

Aida, Like Father, Like Son

Like father, like son
Like father, like son
Don't come on so cocksure, boy
You can't escape your genes
No point in feeling pure, boy
Your background intervenes
Listen good and listen straight
You're not the master of your fate
To this you must be reconciled
You'll always be your father's child
At times acclaimed, at times reviled
You'll wind up doing just what I've done
Like father, like son
Don't assume your vices
Get handed down the line
That a parent's blood suffices
To condemn the child's design
I've done wrong, I can't deny
But at least I know that I
I shouldn't blame that on my stock
Well, this may come as quite a shock
But I'm no chip off any block
I wouldn't wish those words on anyone
Like father, like son

Son, you're nervous, take my hand
All is settled, all is planned
You've got the world at your command
I don't think you understand
I appreciate too well
The squalor at which you excel
It isn't very hard to tell
Evil's a distinctive smell
He's lost all sense of reason and why?
Some foreign slut
Not only is that treason
Some doors are slamming shut
Now just like me he's found
That flesh can excite but will enmesh
Once we rid him of this blight
Once this harlot's out of sight
Then I think he'll see the light
He won't walk back to daddy, he will run
Like father, like son
Like father, like son
Like father, like son
Like father, like son