

# The Son of a Father

Xavier Rudd

All caged up and shunned  
Intense feelings of lust  
His religion was served  
With no choice or dessert  
And on the cricket board engraved  
With pride the family name  
Cute boys all around  
Who made his father proud  
He needed to share  
Again confused he was blessed

He was such a gentle guy  
He had to hide away his type  
A father old in every way  
No son of his could be born gay  
Would it spill too much shame  
And disgrace the family name  
You must hold it all inside  
The image must survive  
And while I have the chance  
I didn't mean what I said