

# Watching His Son Go Down

Jeff Bates

On the day that he was born, a proud dad took him home  
Wrapped in dreams that reached to the sky  
Said "You're the only one I'll ever call son  
And I'll call you son because you shine"

By the time he turned 18  
He'd been everything  
A leader in church and in school

Yeah, the old man had been blessed  
Because on every list the boy was  
Voted the "Most likely to"

Now there's a monkey on his back  
And it's leavin it's tracks  
On arms that were once muscle bound  
Yeah the old man sits on his front porch everyday  
Watching his son going down  
Watching his son going down

Nine years old, shootin basketball goals  
Now his goals just aren't the same  
But when you've got to get high, just to survive  
Scoring's still the name of the game  
From a pepsi and a Baby Ruth  
To pills and 90 proof  
And his coke is not the carbinated kind

Cause the old mans not forgotten  
His only begotten  
He says "I just call you son now  
Bacause your mine"

Now there's a monkey on his back  
And it's leavin it's tracks  
On arms that were once muscle bound  
Yeah the old man sits on his front porch everyday  
Watching his son going down  
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Yeah the horse he rode away  
Didn't live on oats and hay  
But still he rode that horse into the ground  
Now the old man stands with flowers all round  
Watchin his son going down  
Watchin his son going down