

# Chicory Tip, Son Of My Father

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

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

Tried to let me in but I jumped out of my skin in time  
I saw through the lies and read the alibi signs  
So I left my home I'm really on my own at last  
Left the trodden path and separated from the past

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