

Chicory Tip - Son Of My Father

Tom: C

C F C
Mama said to me we gotta have your life run right
C
C
Off you got to school
F G C
Where you can learn the rules they're right
C
Be just like your dad lad
F C
Follow in the same tradition
C F G C G
Never go astray and stay an honest lovin' son

C
Son of my father
F G C
Molded, I was folded, I was preform-packed
C
Son of my father
F G C
Commanded, I was branded in a plastic vac'
F G C
Surrounded and confounded by statistic facts

C F C
Tried to let me in but I jumped out of my skin in time

C F G C
I saw through the lies and read the alibi signs
F C
So I left my home, I'm really on my own at last
F G C
Left the trodden path and separated from the past

C
Son of my father
F G C
Changing, rearranging into someone new
C
Son of my father
F G C
Collecting and selecting independent views
F G C
Knowing and I'm showing that a change is due
C
Son of my father
F G C
Molded, I was folded, I was preform-packed
C
Son of my father
F G C
Commanded, I was branded in a plastic vac'
F G C
Surrounded and confounded by statistic facts

Acordes

