

David Sylvian, The Good Son

You know he'll take you
But not too far
Always first in line
But second to none
The good son

The good son

He loves a good tune so whistle one he knows
He looks to you to see things right

So take this ring and pass it on
There's always stories riddled with lies
You know the questions are best put aside
Listen to him
Listen closely now here he comes

It's a shameful way to behave
It'll hurt if he gets his own way

You know he'll take you
But not too far
Always first in line
Second to none
Listen closely now
Listen closely now
Here he comes
The good son

He tells himself
It's too far to come
To redefine his aspirations to be
The good son
The good son
The good son

"Don't try to make sense of it" she said
"It's all that you can do to balance up the books
For him and you"

And though he's nothing in particular
But he's game for a fight
He muscles his way in and stays for life

And all the world has come undone
And every family should have one
A good son