

Crosby, Stills & Nash, Teach Your Children

You, who are on the road
Must have a code
That you can live by
And so
Become yourself
Because the past
Is just a good-bye
Teach you children well
Your father's hell did slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks
The one you'll know by
Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you, you would cry
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you

And give of tender years
Can't know the fears
That your elders grew by
And so please help
Them with your belief
They seek the turf
Before they can die
Teach your parents well
The children's hell
Will slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks
The one you'll know by
Don't you ever ask them why
If they told you, you would cry
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you