

Tal Bachman, I Wonder

Dad says it's striking
How I look like you
And how we share the same eyes
Yes, he swears I'm just a smaller
form of you

But brittle bones and a wisp of white hair
Are all I see in that old rocking chair

Tell me, how long have you been around?
And how long 'til you're underground?
Tell me, how can a son be a father,
A mother a daughter,
And I be a man someday?
Well, I wonder,
Yes I do, I really wonder

Could I belong to someone so old, who
Can only speak in whispers
And who cannot hear a single word I say

You're a man with a quivering hand
How we're connected
I just can't understand

(Chorus)

But when I think of
how you smile
And the way you look at me
It isn't hard to recognize
That you belong to me,
that you're a part of me

Tell me, how can a son be a father,
A mother a daughter,
And I be a man someday?
Well, I wonder,
Yes I do, I really wonder