

# Elton John, Son Of Your Father

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  
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

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