

Xavier Rudd, The Son Of A Father

All caged up and shunned
Intense feelings of lust
His religion was served
With no choice or dessert
And on the cricket board engraved
With pride the family name
Cute boys all around
Who made his father proud
He needed to share
Again confused he was blessed

He was such a gentle guy
He had to hide away his type
A father old in every way
No son of his could be born gay
Would it spill too much shame
And disgrace the family name
You must hold it all inside
The image must survive
And while I have the chance
I didn't mean what I said