

Matt Dusk, Every Mother's Son

Life Goes On like a carousel,
Life goes on a never-ending tale
Of love reborn, from the cradle warm
A web is spun for every mother's son

Life goes on like a spinning wheel
Life goes on never standing still
The gods decide how blessed am I
The days to come for every mother's son

And these footprints in the sand maybe nothing grand
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart, what more can I say
Than I was a king for a day
Once the web is spun, for every mother's son

Life goes on like a tapestry
Life goes on each thread a part of me
That master plan of who I am
A day will come for every mother's son

And these footprints in the sand maybe nothing grand
But if we leave a mark in somebody's heart, what more can I say
Than I was a king for a day
Once the web is spun, for every mother's son

A thorn a winter rose, some highs and then some lows
That's the way it's spun, for every mother's son
Every mother's son