

# Elton John - Son Of Your Father

Tom: Eb

I'll catch the tramline in the morning  
 With your leave Van Bushell said  
 He had further heard the cock crow  
 As he stumbled out the shed

Then blind Joseph came towards him  
 With a shotgun in his arms  
 He said you'll pay me twenty dollars  
 Before you leave my farm

Van Bushell saw the hook  
 Which replaced Joseph's hand  
 He said now calm you down my brother  
 Let's discuss this man to man

It's no good you getting angry  
 We must try to act our age  
 You're pursuing your convictions  
 Like some hermit in a cage

You're the son of your father

Ab Eb  
 Try a little bit harder

Do for me as he would do for you  
 With blood and water bricks and mortar  
 He built for you a home  
 You're the son of your father  
 So treat me as your own

Well slowly Joseph well he lowered the rifle  
 And he emptied out the shells  
 Van Bushell he came towards him  
 He shook his arm and wished him well

He said now hey blind man that is fine  
 But I sure can't waste my time  
 So move aside and let me go my way  
 I've got a train to ride

Well Joseph turned around  
 His grin was now a frown  
 He said let me just refresh your mind  
 Your manners boy seem hard to find

You're the son of your father...

Well there's two men lying dead as nails  
 On an East Virginia farm  
 For charity's an argument  
 That only leads to harm

So be careful when they're kind to you  
 Don't you end up in the dirt  
 Just remember what I'm saying to you  
 And you likely won't get hurt

## Acordes

