

Less Than Jake, Settling Son

Son, take it from me, it's in the little victories
that keep you from shaking hands with defeat.
Son, I tell you reality isn't all it's cracked up to be
but the years go lightning fast that I just can't help but see.

We believe it's okay to leave
the words caught in your throat.
But you know that you're growing old,
you always do what you're told.
Going up in smoke, and you're a ghost.
You know in the end you'll be
walking the tight rope, walking the tight rope.

Son, take it from me, life's more than the floors of this factory,
and working forty hours every single week.
Son, I tell you reality isn't living down on your knees.
But my life's gone in a flash and I just can't help but see.

We believe it's okay to leave
the words caught in your throat.
But you know that you're growing old,
you always do what you're told.
Going up in smoke, and you're a ghost.
You know in the end you'll be
walking the tight rope, walking the tight rope.

Mouthfuls of rotting dynamite,
mouthfuls of rotting dynamite.
You call this living a normal life?
We're not living a normal life.

We still believe it's okay to leave
the words caught in your throat.
But you know that you're growing old,
you always do what you're told.
Going up in smoke, and you're a ghost.
You know in the end you'll be
walking the tight rope, walking the tight rope.

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