

Grand Ole Party, Look Out Young Son

I must be the devil's daughter
What a dark father to dwell in me
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Such a dark father to dwell in me

Bastard child that I am
You can see it in my swagger
In the palmist lines of my hands
And my lips that bud like daggers

Look out young son
Look out young son
Look out young son
When I bloom you come a-crawlin'
Look out young son
Look out young son
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When I bloom you come a-crawlin'

I think I'm on a mission
Should I then shield my eyes
From the furtive looks of babes-in-arms
And the cries of their poor mothers

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My mama never speaks of him
Except when she's drunk and desperate
Even then it's just a brief retelling
of his rough love, and abandonment
Blew into town one night, and the crowd like waters parted
He headed straight toward her
And aimed to finish what he started
And I think, like him, I have to roam
With what each night delivers
It's time to make my drive be known
Turn lads into believers

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