

Pass It On

Billy Bragg

With a bunch of strangers who worship my name
I gathered at the gravesite in the pouring rain
Never thought I'd find myself back here again
Yet, here I am standing in the lake

Got a lotta pieces missing in my past
Never really noticed time was moving so fast
So many questions that I wanted to ask
But I'll let all my chances slip past
They slip past

Pass it on, pass it on
Teach them the words of your song
Voices fall silent but memories live on
Those we remember are never gone
Never gone

A wooden bar to drink it, a new draw by the bed
A dusty sheaf of letters from people now dead
A lock of golden hair cut from a baby's head
And so many things left unsaid

Neither sentimental or deeply profound
All the things we've hidden will one day be found
The riches of a family cannot be weighed in pounds
But in the stories can hand down
Hand 'em down

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