

# Pretenders, Every Mother's Son

I was born with my hand in a fist  
And my eyes shut tight  
Any wonder that I cannot resist  
Punchin' blindly in a fight  
The first time I saw swans flyin' to the sun  
I wanted to be one

Like every mother's son  
When I saw my life had begun  
I wanted to be someone  
Like my brother and my one and only father  
And like every mother's son

I was raised within a cause  
With a purpose to fulfill  
I was taught to defend what was mine  
And instructed not to kill  
My small mortal eyes can see eternity  
In the clouds that dissolve and then regroup endlessly

Like every mother's son  
When a man showed me how to use a gun  
I wished I'd never need one  
Like my brother and my one and only father  
And like every mother's son

Everything in domesticity  
Assumes it's role better than me  
I'm a displaced person whose culture let me down  
I raise my own daughters in a pornographic town

Like every mother's son  
I've lost some and some I've won  
Now I'm waiting for a new dawn  
Like my brother and my one and only father  
And like every mother's son