, to tangle with temptation

But tempted, stung to action  
Leaving home and stung some more  
So we have danced it down the decades  
Mother, father, son and squaw

I grew up with a scorpion behind me  
Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air  
And tipped in ink indelibly he signed me  
The blue-print of another son somewhere

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