

Dc Cooper, Three Generations

The father stands above him
High fist in the air
The little boy that stands before
He dreams he wasn't there

Imagination takes him to a place
It takes him somewhere he can hide his face

The dream was perfect but it's dying away (dying away)
Sitting, staring out the window through the day
Listen to the sounds, remember the taste
Before now he had thought that it was such a waste

Twenty years have now past
Boy's grown to a man
Trying not to be just like his dad
The best he can

Separation of their two lives is hard
Now there is three his own son he'll discard

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Somehow he is the same
Though he is not sure who's to blame
Tried with such passion to change all along
Not seeing what he's done is just as wrong

He sits along an old man scorned
He waits for his dream to be born

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