

Bacon Brothers, The, Chop Wood

Bacon Brothers, The
Getting There
Chop Wood
Written by kevin bacon

Oh he was a cold cold man
Touched him with a cold cold hand
Raised him with an iron glove
Down in the city of brotherly love
There he waited at the top
Legs on fire i thought i'd drop
Man it was a big big hill
Swear to god i'm climbing still
I will never be as tall
As his mark upon the wall
But i'm afraid that i've begun
To cast a shadow on the son
I want to break this legacy
Change this angry history
And plant a brand new family tree
I guess the rest is up to me

Chorus

I gotta chop wood i gotta carry water
Hold my boy and respect my daughter
And when i take my rest
I'll know i did the best i could
Chop wood carry water

Oh he was a strange strange lad
All those wicked thoughts he had
Left to build his little world
And he left you with a lonely girl
Yeah you were the princely one
You bear the burden of the first born son
But man it was a peasant's goal
Cigarettes and rock and roll
Now you can try and hold it in
But you will never be as thin
And you can never take the floor
Because you never went to war
You want to break this legacy
Change this angry history
And plant a brand new family tree
Here's some cheap advice from me
Brother gotta
Chop wood you gotta carry water
Hold your boy and respect your daughter
And when you take your rest
You'll know you did the best you could
Chop wood carry water

Now you can build yourself a monument
Yeah you can write your name in stone
But you're checking out like you checked in naked and alone

Chorus