

Son of Virginia

Clutch

It was the morning of All Saint's Day, '98
When that old blind dog started roaming around the graveyard
Wouldn't have bothered me so much
Were he not walking on his hind legs and smoking cigars

Recite my lineage and genealogy
You've got to know your history, son of Virginia
Everybody's in the church believing they're a sinner
And looking for a sign from the true son of Virginia

When the storm blew over we made our way
To the old hay wain to infiltrate the sarcophagus
By the dim light of a narrow window we saw
The God's honest truth staring right back at us

Recite your lineage and genealogy
You've got to know your history, son of Virginia
Everybody's in the church believing they're a sinner
And looking for a sign from the true son of Virginia

Stare into the embers on the first of November
And remember you were born a true son of Virginia

I was thrown to the ground as my world broke asunder
Truly we are living in an age of wonder
Truly we are living in an age of wonder

It was the morning of All Saint's Day, '98
When that old blind dog started calling me associate
Wouldn't have bothered me so much were it not for the fact
That was the truth of it

Recite our lineage and genealogy
You've got to know your history,
Son of Virginia Stare into the embers on the first of November
And remember you were born a true son of Virginia

I was thrown to the ground as my world broke asunder
Truly we are living in an age of wonder
I wept like a child as the son rose above her
Truly we are living in an age of wonder.