

Dave Smallen

"Fathers Of Our Fathers"

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From down in the mine, to the statues on high
The names that they leave lose their meaning with time
The hands they'd shake and the hands that they'd bind
All are hands like yours and mine

And the chains we're still dragging, the broken
branches of family
That hang neath the shadows of the ones we love
madly
Each generation leaves the next to overcome
The failed promise of the things they've done

And the fathers of our fathers
May their anger be buried with their bones
And the daughters of our daughters
They need not know

And I know there were times you felt on the outside
Hearing the rush of the freeway through your window
at night
Well baby I got my own road that divides
The line I walk with the bed I lie

And no matter what you do to me you got nothing to
prove to me
I'll love you in the judgement of the morning light, you
should see
I'm gonna love you when the money's all gone
In the black of night, in the blue of dawn

And the fathers of our fathers
May their anger be buried with their bones
And the daughters of our daughters
They need not know

We got work to do
This ain't easy for me and you
This ain't easy for anyone
Never met no one whose work was done

The fathers of our fathers

lifted in steel, frozen in stone
And the bodies that lie neath the dawn's early light
Stay unknown

Yeah the fathers of our fathers
May their anger be buried with their bones
And the daughters of our lovely daughters
They need not know

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