

# I Wonder

Tal Bachman

Dad says, It's striking  
How I look like you  
And how we share the same eyes  
Yes, he swears I'm just a smaller form of you

But brittle bones and a wisp of white hair  
Are all I see in that old rockin' chair

Tell me, how long have you been around?  
And how long since you're underground?  
Tell me, how can a son be a father  
A mother, a daughter  
And I be a man someday?  
Well, I wonder  
Yes I do, I really wonder

Could I belong to someone so old, who  
Can only speak in whispers  
And who cannot hear a single word I say?

You're a man with a quivering hand  
How we're connected, I just can't understand

Tell me, how long have you been around?  
And how long since you're underground?  
Tell me, how can a son be a father  
A mother, a daughter  
And I be a man someday?  
Well, I wonder  
Yes I do, I really wonder

But when I think of how you smile  
And the way you look at me  
It isn't hard to recognize  
That you belong to me, yeh  
That you're a part of me, ya

Tell me, how can a son be a father  
A mother, a daughter  
And I be a man someday?  
Well, I wonder  
Yes I do, I really wonder

Aahhh