

Inheritance

New Model Army

Mother, Father, I'm doing OK
On the other side of the country, far away
And though I know the things that you want to hear me say
Sometimes these things are hard

Mother, Father, I am your son
Right down to the long thin pointed face
And this muddled up and twisted tongue
And now I find that I'm doing
All those things you would have done
Sometimes these things are hard

So do I thank you? Do I curse you?
These tracks stretch out before me - the ones you left behind
What I want and what I feel - it's yours, yours, not mine

Mother, Father, all those battles that have been
And the long, long silences that lay in between
Please don't try to tell me all those were in vain
Sometimes these things are hard
We line up at the wedding in rows of deep set eyes
In our finest formal dresses and proper suits and ties
Like a family of Munsters in a really bad disguise

So do I thank you? Do I curse you?
These tracks stretch out before me - the ones you left behind
What I want and what I feel - it's yours, yours, not mine