A Father's Son

Citizen Cope

Look look what you've done
Not to become your father's son
Before that day, day, day is done
You'll get your day, day, day in the sun

In this time we've got here Between heaven and hell You'd prefer a motor craft But your prepared to set sail

The city wants details
The state wants you nailed
The people got they laws
But the lord's got the calls

Since there's cash in the lots
You did what they said you could not
write that song like its all that you got

Look look what you've done not to become your father's son Before that day, day, day is done You'll get your day, day, day in the sun

Do you mind livin' day to day? you mind livin' day to day

You was found now you're lost you've got to make up what you cost That boulder on your shoulder is that bear that you cross

That stare that you plot
That will that you got
Could never have been bought
In China or New York

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