

Your Father's Son

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Wielding words like aimless arrows
You should be careful where you stand
It could be days, it could be hours
But every arrow's got to land
So if you're any good at riddles
You should take a crack at this
If every second has a fiddle
Does every razor have a wrist it fits?

So, well, what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of, of anyone

Stealing time in raids and riots
Now you've more than you can hold
And so you're gambling with a giant
From some fairytale you've told
So if you're any good at bluffing
I suggest you do it quick
'Cause everyone is next to nothing
And every tock will have a tick it fits

So, well, what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become can not be undone and
You'll never be much of, of anyone

God help you if you ever need a friend
God help you if you ever need a friend
God help you if you ever need a friend
God help you if you ever
Ever, oh-oh-oh-oh

Well... what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become is your father's son which will never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become can not be undone and
You'll never be much of anyone
Well, what you've become is your father's son which will never come too much of anyone