

## **Bacon Brothers, The**

### **"Chop Wood"**

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Written by kevin bacon

Oh he was a cold cold man  
Touched him with a cold cold hand  
Raised him with an iron glove  
Down in the city of brotherly love  
There he waited at the top  
Legs on fire i thought i'd drop  
Man it was a big big hill  
Swear to god i'm climbing still  
I will never be as tall  
As his mark upon the wall  
But i'm afraid that i've begun  
To cast a shadow on the son  
I want to break this legacy  
Change this angry history  
And plant a brand new family tree  
I guess the rest is up to me

Chorus

I gotta chop wood i gotta carry water  
Hold my boy and respect my daughter  
And when i take my rest  
I'll know i did the best i could  
Chop wood carry water

Oh he was a strange strange lad  
All those wicked thoughts he had  
Left to build his little world  
And he left you with a lonely girl  
Yeah you were the princely one  
You bear the burden of the first born son  
But man it was a peasant's goal  
Cigarettes and rock and roll  
Now you can try and hold it in  
But you will never be as thin  
And you can never take the floor  
Because you never went to war  
You want to break this legacy  
Change this angry history  
And plant a brand new family tree

Here's some cheap advice from me  
Brother gotta  
Chop wood you gotta carry water  
Hold your boy and respect your daughter  
And when you take your rest  
You'll know you did the best you could  
Chop wood carry water

Now you can build yourself a monument  
Yeah you can write your name in stone  
But you're checking out like you checked in naked and  
alone

Chorus

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