You, who are on the road
Must have a code that you can live by
And so become yourself
Because the past is just a good bye
Teach your children well
Their father's hell did slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picked
The one you'll know by

Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you
You will cry
So just look at them & sigh
And know they love you

And you, of tender years
Can't know the fears
That your elders grew by
And so please help them with your youth
They seek the truth, before they can die

Teach your parents well
Their children's hell
Will slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picked
The one you'll know by

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