

Like Mother Like Daughter

Stephen Bishop

She was 3 years old when the postcard came
With just a lipstick kiss and her momma's name
'Cause momma had to get away from the old humdrum
Like mother, like daughter, like father, like son
Now the apple don't fall far from the tree
The little girl grew up, left her family
With a map in her pocket and a stuck out thumb
Like mother, like daughter, like father, like son

Whoa-whoa-oh, what you gonna do
Some things never change
Life don't always turn out like it should
Nobody's to blame
Like mother, like daughter, like father, like son

Her daddy tried his best to raise his kids
Worked himself to death like his father did
Then his heart got broken and his dreams died young
Like mother, like daughter, like father, like son

Whoa-whoa-oh, what you gonna do
When you're traveling down that road
And you hear those voices in your head
The ones you left back home

And you try hard not to listen
And you cry till your heartaches
Make peace with the past
Or just walk away

Now the milk of human kindness wasn't in his blood
Still the son built himself a world that was made of love
All he wanted was a chance to be someone
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