

Elton John, Son Of Your Father

I'll catch the tramline in the morning
With your leave Van Bushell said
He had further heard the cock crow
As he stumbled out the shed

Then blind Joseph came towards him
With a shotgun in his arms
He said you'll pay me twenty dollars
Before you leave my farm

Van Bushell saw the hook
Which replaced Joseph's hand
He said now calm you down my brother
Let's discuss this man to man

It's no good you getting angry
We must try to act our age
You're pursuing your convictions
Like some hermit in a cage

You're the son of your father
Try a little bit harder
Do for me as he would do for you
With blood and water bricks and mortar
He built for you a home
You're the son of your father
So treat me as your own

Well slowly Joseph well he lowered the rifle
And he emptied out the shells
Van Bushell he came towards him
He shook his arm and wished him well

He said now hey blind man that is fine
But I sure can't waste my time
So move aside and let me go my way
I've got a train to ride

Well Joseph turned around
His grin was now a frown
He said let me just refresh your mind
Your manners boy seem hard to find

Well there's two men lying dead as nails
On an East Virginia farm
For charity's an argument
That only leads to harm

So be careful when they're kind to you
Don't you end up in the dirt
Just remember what I'm saying to you
And you likely won't get hurt